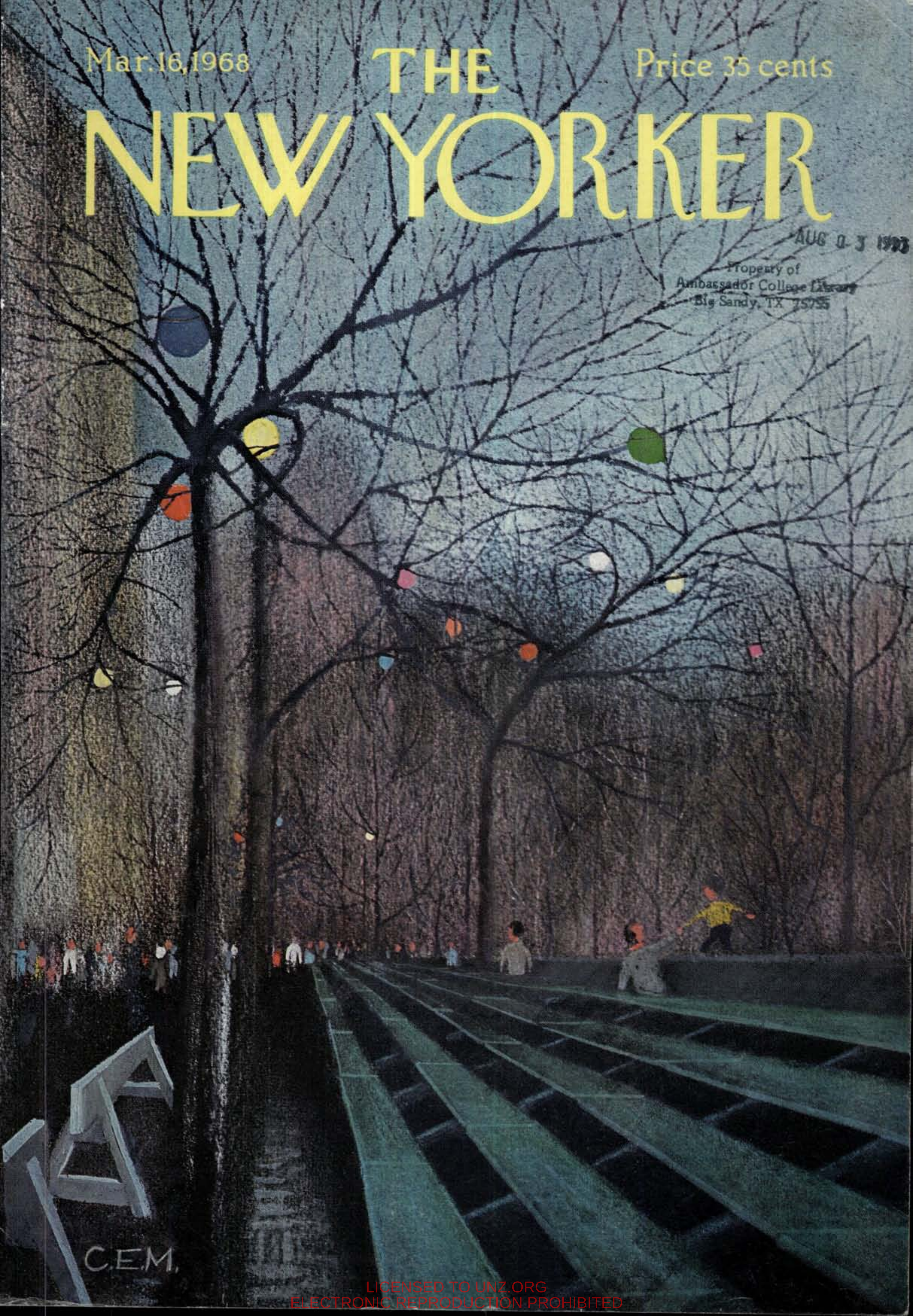
Mar. 16, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

AUG 0 3 1993
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

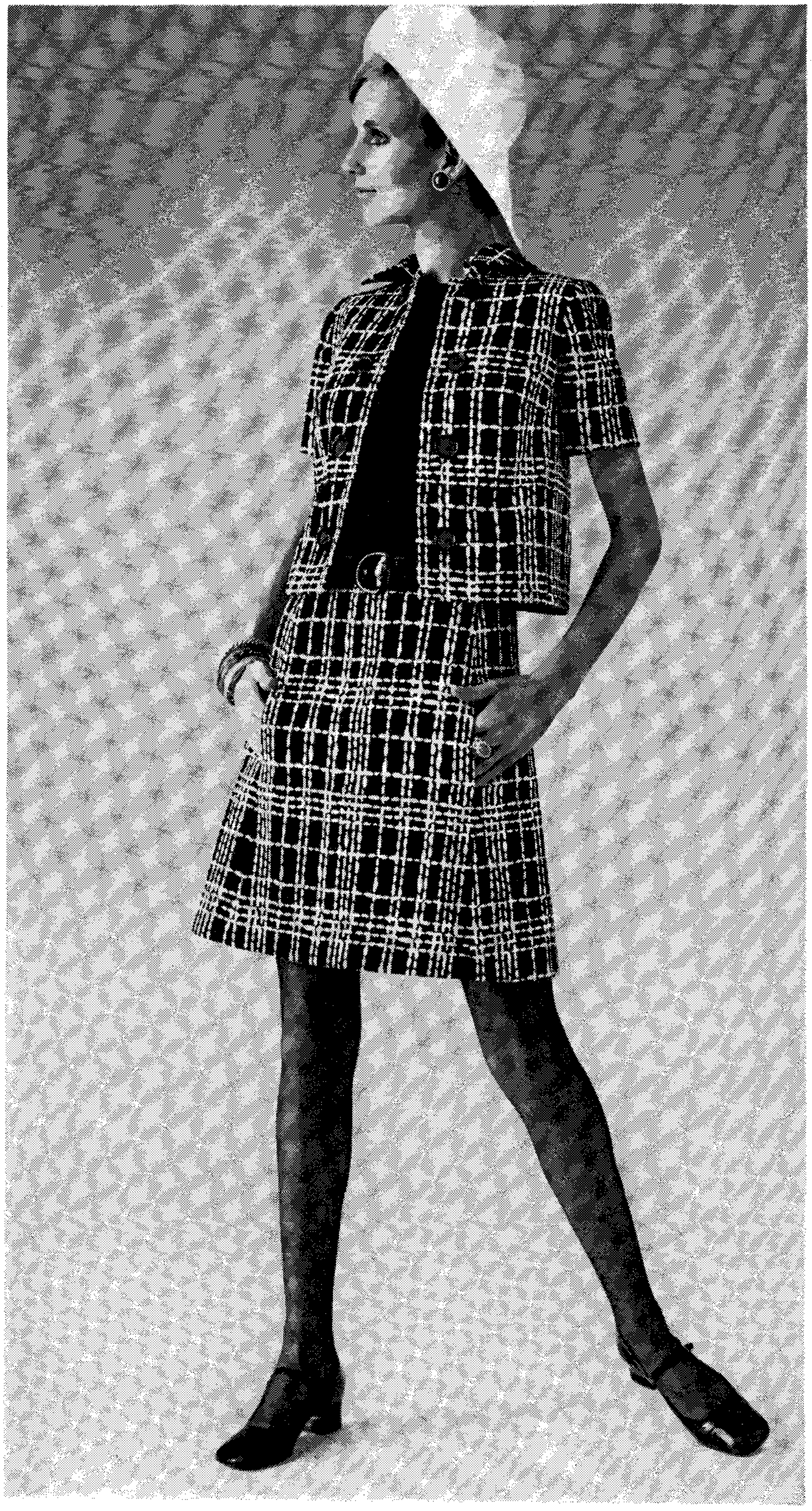


est of both worlds

assic British gin, created in 1770, perfected in America

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
WHITE SATIN
BY
SIR ROBERT BURNETT
ESTD. 1770
THE PREMIUM
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN

Charles/Michael Fitzpatrick



Miss Bergdorf likes the cool verve of white-graphed black cotton piqué...patent-belted, with a bodice of Fibranne rayon. Costume by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, in sizes 6 to 14, $125. Fifth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except **Sundays,** special buses to the Broadway **theatre district** leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne. With Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker. Previews Friday, March 15, at 8:30; Saturday, March 16, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday, March 18, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 19, at 6:45. Other performances Wednesday, March 20, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday, March 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING:** Friday, March 22, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Never Sang for My Father—A wan tale of family misery, in Robert Anderson's characteristic vein. With Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Joe Egg—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. The cast of this excellent play includes Albert Finney, Zena Walker, John Carson, Elizabeth Hubbard, Joan Hickson, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Queen—Victoria enjoyed the longest reign in British history, and Dorothy Tutin and a large and able cast hopscotch their way across it with admirable zest and occasional poignancy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

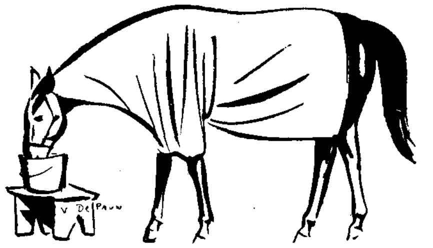
Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Weekend—A comedy by Gore Vidal, starring John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, and Kim Hunter. Directed by Joseph Anthony. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 14, at 2.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

	Page
THE AIR	143
BOOKS	166
THE CURRENT CINEMA	152
LETTER FROM PARIS	136
MUSICAL EVENTS	161
THE RACE TRACK	164
THE THEATRE	130

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A rousing vaudeville, with lots of singing and dancing and jumping and banging away on xylophones. Geula Gill brings down the house a lot more easily than Samson did. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 17.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Loot—George Rose and Carole Shelley in a play by the late Joe Orton, imported from London. Directed by Derek Goldby. Previews through Sunday, March 17. Opens officially on Monday, March 18, at 7:30. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

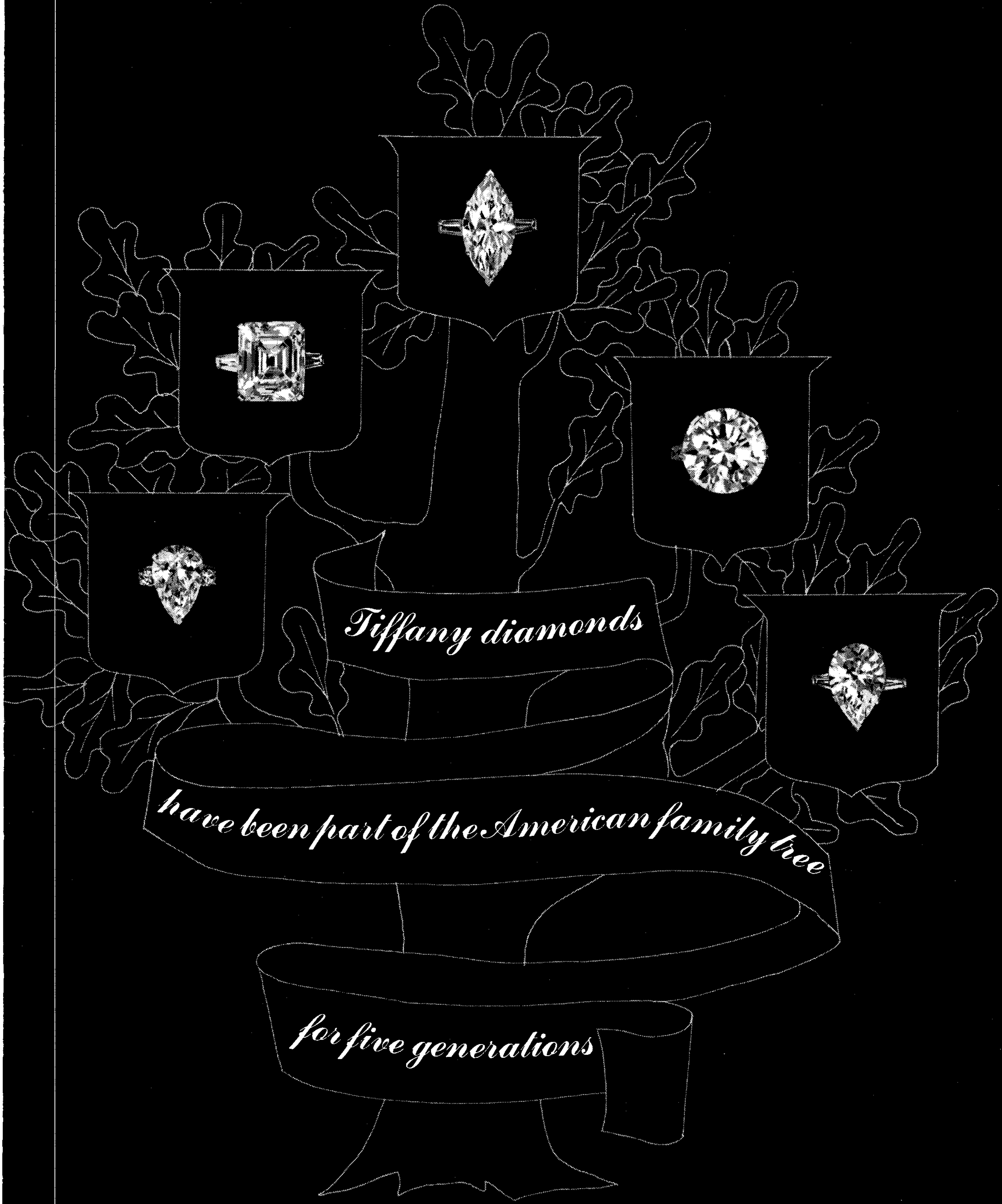
OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**VIENNA BURGTHEATRE:** The opening performances of a three-week repertory of four plays, in German, that will run through Sunday, April 7. Schnitzler's **PROFESSOR BERNHARDI:** Tuesday, March 19, at 7:30; Wednes-

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 4, March 16, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


Tiffany diamonds
have been part of the American family tree
for five generations

TIFFANY & CO.

EW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 233 POST ST. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day through Friday, March 20-22, at 8:30; Saturday, March 23, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Bahr's DAS KONZERT: Saturday, March 23, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 24, at 2. Simultaneous-translation earsets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Giraudoux's TIGER AT THE GATES, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Amato Opera Company—THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, in English and Italian. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays only, at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A triple bill by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers (ten dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 16.)

Ergo—An old-fashioned Expressionistic play by Jakov Lind that exposes either Teutonic or general corruption (it is hard to be sure which) in a parcel of garish pranks, many of them extremely disagreeable. The production and acting, under Gerald Freedman's expert direction, are fine, but the script is a thick-fingered bore. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Rien ne réussit comme le succès. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Four Seasons—Paul Roebling and Barbara Hayes in Arnold Wesker's two-character play, imported from London. Opens Thursday, March 14. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Goa—An Indian play by Asif Currimbhoy, directed by Patricia Newhall. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

House of Flowers—A revival, after thirteen years, of Truman Capote's musical about a bordello somewhere in the Caribbean. In spite of Harold Arlen's charming score, the show is nebulous and wispy, and the performance, while agreeable, is not strong enough to serve as an anchor. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. The cast, also young, does very well indeed under James Hammerstein's direction. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White has replaced Irene Papas as the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A revival of a musical play by Langston Hughes. (The Sanctuary, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6926. Saturdays and Sundays only, at 5:30. No performance Sunday, March 24; final performance Sunday, March 31.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday at 2:30. Moves on Tuesday, March 19, to the Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St., 246-6363, where performances will be given nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30, with matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summer of the 17th Doll—The Negro Ensemble Company in a revival and most successful adaptation of Ray Lawler's sad, funny play, with its setting changed from Melbourne to New Orleans. The performances by all concerned are good, and those by Moses Gunn, as a sugar-cane cutter, and Frances Foster, as the barmaid with whom he customarily spends his layoff months, are especially good. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

Winter Journey—The late Clifford Odets' revised version of "The Country Girl," which ran in London in 1952. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total pleasure. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, March 14, at 8:30: "Distractions," "Elegy," "Pas de Trois," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:30: "Moves," "Nightwings," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Jinx," and "Con Amore." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 8: "Moves," "Astarte," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Yuriko—With her modern-dance company, in the last two in a series of programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 16, and Saturday, March 23, both at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Arena," "Old Lady Culpes," an unnamed work (première), and "Coruscare." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Lou Rawls will deliver his final bundle of songs in the Royal Box at dinner and supper on Thursday, March 14. Charlie Manna, a humorist quite knowledgeable about his trade, will appear for one night only, on Friday, March 15. Next evening, a new regime commences—Caterina Valente, a slim and trim figurine who blends the best attributes of modest violet and meadow lark. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, will be present on all occasions. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sun-

Lord & Taylor
CONTESSA

Among the beauties we find in the Italian couture collections and bring home to copy for our **Contessa clothes,** this coat—superb Valentino in every detail, right down to the gilded V's. Ours exclusively, in navy or white wool poplin, 190.00—designer coat collections at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day and Monday) *palais de danse,* in which a minuscule band does the music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Arcadian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Scholastic and social standards of the Ivy League bracket are maintained in the Café Pierre, and, naturally, the music of Ben Cutler's Yale team, which holds nightly practice sessions, is of the same quality. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Gail Martin, swinging and singing from the old family tree (she's the daughter of Dean), occupies the Persian Room at dinner and supper. The Burt Farber orchestra, now Dixie as well as dulcet, and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Jove who is hurling thunderbolts from this well-appointed Olympus is really reliable old Jonah Jones, whose quartet speaks with authority. He begins at nine; Phil Wayne's happy threesome tees off at seven, and all hands work until between one and two in the morning. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The cross-stitching in the orchestrations of the band owned by Les and Larry Elgart is hardly a crazy quilt, for it is done with consummate skill. Seven-thirty until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Gretchen Wyler, a leading lady on a lot of occasions, has settled into the Maisonette for an evening of dance and song, which she will be doing at dinner and supper. The bands of George Cort and Quintero provide the dance music. All these characters are off duty Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Bolger, who can be anything from Scarecrow to Charley's Aunt, has the floor in the Empire Room—at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays, at dinner other nights. Charles Turecamo's band turns out the dance music. No action Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if mildly, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Monday through Friday from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb (or, rather, foot) because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local—802, in fact—tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

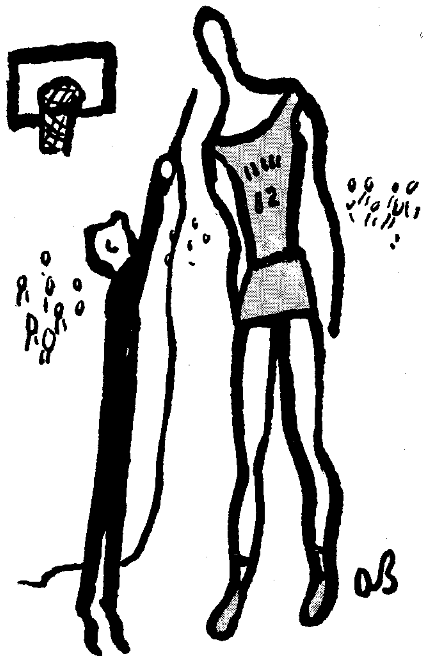
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (six to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne, lately returned from his long Roman holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaican dialect. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch any waiter in the place and you'll find an operatic tenor whose mother tongue is Italian and whose voice is trigger-happy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals, and Marian McPartland's trio produces music that is by turn ruminative and rumbustious. They are all off on Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **Polo Bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he strokes his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on (and on) from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of earthlings. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from the blue-platter specials that the disc jockey spins and from the Kai Winding quartet, which, as it happens, is dreamy as much as it is jazzy. Dinner in quite reasonable degree. Closed Sundays. . . . **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door, and prior arrangements for access are a good idea. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every

Estée Lauder introduces Re-Nutriv Foundation— a remarkable new Liquid-Creme make-up

Re-Nutriv Liquid-Creme Foundation is a hand-blended formula enriched with Estée Lauder's famous creme of creams and whipped to a soft, smooth texture so good your skin will eat it up. In six new fashion-perfected shades, It gives your complexion

- complete coverage
- intense glow
- magnificent finish

Re-Nutriv Face Powder is hand-sifted, in three transparent tones, to give you a fresh, radiant finish that lasts so much longer without retouching. Its extra rich ingredients help camouflage lines and flaws.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty.... **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The barrier for the dancers is sprung at eight, and their cross-country race with the beams of the strobe lights does not end until all hours. Sundays, the pressure is reduced (music from four to twelve), and Mondays are ceded to Latin music, which, under the circumstances, is oddly soothing. Cheetah is, by the way, in the temperance zone.... **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose bent is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Not everything is popular mechanics, though; human beings, such as the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has the bit in its teeth and Bach in its repertory, likewise clamor. The Ensemble retires on Sunday, March 17. On Tuesday, March 19, another band, called the Smubs, moves in. Closed Mondays.... **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night.... **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not exactly at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Neatness and dispatch are the ingredients of Bobby Darin's song recitals. Perennially on hand: the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right. No nights off.... ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Women's World," the current extravaganza, may contain the ideal girls of all time—long, luxurious, yet fond of athletics, inexpensively clothed (if at all), and never inclined to dominate the conversation. There are stunt acts, too, as well as the song interludes of Marilyn Michaels. Twice a night, and forever.

CABARETS

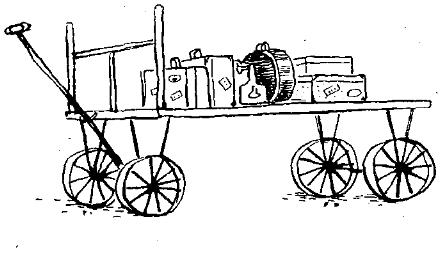
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The ways of our wicked world are no match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Terry O'Mara, Dennis Allen, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent intermission piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A high tide of Latin lovers, larks, and larrikins, warmed to incandescence by the leadership of Ramon de los Reyes, is engulfing the rear room, where the Argentine String Brothers play and sing every so often. All is in fun, in innocence, and nearly in perpetuity, for the dancing of the customers is no slouch, either. Dining. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After ten, just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The alarums and excursions of Joan Rivers are powerful arguments for the thesis that psychiatry is America's No. 1 killer. She starts around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers, and the oud man, Chic Ganimian. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The new occupants arrive on Friday, March 15—the quartet of Gary Burton, which is an institution for advanced thinking, and the trio of the prestidigitator drummer Elvin Jones. Mondays, the rule is that the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band owns the place.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, the trio of Bill Evans explores the subterranean passages of his active mind. On Tuesday, March 19, the Evanses will give way to Teddy Wilson's threesome. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.... ¶ Belowstairs, Fridays and Saturdays, the sound of folk music as it rarely gets done, by Odetta, that great and honorable girl, plus the sound of Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum corps.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): There is dancing now as well as pizza pies, and Zoot Sims' quartet is responsible for a large part of the party of the first part. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The graduates of the Old School keep showing up at one of the Oldest Schools in town. At the moment, they are such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays.... **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Thursday through Saturday every week, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral should be on hand to do their persiflage-in-poetry recitations, set to their own lighthearted music. They may be expected at ten. ... **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): The economic law that bad music drives good music out of circulation still prevails, so the progressive citizenry must often seek quarters as plain as this one, where Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers deliver in stentorian tones. Saturdays and Sundays, from five to nine, visiting bands have the floor. Closed Mondays.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors. Blues by Lori Burton, rock and roll by Cashman, Pistilli & West (their last night is Monday, March 18) and Joe & Lydia. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. ... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée.... **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ROBERT ADLER—Expressionist figures and landscapes; through March 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Neon sculptures; through March 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BORIS ARONSON—Designs for theatre sets and costumes, also paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, March 23. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

JEAN ARP—Sculptures in marble and bronze and painted wood reliefs by the celebrated practitioner of "concrete" art; through April 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN BALOSSI—Welded steel sculptures and related drawings; through March 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN BEN-SHMUEL—Large, complex, and menacing metal sculptures; through March 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

WARREN BRANDT—Figure paintings by a former Abstract Expressionist; through March 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CADMUS—A retrospective selection of drawings and prints by a realistic painter of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through April 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ANDREA CASCELLA—Abstract sculptures in marble and granite; through March 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DASH—Landscapes, some including figures, by a poet; through April 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN DAY—Mytholcgical landscapes that incorporate photographs of celebrities; through March 30. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER DOBKIN—Romantic paintings by an artist who has shown in New York for many years; through Friday, March 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Saturday, March 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Compositions in mixed styles emphasizing themes in the news; through April 6. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—An exhibition of prints that is running simultaneously with his shows at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Whitney Museum; through March 30. (Marlborough Graphics, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Paintings and drawings by a well-known social-realist painter and caricaturist; through March 30. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

LÉON HARTL—Landscapes and still-lifes by a veteran artist; through March 30. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY JACKSON—Sculptures on Western subjects; through Saturday, March 16. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

ALFRED JENSEN—More of this artist's heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions with gnomic titles; through Saturday, March 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

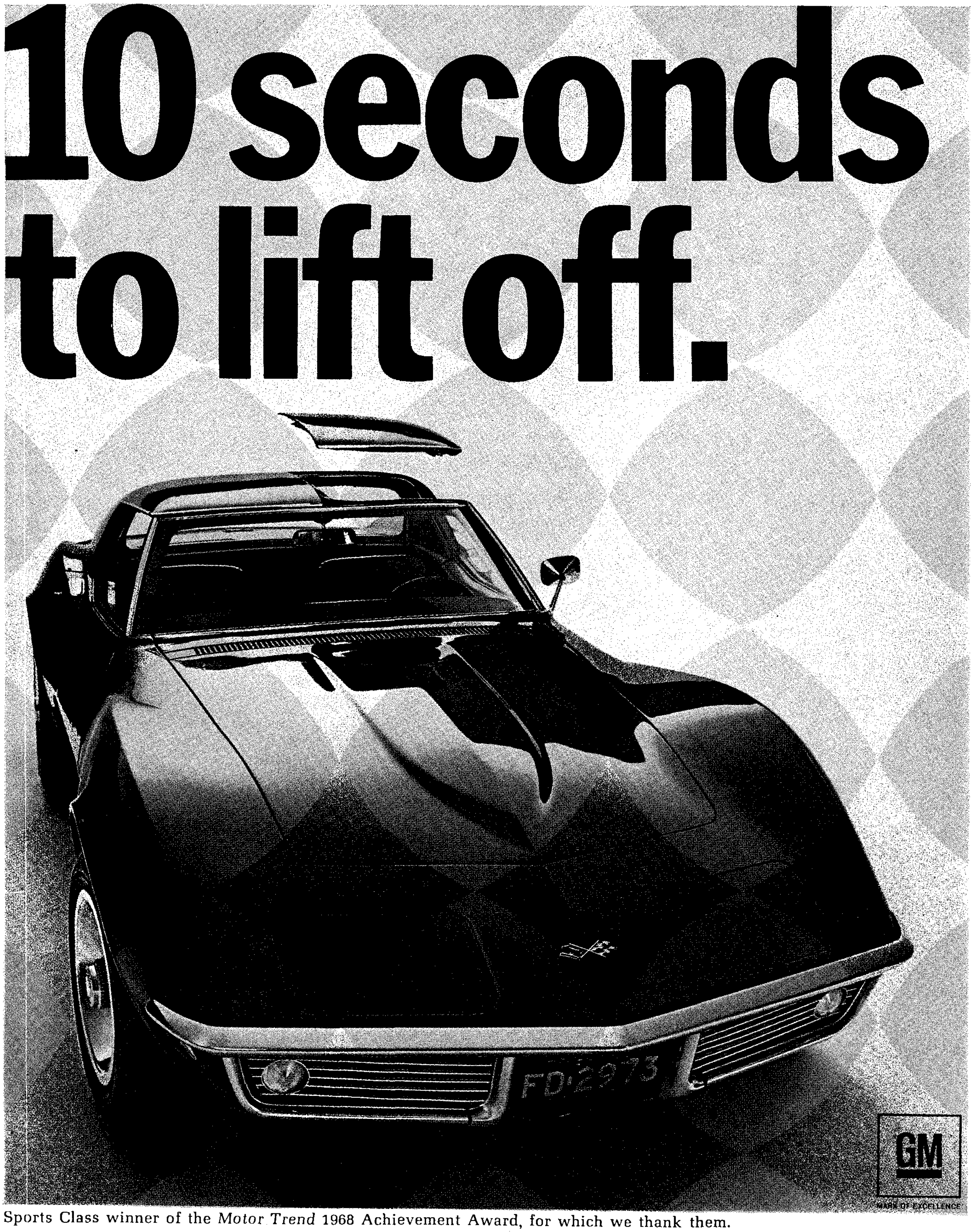
JASPER JOHNS—Six paintings by a precursor of Pop; through Saturday, March 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

HOWARD JONES—Works using constellations of light bulbs and some using sound; through March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

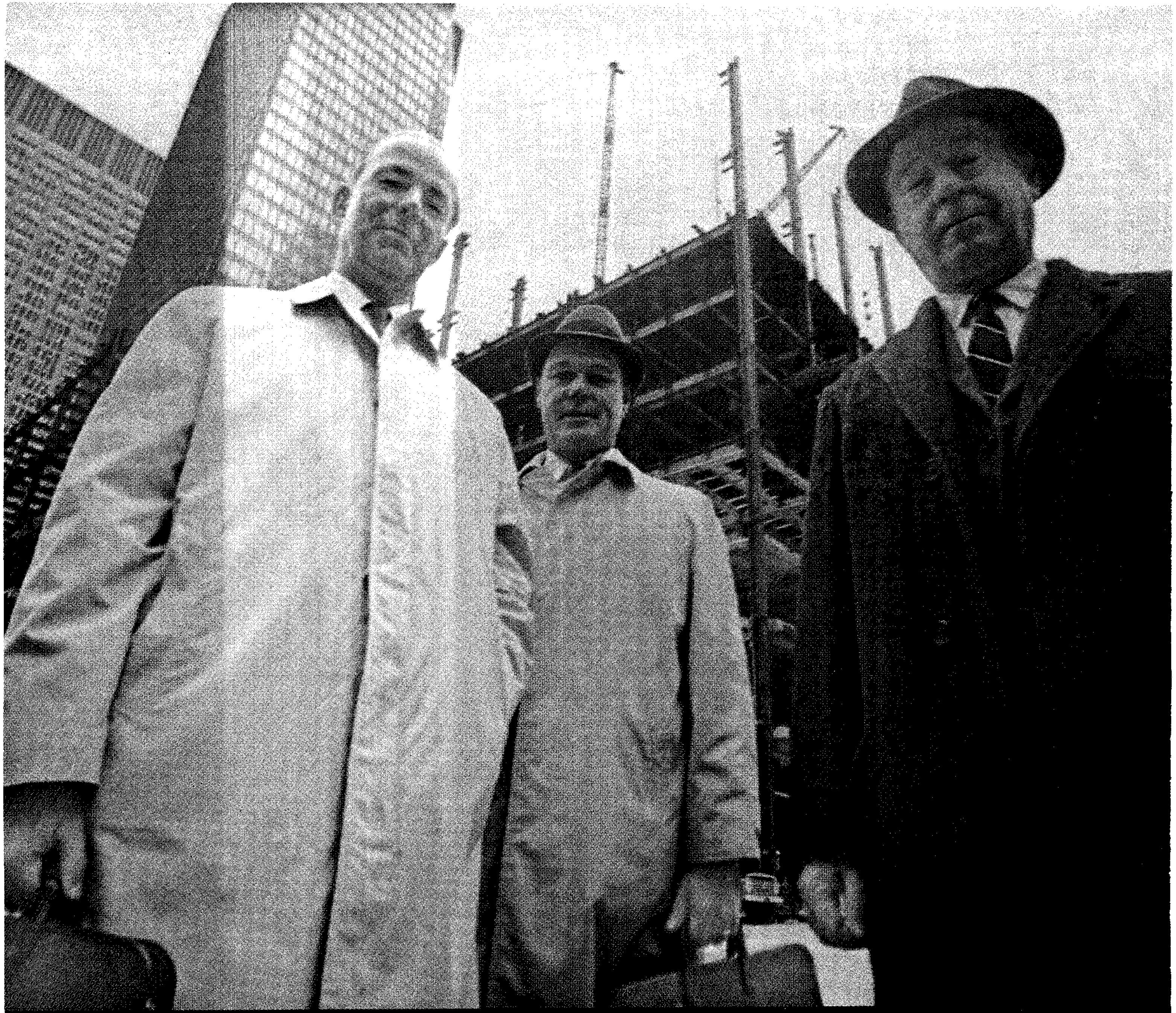
NORMA JEAN KOPLIN—Large drawings in colored pencil of organic and geometrical forms which often fade into uncompleted contours;

The Oh-My-Heavens one. You release a few latches and those panels in the roof are ready for lift off. You release a few more and the rear window's ready for lift off. You flip the key in the ignition and you . . . and you . . . say, you're not listening. Hello, do you read us? What's the use. You're in a world all your own. **Corvette** Like a car, only better.

CHEVROLET


10 seconds
to lift off.
FD·2973
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Sports Class winner of the *Motor Trend* 1968 Achievement Award, for which we thank them.



THE PROTECTORS. WHAT'S BEHIND THEM?

There are many good reasons why The Protectors do their work so well - helping families keep free from major worries of financial insecurity.

They've a lot going for them. Like up-to-the-minute policies that reflect today's needs and anticipate tomorrow's: Living Insurance from Equitable.

Computers that spin out facts and figures to help them match Living Insurance to your personal goals.

Training that keeps them current, keen, knowledgeable.

The Protectors. They're here to help you. They have what it takes: Living Insurance from Equitable.

© THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK, N. Y., 1968

THE ® EQUITABLE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through March 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist familiar in the New York art world; through March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norbert Kricke—Sculptures made of stainless-steel wires and tubes; through Saturday, March 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—One large plastic "sculpture," which the spectator walks into; through Thursday, March 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Scale models for a series of large clear plastic units; through March 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Lipchitz—Sixty-five major Cubist sculptures in stone and bronze (1913-30); through March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mangione—Painted wood "variables," whose parts the spectator can move; through Saturday, March 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Maryan—Lithographs and watercolors by an artist of fantasy in Pop style; through Saturday, March 23. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Barrie McDowell—Stainless-steel sculptures with movable parts; through April 17. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McLaughlin—Twelve large black-and-white hard-edge oils; through Saturday, March 23. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Abstract paintings by a German couple who worked at the Bauhaus; through April 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Mogensen—Geometrical paintings; through March 28. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Abstract forms in cast metal, some painted; through Saturday, March 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Pettet—Monochromatic paintings; through March 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Graphics; through Saturday, March 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). . . ¶ Fifty recent graphics, which are being shown inside while a huge concrete Picasso sculpture is being erected outside, a couple of blocks away; through Monday, March 18. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Bernard Rosenthal—Geometrical sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, March 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Maynard Sandol—Landscapes, some with figures; through Saturday, March 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings and watercolors; through March 30. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings, including a free-standing panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Folded colored cardboard encased in Plexiglas; through March 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Robert Smithson—Geometrical sculptures in plastic, steel, and glass; through March 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

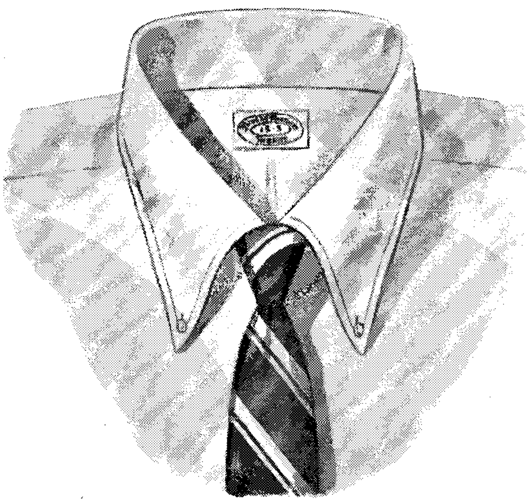
May Stevens—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through March 27. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Stone—Freestanding geometric sculptures in Plexiglas; through March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Thompson—"Fantastic" paintings by a Negro artist who died in 1966; through March 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Van Damme—Seascapes, interiors, and genre paintings; through Saturday, March 23. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Acetate paintings-collages on psy-



an ideal shirt for travelling...

OUR OWN MAKE BROOKSWEAVE OXFORD

of Dacron polyester and cotton blend

We—after extensive cooperation with DuPont—first introduced the now-famous "washable, little or no ironing required" shirt. Constantly improved to make it lighter and longer-wearing . . . we have recently further improved both weave and finish. The results, we are sure you will agree, make Brooksweave one of the finest shirts of its kind available today.

Brooksweave Oxford Shirts with Button-Down Collar in White, $9.50; *Blue,* $10; *Blue, Tan or Grey Stripes,* $10

Sizes 14-32 to 17½-36. Mail orders invited.

OBSERVING OUR 150TH ANNIVERSARY

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Sunny and Spectacular

PORTUGAL

Three Deluxe Hotels

...in Lisbon for Golf and the Beach

Hotel Palácio—Estoril

ESTORIL ... twenty minutes from the center of Lisbon .... magnificent beach ... international championship golf, tennis and gambling casino ...... thermal swimming pool .... 184 rooms and suites of quiet elegance, all with private bath.

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for the Beach

Hotel Alvor Praia

ALVOR ... a luxury resort ... beautiful beach .... 215 air conditioned and sound proofed rooms and suites, all with private bath and balcony .... three restaurants featuring international regional specialities ... large, heated swimming pool.

New York Office Hotel Representative Inc.
660 Madison Avenue

...in the Algarve for Golf

PENINA

Penina Golf Hotel

MONTES DE ALVOR ... 4 kms west of Portimão ...... every room with private bathroom .... grill, restaurants, bars .... conference rooms ... private golf course ... 18 holes — par 73 ...... Championship length up to 7480 yards ...... tennis courts ... heated swimming pools ... riding.

New York Office Robert F. Warner Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chedelic and other hip themes; through Saturday, March 16. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

Paul Zimmerman—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 16. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

James Zver—Paintings whose effects are produced by shifts of scale; through Saturday, March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-ninth annual print exhibition; through April 6. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Sculptures—Examples by Mark di Suvero, Walter De Maria, and Richard Serra; through Friday, March 15. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Oils and watercolors by Demuth, Marin, Shahn, Hopper, Dove, Davis, and other twentieth-century leaders; through April 6. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the early years of this one, among them Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through March 30.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: A private collection of paintings by Jewish artists of Europe who were killed by the Nazis; through Thursday, March 21. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists; through Friday, March 15. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Ninety-six drawings, many by children, done in a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia during the Second World War; through Saturday, March 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck; through April 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Works by Russian artists, such as Tchelitchew, Gontcharova, and Larionov, who worked in Paris before 1930; through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Mexicans; Group Show—Fifty-five prints by leading artists, including Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo, and Cuevas; through April 13. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Peruvian silver from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through April 28. . . . ¶ "F-111," a monumental Pop painting by James Rosenquist, which received much press comment when it was first shown, in 1965; through May 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Photography As Printmaking;" starting Tuesday, March 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissaro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through April 7. . . . ¶ Early paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Whitney Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibitions at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Donald Judd, a designer of "primary" factory-made forms; through March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Genre paintings by Richard Caton Woodville, a middle-nineteenth-century American; through April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of Gutenberg Bibles, along with related printed material; through April 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g. corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-third annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

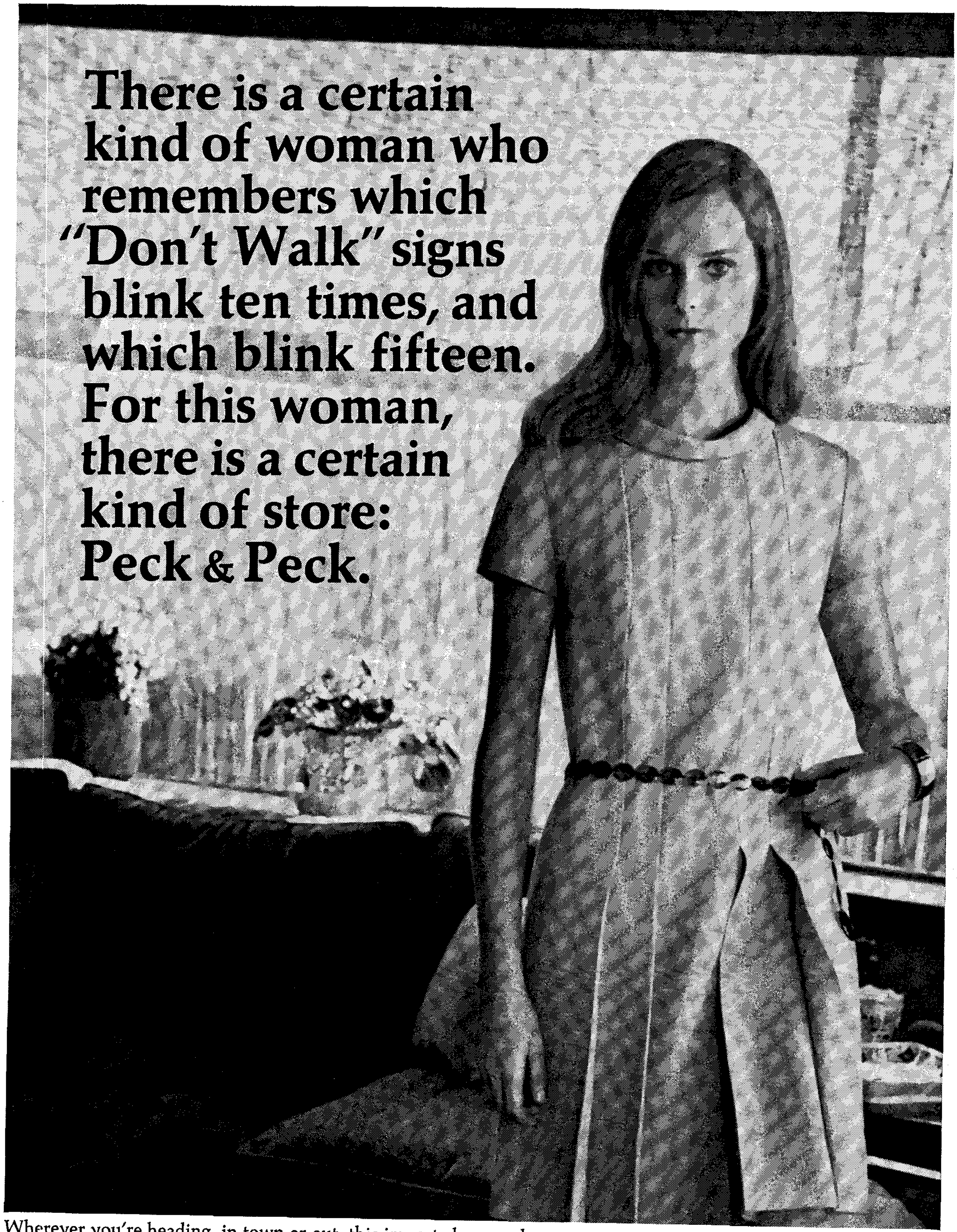
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Environments by seven artists who worked together last summer in an international artists' seminar; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Admission fifty cents.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

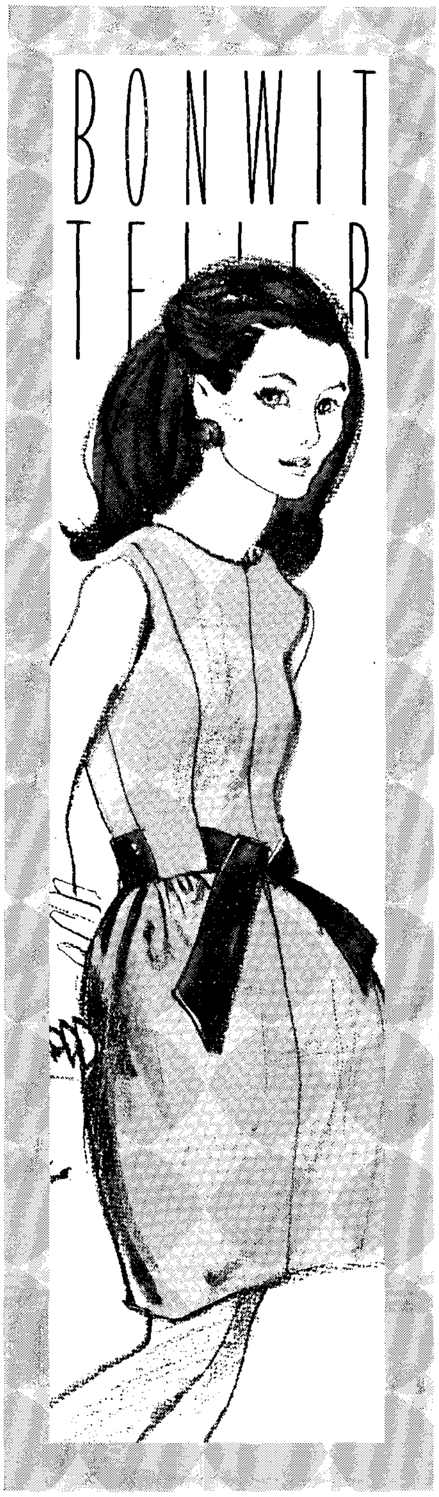
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 14, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Nell Rankin, James King, William Dooley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: A gala program of arias and ensembles sung by, among others, Roberta Peters, Leontyne Price, Leonie Rysanek, Joan Sutherland, Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Fernando Corena, George London, Cornell MacNeil, Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Monday, March 18, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, Lorenzo Alvary, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 19, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Walter Cassel, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ticho Parly. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Ma-


There is a certain kind of woman who remembers which "Don't Walk" signs blink ten times, and which blink fifteen. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Wherever you're heading, in town or out, this imported rayon dress will be a lovely companion. Those pleats that are tucked and stitched on the bodice open up on the skirt for easy walking. Tortoise disc belt. Mushroom or lime. 8 to 16, 50.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/PALM BEACH



NEW BELT GIMMICK
FOR MISS BONWIT

Playing it cool...a wide sash of belt going in and out of our sleeveless shape just above the hip gathering. By David Warren in firm-bodied rayon: navy or brown with white belt or sand or gray with taupe belt for 8 to 16 sizes, 30.00

MISS BONWIT DRESSES

.60 handling charge on mail and phone orders outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset Westchester Short Hills Boston
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

curdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Ludmila Dvorakova, Sándor Kónya, William Dooley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Theodore Lambrinos.

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 14, at 7:45: The première here of Alberto Ginastera's "Bomarzo," with Isabel Penagos, Joanna Simon, Claramae Turner, Salvador Novoa, Richard Torigi, and Robert Gregori. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.). . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Athena Lampropulos, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Malcolm Smith, Edward Pierson, Clinton Nichols, and John Stewart, and "Carmina Burana," with Nadja Witkowska, Dominic Cossa, and William DuPree. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Paulette Schmidt, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 1:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Carolyn Stanford, Chester Ludgin, Malcolm Smith, and John Stamford. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 7:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Huguette Tourangeau, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, Calvin Marsh, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Isabel Penagos, Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, Richard Torigi, and Robert Gregori. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 7:45: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Carol Bergey, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Joan Summers, Carolyn Stanford, Vern Shinall, John Stamford, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Enrico di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and Kellis Miller. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, Seymour Schwartzman, William Beck, and Michael Devlin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 14, at 8:30; Friday, March 15, at 2:15; Saturday, March 16, at 8:30; Monday, March 18, at 7:30; and Wednesday, March 20, at 8:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein, Arthur Gold, and Robert Fizdale as piano soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 23, at 8:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting a Bruckner-Mahler program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; and the Rutgers University Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a Mozart-Strauss program, with John Atkins, piano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Princeton Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Harsanyi conducting an all-Mozart program, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing, with Marianna Radev, mezzo-soprano, and a chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8.). . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, March 17, at 2:30.

Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia—Anshel Brusilow conducting an all-Mozart program, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with William Kroll, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Town Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Walter Zessar directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 3. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing. (Town Hall. Monday, March 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Allen Blank and Lester Trimble, performed by Adele Addison and Valarie Lamorée, sopranos; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, March 14, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

William Lewis—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Harold Wright, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 15, at 8:40.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—The last in a series of programs of Schumann chamber works, this one performed by Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Alexander Schneider, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 17, at 3 and 9.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist, in the last in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Mary Beth Peil—Soprano, with Paula Sylvester, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Hans-Martin Linde—Recorder. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 18, at 8:40.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Franco Corelli—Tenor, in a program of Italian songs, with an orchestra conducted by Anton Guadagno. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:40.)

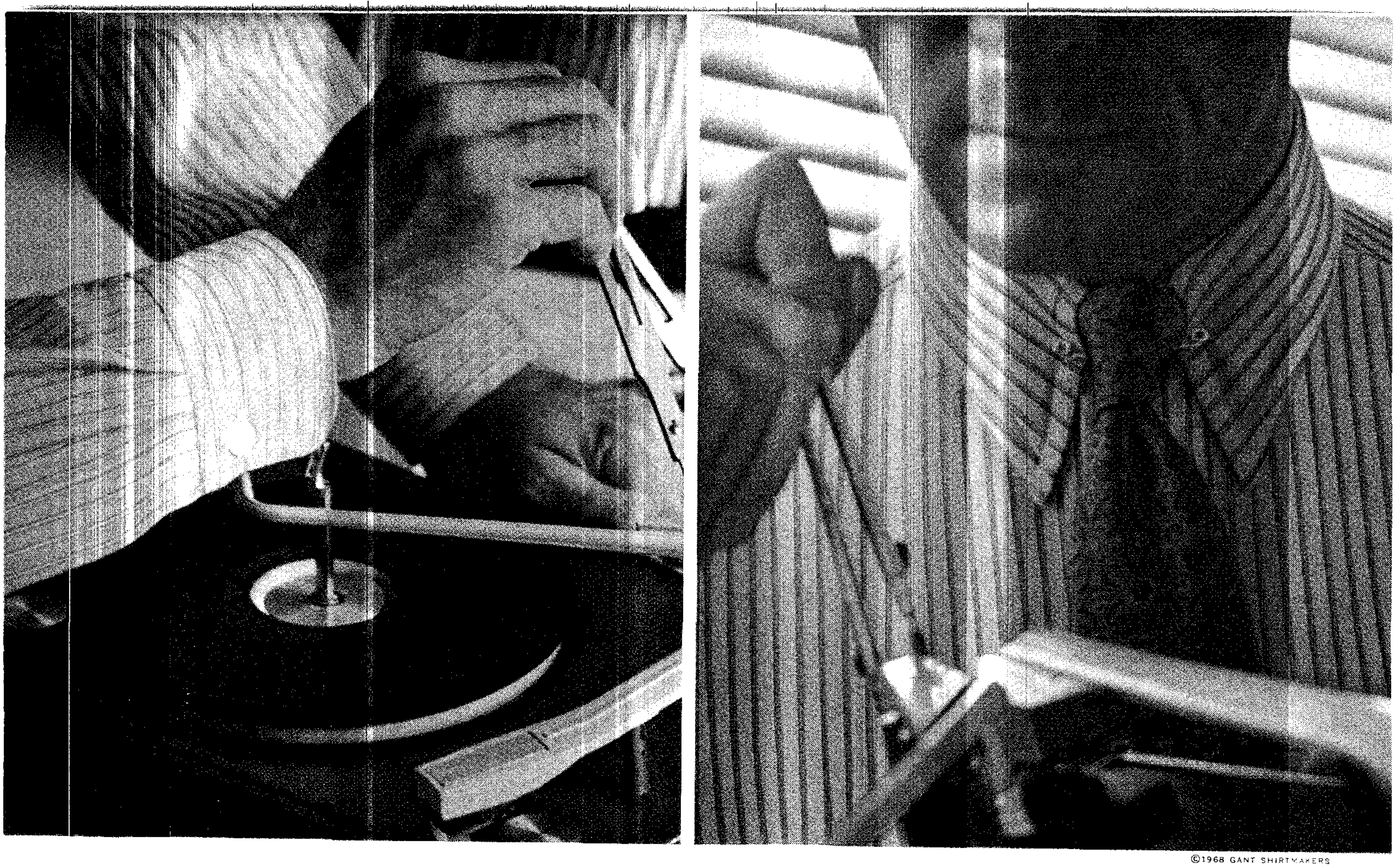
Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago—At Town Hall—Thursday, March 21, at 8:30: Esther Glazer and Easley Blackwood in a recital of Charles Ives sonatas for violin and piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:30: Ralph Shapey conducting a program of music by Stefan Wolpe, with Miss Glazer and John Cobb, piano.

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in a Britten-Brahms program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 21, at 8:40.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet and New York Woodwind Quintet—Performing Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Hunter College As-



©1968 GANT SHIRTMAKERS

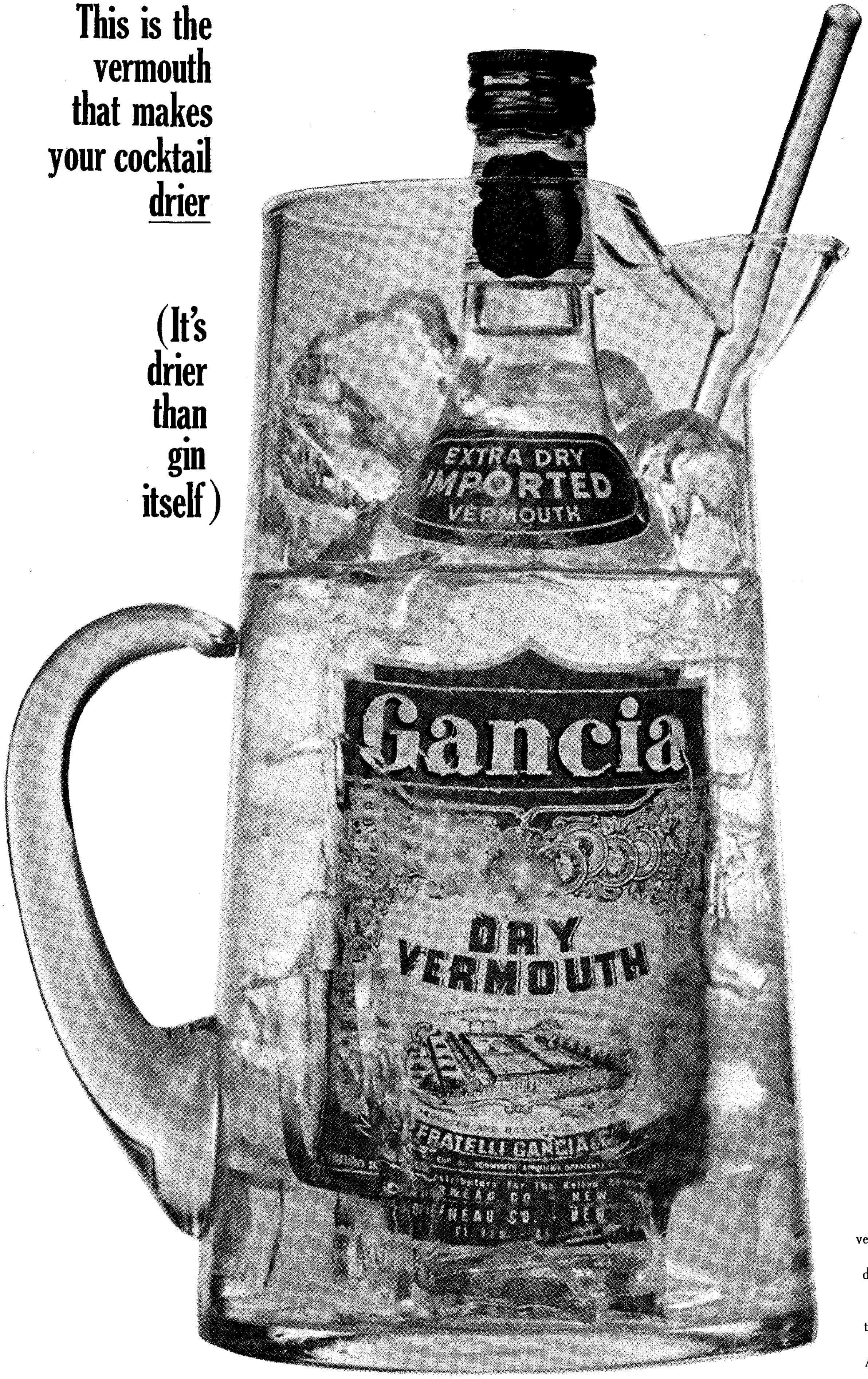
Designer's touch.

The elegant, long, straight Town collar which can be worn with or without a pin. The rich, deep color effect of the superior, cool cotton broadcloth. All patently Gant. And so is the superb tailoring. Yes, this handsome Gant Town Shirt is also made with a softly flared button-down collar. In exuberant colorings—all with contrasting stripes. About $8.00 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

This is the vermouth that makes your cocktail drier

(It's drier than gin itself)


EXTRA DRY
IMPORTED
VERMOUTH
Gancia
DRY
VERMOUTH
FRATELLI GANCIA & C.

SWEET
ITALY
VERMOUTH
Gancia
VERMOUTH
ROSSO
FRATELLI GANCIA & C.

Gancia Extra Dry (green label) is the world's driest vermouth. Every drop makes your cocktail drier. The semi-sweet (red label) adds a dash of dryness on the rocks. Puts pants on the Manhattan. Ask for "Ghan-cha."

Imported Italian Vermouths © 1964, The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The third in a series of five programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago, conducted by Ralph Shapey. With Esther Glazer, violin, and Neva Pilgrim, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 22, at 8:40.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—Peter, Paul & Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, at 8:30.)... ¶ Eric Burdon and the Animals. (Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave., at 3rd St. WA 9-8998. Saturday, March 16, at 8 and 11.)... ¶ Benny Goodman, with Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson, plus Licia Albanese, soprano, and the Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia conducted by Anshel Brusilow, in a benefit program ranging from classical to jazz. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 8.)... ¶ Don Shirley, with cello and bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)... ¶ Eddy Arnold and Fannie Flagg. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Madison Square Garden Center. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:35.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 17, at 7:05.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Paumonok Handicap. Saturday, March 16.... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting, with the Harkness House for Ballet Arts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 16, at 2:30.)... **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 23, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **PERCIVAL BORDE AND COMPANY:** "Talking Drums." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 17, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.... ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "The Thief of Baghdad," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Tom Sawyer." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 16, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

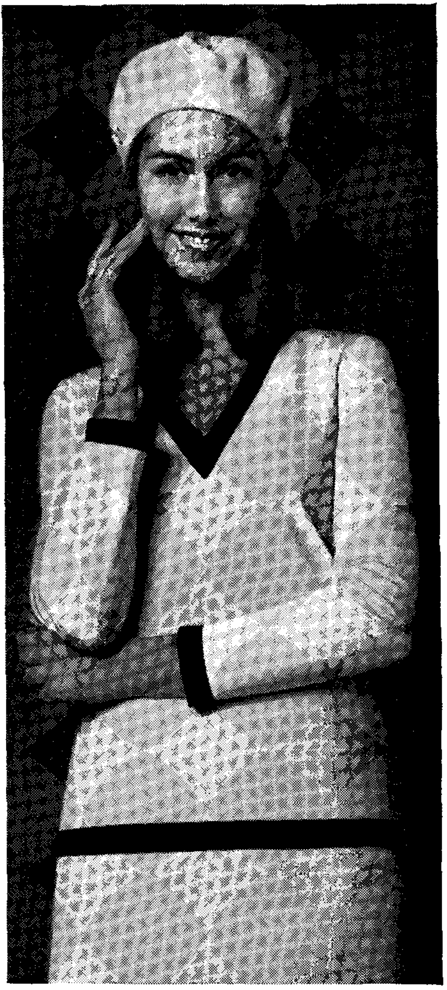
Poetry Readings—John Berryman, Adrienne Rich, and William Meredith reading from the works of Randall Jarrell, Theodore Roethke, and Delmore Schwartz. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, March 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

St. Patrick's Day Parade—Starts at noon on Saturday, March 16, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 14, at 1:45: American and Canadian nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by such artists as William Harnett, Thomas Cole, George Inness, William Glackens, and L. R. O'Brien; from many collections.... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 1:45: *Objets de vertu*, including gold boxes, watches, snuffboxes, and gold chronometers; from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, March 19, at 1:45: Western Americana, from the estate of Herbert S. Auerbach and from other sources.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—March 14 at 2: "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), with Sidney Toler and Lionel Atwill.... ¶ March 14 at 5:30 and 8: "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940), with Sidney Toler and Marguerite Chapman.... ¶ March 15 at 2: "Murder Over New York" (1940), with Sidney Toler and Ricardo Cortez.... ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "Dead Men Tell" (1941), with Sidney Toler and Sheila Ryan.... ¶ March 16 at 11:30: "Civilization" (1916), directed by Thomas H. Ince.... ¶ March 16 at 3: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941), with Sidney Toler and Mary Beth Hughes.... ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "Castle in the Desert" (1942), with Sidney Toler and Arlene Whelan.... ¶ March 17 at 2: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939), with Sidney Toler and Cesar Romero.... ¶ March 17 at 5:30: "The Black Camel" (1931), with Warner Oland and Sally Eilers.... ¶ March 18 at 2 and 5:30: Three Laurel and Hardy comedies—"We Faw Down" (1928), "Big Business" (1929), and "Wrong Again" (1929).... ¶ March 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith.... ¶ March 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Forgotten Faces" (1928), with Clive Brook. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

**There is only one Arnel.
It makes a blouse
very bonnie.**



The 30's brought up to date. To date with a skirt, a suit or culottes. Blousecraft does it in today's fabric: Blue Ridge-Winkler crepe double knit of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Hand-washable. Perfectly packable. White banded with navy, black or brown. Or all lime, black, brown, mauve or pink. About $22.* At Bloomingdale's, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

Celanese® Arnel® *Slightly higher on the West Coast

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 19.)

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Bye Bye Braverman—Sidney Lumet has softened Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals and turned it into a crudely affectionate comic romp. The movie is carelessly made, but the rhetoric often has a lively strong flavor. George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 17.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Alienation again, this time as experienced by a rich, famous, and glum young writer played by Albert Finney, who also directed. The kind of monotonous, one-idea picture that gets high marks for integrity. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

China Is Near—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office in this straight-faced carnal comedy written and directed by young, prodigiously talented Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 12th, GR 3-7014.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown last summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 19.)

Half a Sixpence—Probably the most mechanized movie musical yet made. According to the advertising, "It's everything a motion picture can be." Too bad that it's nothing a motion picture should be. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Poor Cow—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Stranger—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 20.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

We Still Kill the Old Way—An intelligent thriller about an innocent professor involved in a murder. Book learning has not prepared him for the way society is organized in Sicily. Elio Petri directed. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; March 14.)

REVIVALS

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; through March 19.)

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 19.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 16-18, last showing on March 18 at 1:35.)

The Crazy Quilt (1966)—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 19.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1962)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19-20.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19-20.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 15.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 19.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 20.)

Strike (1924)—A Sergei Eisenstein film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 19: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.
From March 20: "Guns for San Sebastian," Anthony Quinn.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"P.J.," George Peppard.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 19: "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From March 20: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
POOR COW.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE FOX.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
CHINA IS NEAR (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 19: **BECKET**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.
From March 20: **REPULSION**, revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Queens" (in Italian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
March 14: **WE STILL KILL THE OLD WAY** (in Italian).
From March 15: "Broken Wings," a Lebanese film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
POOR COW.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 17: **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**
From March 18: "The Producers," Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through March 19: "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From March 20: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 19: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.
From March 20: **THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 19: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**
From March 20: "How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through March 19: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.
From March 20: "Guns for San Sebastian," Anthony Quinn.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
STRIKE (silent); and "Diamonds of the Night," a Czechoslovakian film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 19: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **THE CRAZY QUILT**, revival.
From March 20: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE STRANGER (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 19: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**
From March 20: "How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," performed by the New York City Ballet.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Treasure of San Gennaro" (in Italian), Nino Manfredi, Senta Berger.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 15: **MR. ARKADIN**, revival; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
March 16-18 (last showing on March 18 at 1:35): **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "A Ballad of Love" (in Russian), revival.
March 18 at 6, 8, and 10: "Song of Songs," revival, Marlene Dietrich, Brian Aherne.
March 19-20: **THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ** (in Spanish), revival; and **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 19: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From March 20: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 14: "Caroline Cherie" (in French), revival, Martine Carol; and "Fantastic Night" (in French), revival, Micheline Presle.
March 15-18: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), revival, Birgitte Federspiel; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), revival, Ingrid Thulin.
From March 19: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon; and "Claudine" (in French), revival.

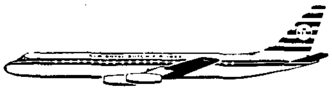
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

From this moment on, our lacy Arnel® triacetate knit is spring. With those marvelous shirt-tailored lines that are currently showing up on the take-notice dresses. Collared, banded and tied (or not) with linen-look Fibranne® rayon. For sizes 6 to 16, it's white, pink, or blue, and $40. From our Young Elite® Dress Collections. Glad to fill mail or phone orders.

OPENING MARCH 18: THE ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO

ARUBA

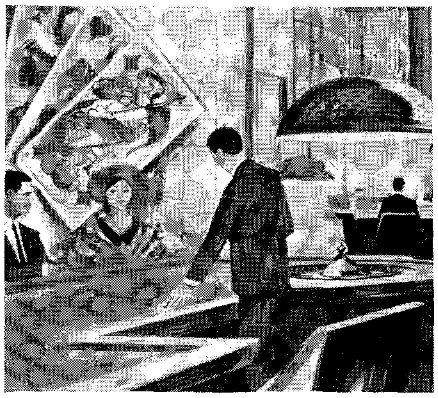


FLY RELIABLE KLM TO ARUBA

Sun-splashed, breeze-cooled Aruba — Holland in the Caribbean.

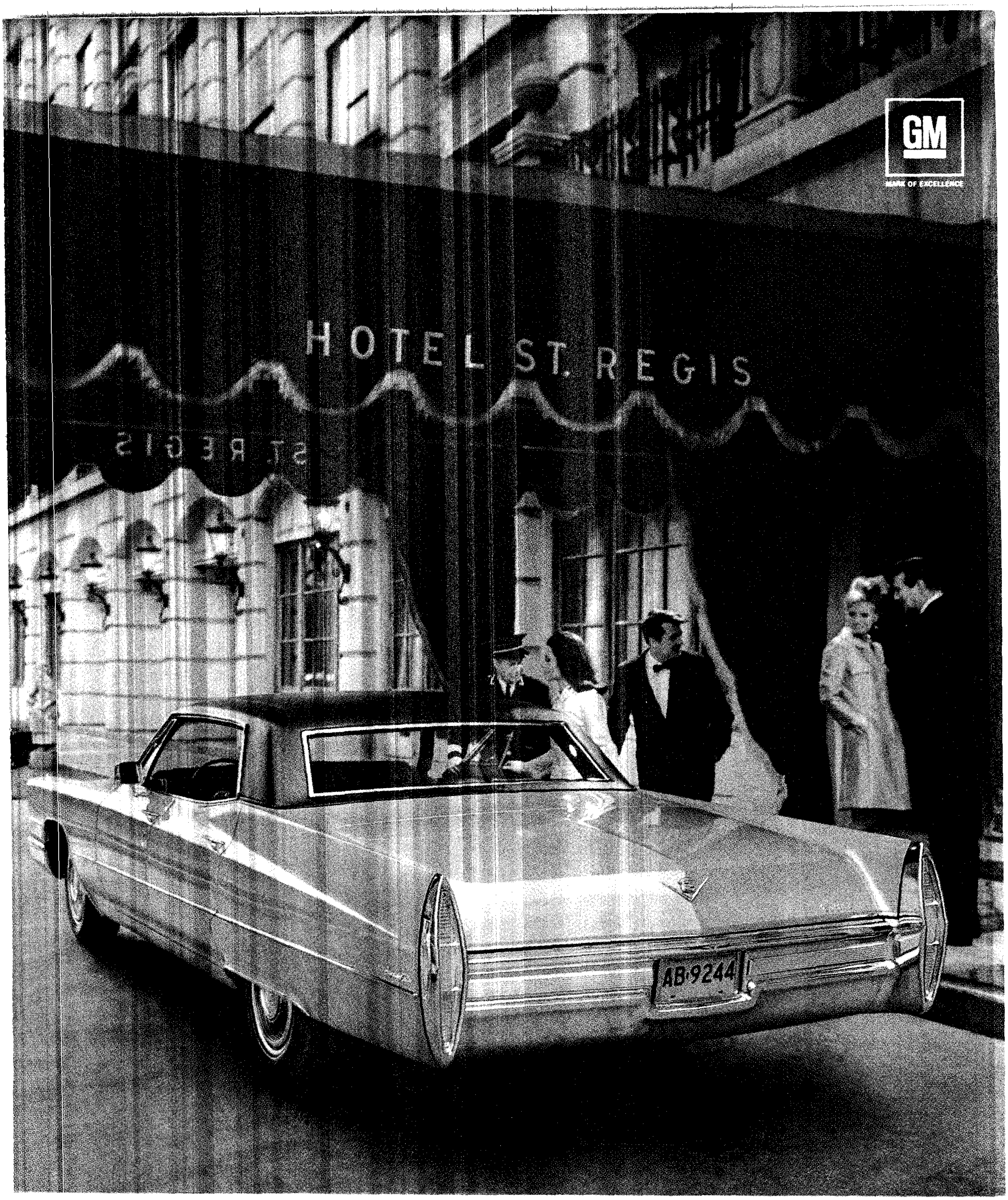
The new Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino is the place to enjoy Aruba the most. It's the resort hotel with everything — from a soft, white, private beach, water sports, huge swimming pool, deep-sea fishing and freeport shopping — to the exciting Casino, hotel nightlife, magnificent meals.

Aruba-Sheraton is exceptional. But isn't that the kind of resort you've been looking for? **For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your favorite Travel Agent, or call any Sheraton.**



ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO

165 Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities



Cadillac Motor Car Division

It speaks eloquently about you, yet barely whispers. Wherever Cadillac goes it makes complimentary remarks about its owner. Its distinctive styling says nice things about his taste. His sound judgment is reflected by Cadillac's advanced features and its spacious, beautifully appointed interior. A new 472 V-8 engine speaks authoritatively, but softly, about his determination to drive the finest performing luxury car ever built. Have you personally experienced Cadillac's new spirited performance? If not, a few words with your authorized Cadillac dealer may be in order.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The need to be understood

It's vital in business, too.

The need to be understood is conspicuous on the sport scene. Heated action. Individual and team performance. Analysis. It's America distilled to one place, one moment.

And in the business arena, the need is just as apparent.

Communication is the key. Ideas and information in motion —on paper—the vehicle of understanding.

At Nekoosa, paper is our product. We are a leading manufacturer of business communication papers for printing and designing, for general office use, for the most sophisticated business machines.

Nekoosa helps you to be understood. And that's a lot.

Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company • Port Edwards, Wisconsin

The link of understanding between man and machine . . . **NEKOOSA®**
PAPERS

Embassy®
Versatile® III
Versatile® II

The Great Dictator never had it so good.

Once he rode the 5:14 with a memo pad on his knee. Or wore holes in his rug waiting for a stenographer. Or spent the weekend scribbling letters his own mother couldn't read.

But no more. Stenorette dictating and transcribing systems cover everything from the commuter's special to the corner office.

The Embassy turns any typist in your office into a stenographer. (Without her having to learn a funny new language.) The Versatile II complements the Embassy. And uses same 45 minute interchangeable magazines.

But, it's completely portable and works from any of three different power sources.

The Versatile III is the Go-Go machine. 13 ounces complete with batteries and 45 minutes of tape. (In pre-loaded snap-in cartridges.) And it's handsized. Just palm it when you go places.

Between them they give you more time to mind your own business. And isn't that what business is all about?

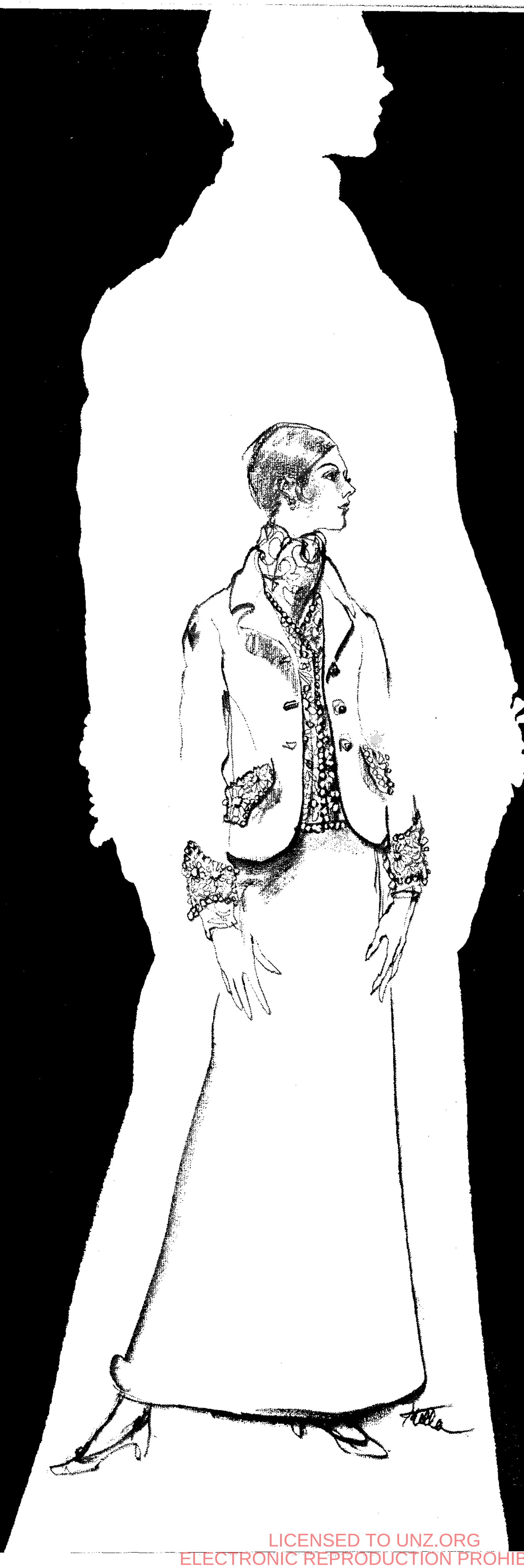
Write us. Stenorette, DeJur-Amsco Corp., Northern Boulevard at 45th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Or, see the Yellow Pages for your nearest dealer. ®Registered T.M. of DeJur-Amsco Corporation. Protected by U.S. Patents.

DeJUR GRUNDIG

Stenorette®

DeJur-Amsco Corporation—Manufacturers of precision photographic, electronic, business equipment for over 45 years.



valentino

From his celebrated collection, the talk of Rome, we bring this extraordinary evening suit. Brilliant in white. Extravagant with embroidery. Vested with interest. See it now, along with other Valentinos, in our just-arrived collection from all the great names and great places. At Field's in Chicago. Our 28 Shop.® There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

Starting April 2 Swissair flies non-stop from New York to Frankfurt.

So why should you care?

Because Swissair will be the first plane into Frankfurt.

(Attention all businessmen: Swissair puts you in Frankfurt a shave and a shower ahead of the competition.)

Here's how it works: we leave from New York every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evening and we land you in Frankfurt at 7:35 A.M. the next morning. (Any day of the week we can also get you into Frankfurt via Zurich before 9:00 A.M.)

We have another kind of first plane service, too. It takes you non-stop to Zurich quick enough to make the earliest morning connections to Stuttgart. Düsseldorf. Munich. Vienna. Even Prague. (Berlin? Only Swissair puts you on the earliest possible connection out of Frankfurt.)

Our service? The same hospitable kind the Swiss are known for in hotels all over the world.

(We call it Swiss-Care.)

For more information see your travel agent.

Or get in touch with Swissair. We have offices in principal cities.

And the next time you're going on a trip to Germany, don't forget Swissair lands in Frankfurt. First.

SWISSAIR

SWISS CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

Rome by way of Rutherfordton.

Have you ever bought a dress only to find later that the same fabric was being used in much cheaper dresses? Apparently many women have had this experience, and we've never found one who has enjoyed it.

At Doncaster, we take pride in the fact that a woman who wears our clothes won't find herself coming and going in all sizes, shapes and price ranges. We can offer this assurance because of the very individual way that we work.

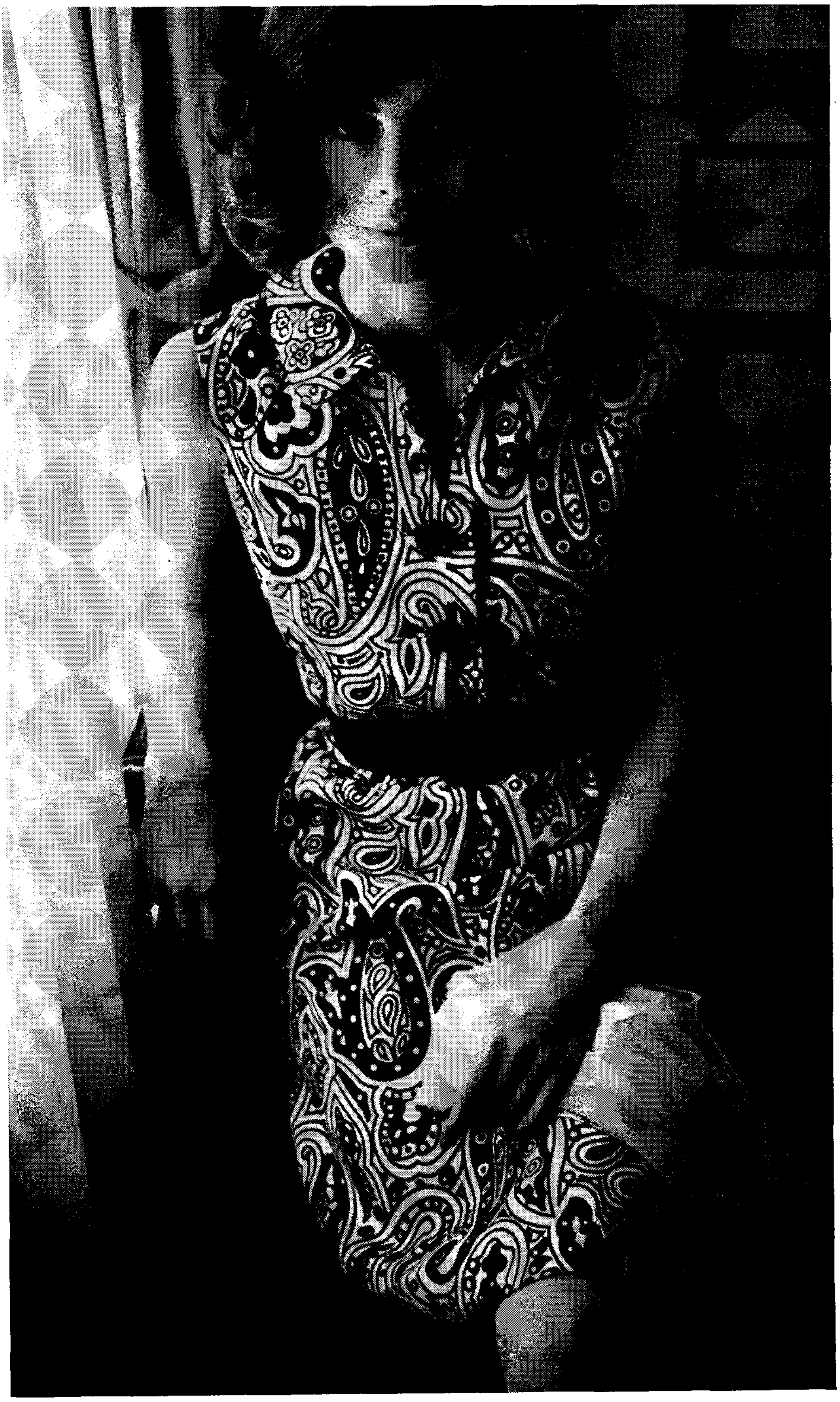
For this season, with the return of a romantic elegance in mind, our designer went to Italy to hand-pick a very special group of fabrics inspired by the Renaissance. From these great textured cottons, he created many beautiful, eminently wearable dresses, as well as dress and jacket, and coat and dress costumes.

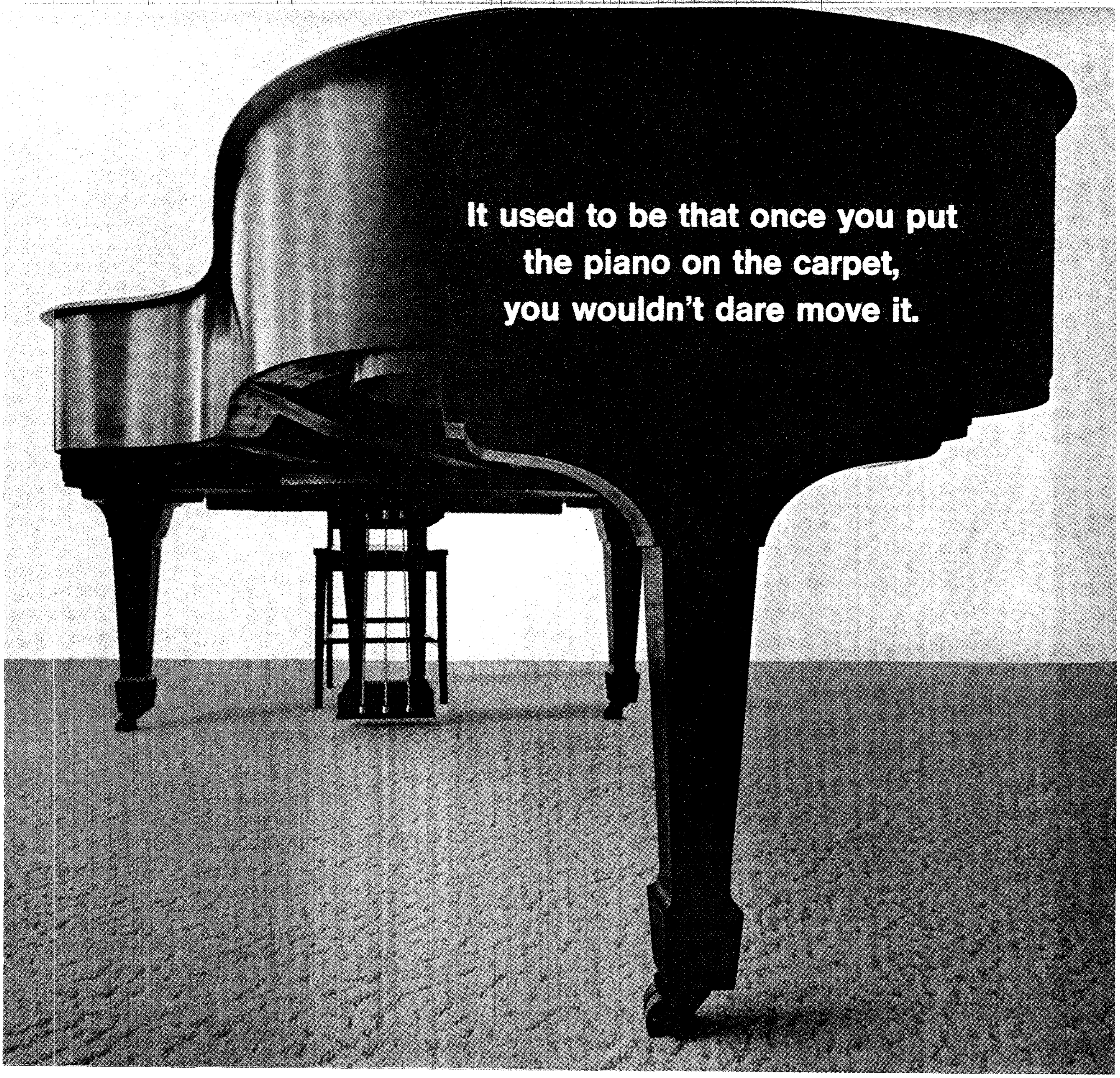
The black and white Renaissance paisley dress shown here is from our Italian Festival Collection. When the Doncaster representative in your community shows the collection to you, you'll find this handsome ridged pique can also be ordered in linen, silk linen, printed silk, printed linen, and no less than one hundred and fifty colors.

But the crowning individuality is reached when the Doncaster representative takes your measurements and sends them to our workrooms where a special pattern is cut just for you. Prices range from $50 to $200, depending on style and fabric, and sizes are 8 to 20.

If you want to look and feel as special as we think you should, drop us a line. Ciao.

For the Doncaster representative in your area, or if you wish to become a Doncaster representative, write to: **doncaster** *Rutherfordton 13, North Carolina*




It used to be that once you put the piano on the carpet, you wouldn't dare move it.

Rejoice, piano fans, because Masland makes an extraordinarily resilient carpet. The pile bounces right back up, even after having been crushed by the legs of your Baby Grand.

Masland calls the carpet "Audition," and the reason for this terrific resiliency is that Masland makes "Audition" with Kodel® polyester fiber. Kodel, you see, allows carpets to retain their appearance better than any other carpet fiber. And that's a fact.

But resilience is just one reason why "Audition" is such a great carpet buy. It's also unusually beautiful. Multi-level pattern. Random sheared texture. Twelve exciting colors. And it's made by Masland.

Even if you don't own a piano, see "Audition" soon at your Masland dealers. (You have a chair, don't you?)

KODEL®
POLYESTER FIBER

The Magic of Masland Carpets®
C. H. MASLAND & SONS Carlisle, Pa.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNMISTAKABLY MISTY HARBOR...THE "LADY AUSTIN

You relish the morning sun before beginning another day of fun and games. Everybody else? Back in their cabins fussing and feuding about what to wear. Not you. You slip your LADY AUSTIN on over anything and you've got it made. Three-quarter length in any-weather "BUOY CLOTH" Poplin of 65% DACRON® POLYESTER-35% cotton protected with ZE PEL rain and stain repeller. ICE BLUE (SHOWN HERE), lemon, raspberry, apple green, brass, peacock, natural, navy, ivory. Sizes: 4 to 18. About $35. MISTY Fisherman Hat, about $6.

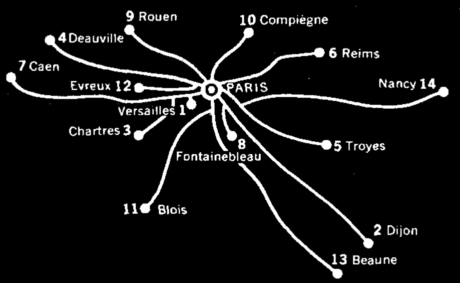
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

At **BROADSTREET'S,** New York, St. Louis, Chicago
WEBER & HEILBRONER, New York
ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Brooklyn
GOLDRING'S, New Orleans & branches
MUSE'S, Atlanta & branches ; **KENNEDY'S,** Boston & branches
ANNIS FURS, Detroit; **KONNER'S,** Paterson
M. L. ROTHSCHILD CO., Chicago & branches
GARBER'S, New Dorp & Port Richmond
SMARTWEAR-IRVING SAKS, Roanoke
and fine stores everywhere
or write **MISTY HARBOR** Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

How to spend 14 days seeing France by train without ever leaving your room in Paris:



You can't be in two places at once? Give us two weeks and we'll show you how to check out a lot of our country and never check out of your hotel. 150 trains a day leave Paris for France. Simply take one each morning and go out to the country. Then in the afternoon take one back and go out on the town.

Because French trains are so fast, frequent and fantastically punctual, you may be able to take in even more places than we've suggested below. And you'll find the trains extremely economical. Particularly when you take advantage of Eurailpass, the first class ticket that takes you to 12 extra countries—at no extra cost.

Who says you can't have your pâtisserie and eat it, too?

1. Paris to Versailles—32 min.
See the sumptuous palace and gardens where Louis XIV lived like a king.

2. Paris to Dijon—2 hrs. 22 min.
Lunch in the heart of the Côte d'Or on escargots and coq au vin. Formidable!

3. Paris to Chartres—55 min.
Even if you don't "collect" cathedrals, you can't remain unmoved by this one.

4. Paris to Deauville—2 hrs. 7 min.
Brisk Atlantic air and wide sandy beaches. And a Casino to tempt your luck.

5. Paris to Troyes—1 hr. 27 min.
When you leave the station, you leave the 20th century. And walk straight into the 15th.

6. Paris to Reims—1 hr. 30 min.
Sample some champagne in the country where it's made. But don't miss the train back.

7. Paris to Caen—2 hrs. 19 min.
Sip a little (very little) Norman Calvados before lunch. Then tour this ancient university town.

8. Paris to Fontainebleau—33 min.
The ghost of Napoleon inhabits this palace. And it is a difficult place to leave.

9. Paris to Rouen—1 hr. 25 min.
Joan of Arc lives on in this city on the Seine. And so do the times she lived in.

10. Paris to Compiègne—43 min.
Buy some sandwiches at the local charcuterie. And picnic in the famous forest.

11. Paris to Blois—1 hr. 40 min.
In this chateau, French kings spent their weekends. And had to be dragged back to Paris.

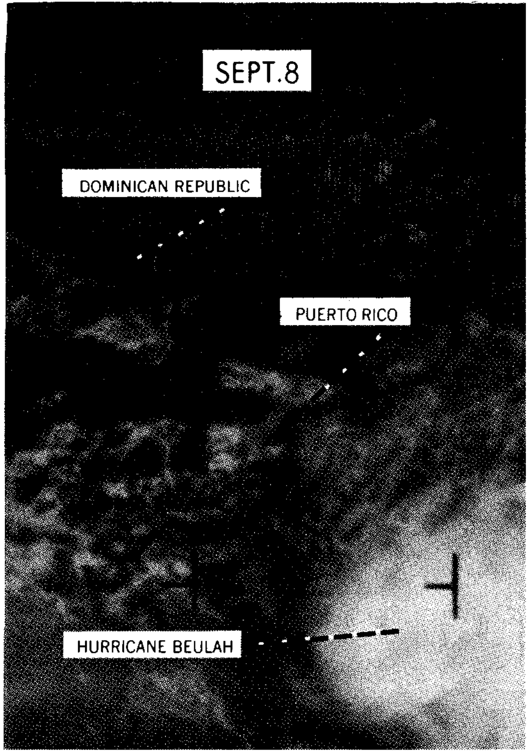
12. Paris to Evreux—1 hr. 2 min.
In 400 years, this town has changed no more than the lush Normandy landscape.

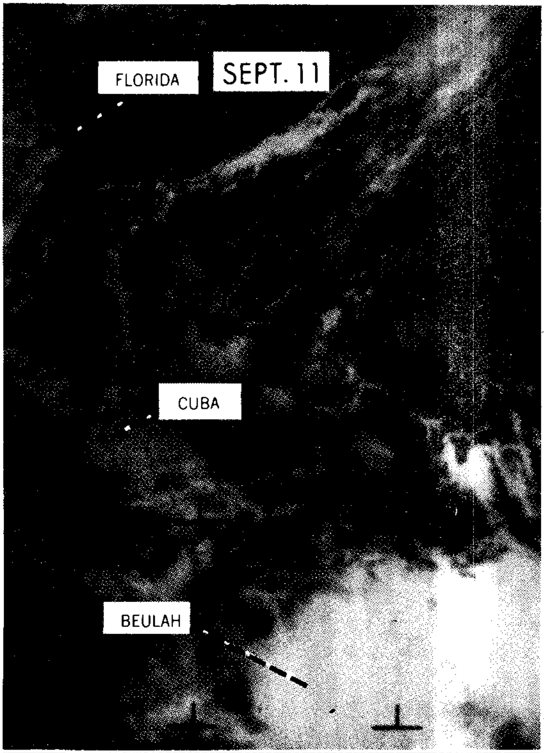
13. Paris to Beaune—2 hrs. 49 min.
Here, vineyards crown the slopes. And some of the world's greatest wines are bottled.

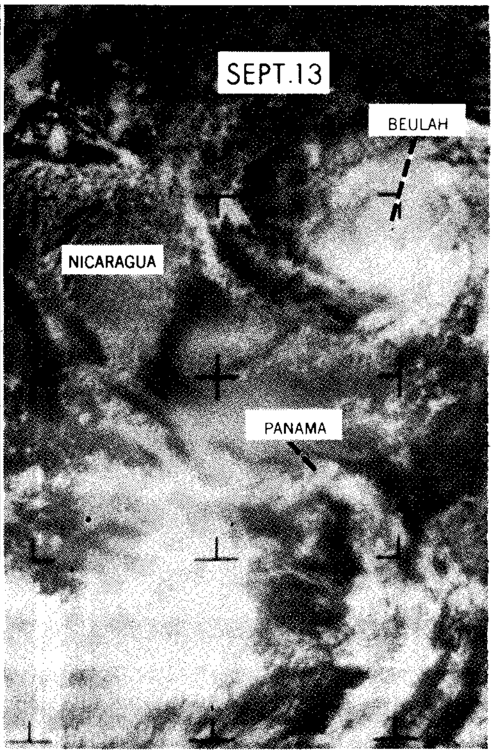
14. Paris to Nancy—2 hrs. 55 min.
In the Place Stanislaus, a prince once held court. And left a sight to behold.

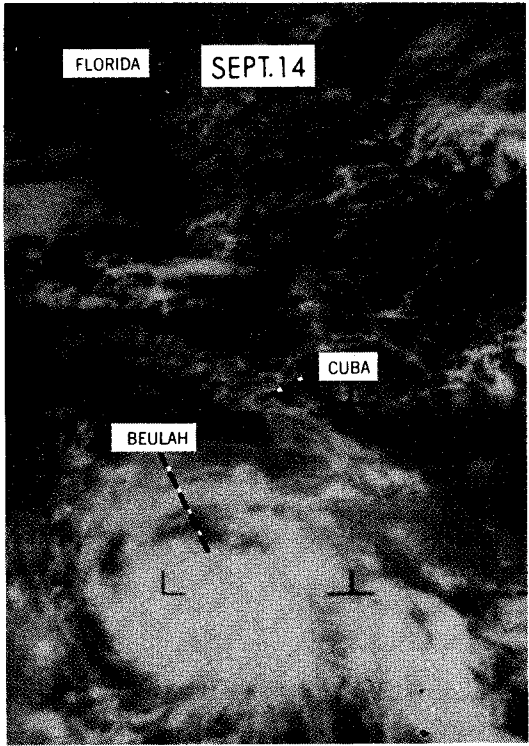
For free folder: write Dept.BG1,Box 191, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10. Tickets & reservations at travel agents or French National Railroads, 610 5th Ave., N.Y. 20; 11 E. Adams St., Chicago 3; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; 323 Geary St., San Francisco. Also at our Canadian office.

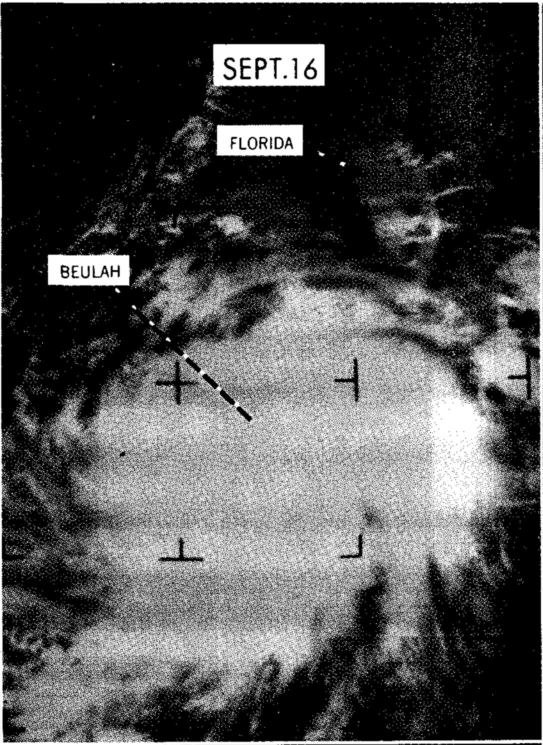
French National Railroads

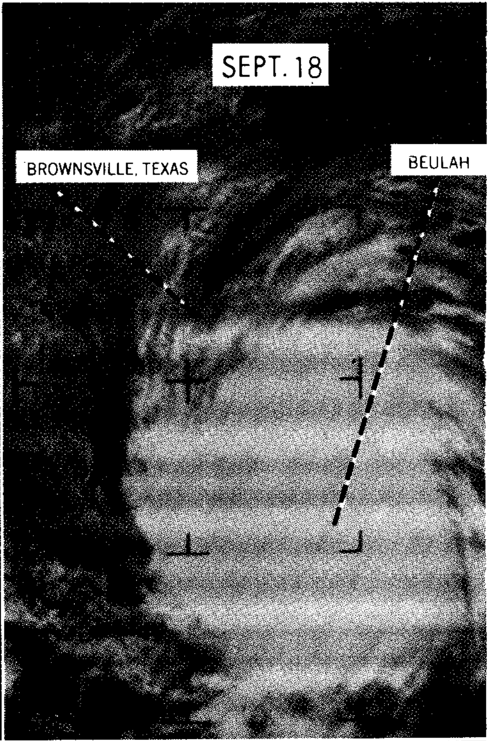

SEPT.8
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
PUERTO RICO
HURRICANE BEULAH

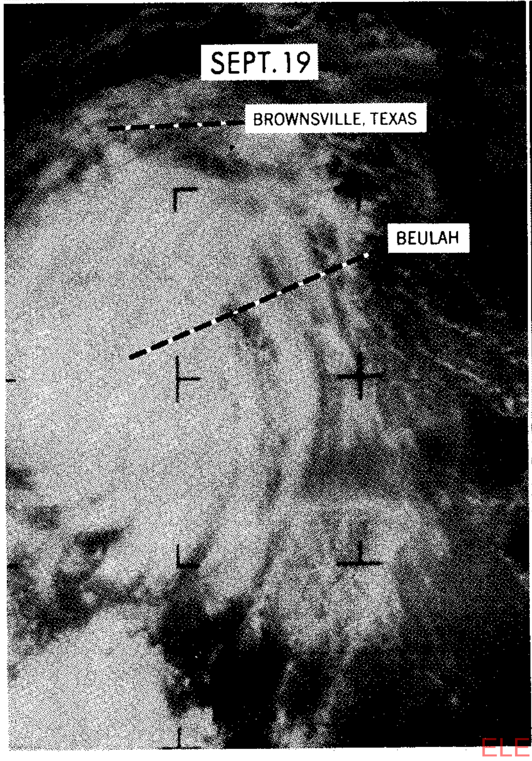

FLORIDA
SEPT. 11
CUBA
BEULAH

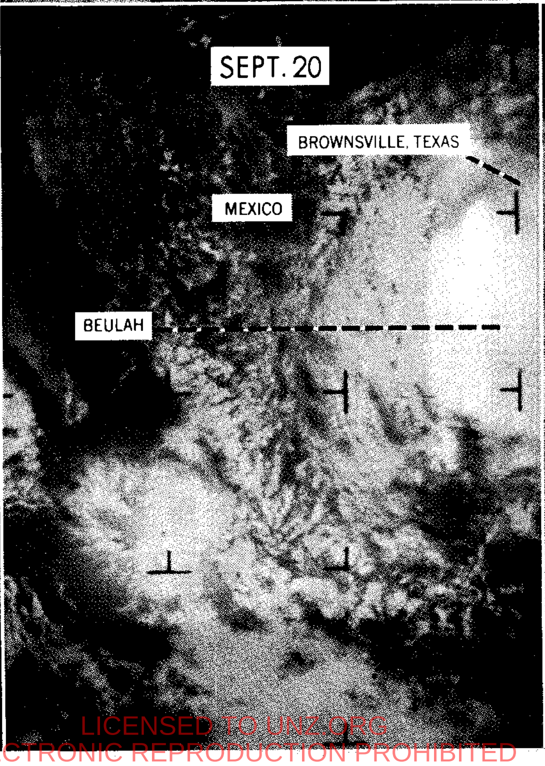

SEPT.13
BEULAH
NICARAGUA
PANAMA

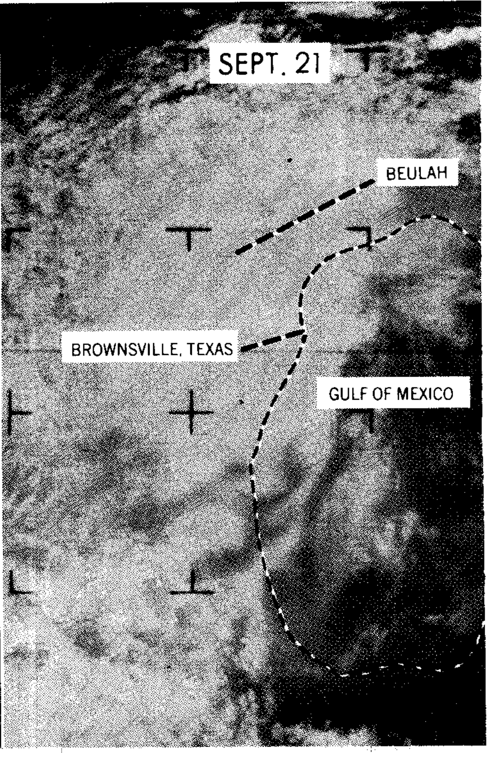

FLORIDA
SEPT.14
CUBA
BEULAH


SEPT.16
FLORIDA
BEULAH


SEPT. 18
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS
BEULAH


SEPT. 19
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS
BEULAH


SEPT. 20
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS
MEXICO
BEULAH


SEPT. 21
BEULAH
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS
GULF OF MEXICO

These pictures could be worth a thousand lives.

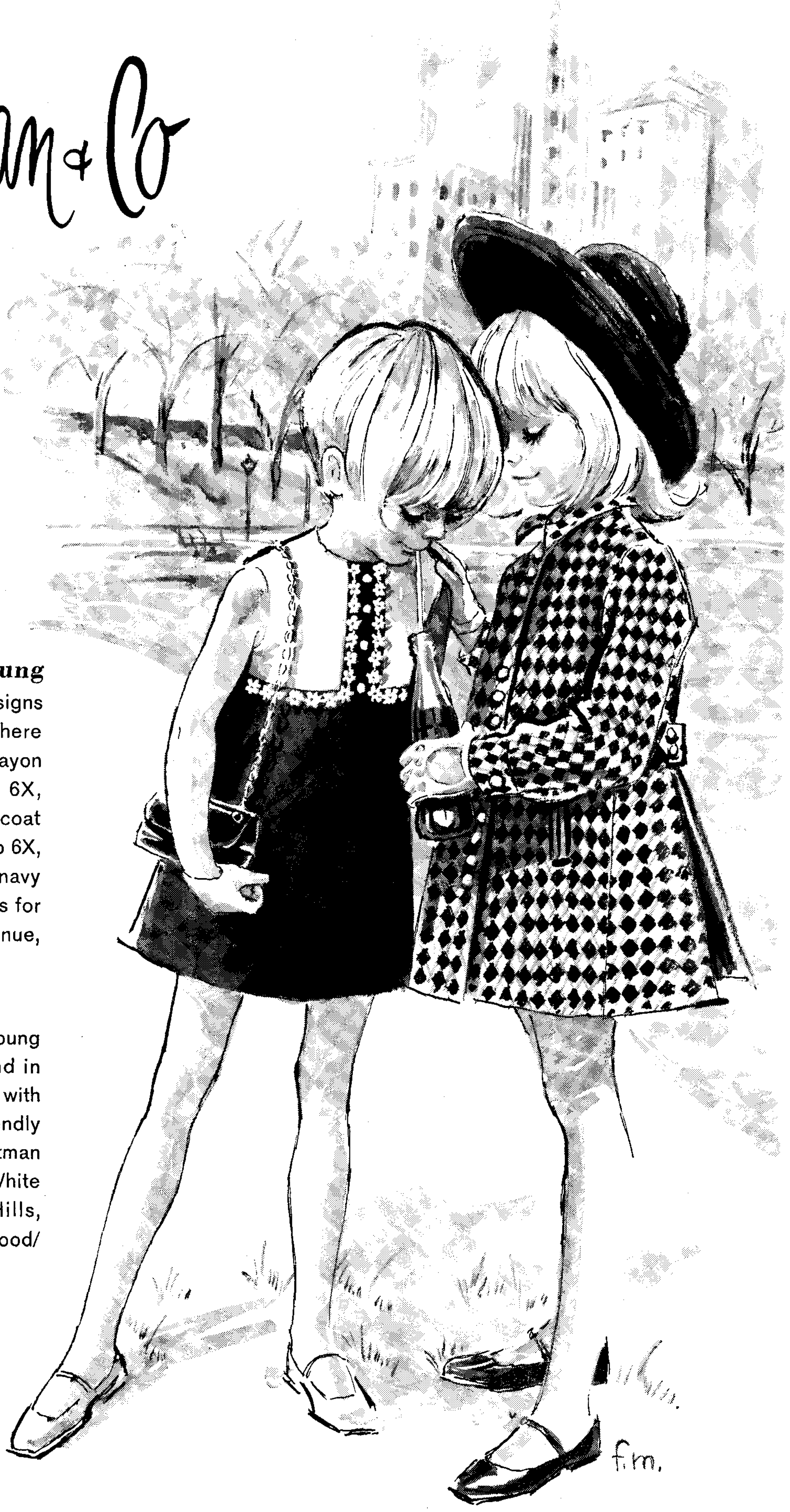
General Electric technology in space helps man survive hurricanes here on earth.

Hurricanes kill. Since 1900, they have killed over 13,500 people in the U.S. Yet when Hurricane Beulah hit last year, it killed but ten people.
In recent years, technological advances have warned people about approaching hurricanes. One recent advance—a satellite named Nimbus II—photographed Beulah around the clock. From the time she formed in the Caribbean on Sept. 8, moved west across the Gulf of Mexico, then swung north to hit Brownsville, Texas, eleven days later.
At left are some of the pictures taken by Nimbus II of Beulah's path.
Launched in May, 1966, Nimbus II is the first complex earth-orbiting satellite to achieve long life in space. General Electric built it for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center.
General Electric is also experimenting with electronic buoys that could collect weather data at sea and transmit it via satellite . . . building sophisticated computers that instantly analyze weather information . . . and even devising new statistical methods to predict violent weather and forecast its path.
Taking the violence out of violent weather will take time. But we're making progress.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

B Altman & Co



Haute couture for young beauties... lighthearted designs by Zingone of Rome, copied here line-for-line. A-line dress, rayon with the look of linen. 3 to 6X, 10.00; 7 to 14, 12.00. Wool coat with panel back, tab belt. 3 to 6X, 41.00; 7 to 14, 46.00. Both navy and white. See them in Shops for girls, second floor, Fifth Avenue, and at all our branch stores.

One more example of the young couturier designs you'll find in Fifth Avenue's great store...with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

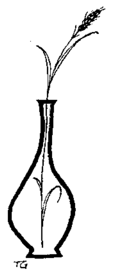
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PLEASANT sound to our ears these days is the clamor of refuse trucks and trash barrels as the sanitationmen go about their old task of cleaning up the city. By the time Chairman Vincent D. McDonnell of the State Mediation Board handed down the binding contract award, a week or so ago, the ridges of refuse that had risen along curbsides and piled up at intersections had been removed, and the nine-day sanitation strike that had brought New York City almost to the brink of pestilence and paralysis was only a dismal memory—and a portent. The decision by the city and the sanitationmen to accept arbitration represented, as it had to, a compromise of the principles of both sides, and so did the eventual settlement. By juggling provisions for retroactivity, pension benefits, and, finally, the expiration date of the contract, Mr. McDonnell was able to arrive at a verdict complex enough to permit the union to claim a victory before its membership and yet permit the city to pass the word to the other unions that annual-pay-increase guidelines had not, after all, been breached. But there is still disagreement over the value of the settlement (the city puts the yearly increase in wages at $415, the union at $429.90), and this highlights the problem—still unsolved—that ultimately poses as great a danger to the city as the sanitation strike itself did. That is how to end the "whipsaw" demands of competing labor unions—unions that in theory are allied fraternally against employers but in reality have been locked in combat with one another for some two decades. (This is not only a municipal problem. New York City's newspapers have been caught for some time in the crossfire of their ten competing unions, and as a result four of the papers have fallen since 1963.) The Lindsay administration's attempt to break this pattern of city-union relationships is what turned the sanitationmen's dangerous strike into something more than defiance of law by a union secure in its indispensability; in fact, it was the city that went on strike against the status quo, the status quo being the employment of its budget as a kind of Coney Island "test-your-strength" punching bag. In recent years, the increase in benefits demanded by each municipal union in each new contract has tended to lose importance as a substantive element to be negotiated for, and has served mainly to establish the union's—or union leader's—relative strength by registering it on the city punching bag.

The sanitationmen did not initiate this pattern, but they have profited from it, primarily because of political ties that are more than a century old. (We are grateful to the *Times* for providing from its files material for a historical perspective reaching back to 1857, when Governor John A. King, a Republican, sought to end corruption in the sale of city street-cleaning contracts by appointing a Street Commissioner of his own, Daniel D. Conover. The move was thwarted, however, when Mr. Conover was hurled bodily from the city's Hall of Records within days, and the following year the courts voided the appointment.) Before 1940, when the LaGuardia civil-service regulations went into effect, sanitation jobs were important elements of political patronage, and in the past quarter century stronger union organization (the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association is also chartered as Teamsters Local 831) has filled the political vacuum created by civil-service control of appointment to the ranks and subsequent promotion. Only a year ago, the union gained an edge over its chief rivals by achieving for the sanitationmen a twenty-year retirement program comparable to the pension plans of the Police and Fire Departments, but this edge was diminished two months ago when the negotiators for the Transit Workers Union won similar pension provisions. Just after the first of the year—more than six months after the sanitationmen's contract expired—city labor-relations specialists thought they had attained relative stabilization: a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-per-man annual increase, which would put the members of the union no higher and no lower on the wage scale than the members of the other municipal unions. But although this contract, which had been worked out by two mediators, was agreed to by the sanitationmen's bargainers, including their president, John J. DeLury, it was vetoed by the union stewards. Perhaps unwisely, when negotiations resumed, on Friday, February 2nd, the union president brought matters to a crisis by calling for a meeting of support outside City Hall. The support got out of hand, and when DeLury tried to calm his assembled men, he was shouted down, booed, and—until police intervened—actually pummelled. Five hours later, without having made any progress in negotiations, DeLury emerged from City Hall to find his membership in the same angry mood, and this time he went along with it. "I accept the motion for go, go, go!" he yelled from the top of a van, and the strike was on.



Certainly the sanitationmen very soon established their indispensability. Without them on the job, New York City became an unsightly, unpleasant, and increasingly unsafe place to be. Like every municipal affliction, this one hit the areas of greatest population density—the slums—first and hardest. The curbside refuse heaps rose highest there. The downtown area, where commercial establishments are served by private cartage firms, and the middle- and upper-class residential areas, where apartment-house incinerators are com-

• •

mon, fared better at the start, but the tide of refuse soon spread everywhere. Many people, unable to find any other solution, carried their bags of garbage to the city's wire-mesh trash baskets on the street corners ("Just a Drop in the Basket Helps Keep New York Clean" took on an ironic meaning), and these soon overflowed into the uncleaned intersections. By the end of the week, no street in the city was uncluttered. And on February 8th Dr. Edward O'Rourke, the City Health Commissioner, said he was worried about the possibility of typhoid fever if the accumulated trash clogged the sewers, and, for the first time since the nineteen-thirties, a health emergency was declared.

During the first week of the strike, the city did what it could. It conducted negotiations with Mr. DeLury at night and, in the daytime, haled him into court in a proceeding based on the state's Taylor Law, which bars strikes by public employees. This law, which was sponsored by Governor Rockefeller after the transit strike of two years ago, and was designed to provide reasonable penalties to deter strikes by governmental employees at all levels, virtually requires a union leader to go to jail in order to prove his "toughness" to his membership, and this, as labor leaders have pointed out, creates a problem. "Now, if you don't go to jail, you don't have credentials," one negotiator observed after Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, defied the act last September. DeLury got his credentials on Wednesday, the sixth day of the strike. A subsequent court order also levied on the union a fine of eighty thousand dollars and deprived it of its dues-checkoff privilege—two penalties that are being appealed. DeLury, for his part, seemed almost relieved when he surrendered to begin a fifteen-day contempt-of-court term and was greeted outside the Civil Jail, on West Thirty-seventh Street, by Shanker and a four-man union band playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." But aside from putting Mr. DeLury in jail—and thus only complicating the mechanics of negotiations, in which he inevitably participated anyway—there was little that the city could do to alleviate the emergency. Arrangements were made to distribute large plastic garbage bags, if they were needed, and eighteen vacant lots were designated as sites where New Yorkers could burn garbage (and aggravate the air-pollution problem). Possibly the greatest contribution to a lessening of the health danger created by the crisis was made by the sanitationmen themselves. At least partly as a public-relations gesture, some five hundred of them worked, without pay, to clear refuse away from municipal hospitals. The city was also favored by a beneficent Providence. A "definite" forecast for February 8th of a four-inch snowfall, accompanied by gale-force winds, which would have scattered the trash throughout the city, failed to materialize. But even without the snowstorm the danger on that day—the seventh of the strike—was so great that the Mayor asked Governor Rockefeller to bring in the National Guard to clean up the accumulation, which was mounting at an estimated rate of ten thousand tons every day. The Governor replied that before making any such commitment he wanted to try to settle the strike himself. DeLury was brought from his cell to the Governor's West Fifty-fifth Street offices to meet the city representatives again; three more mediators were appointed to supplement the two who had made the first recommendations; and the negotiations entered a new phase.

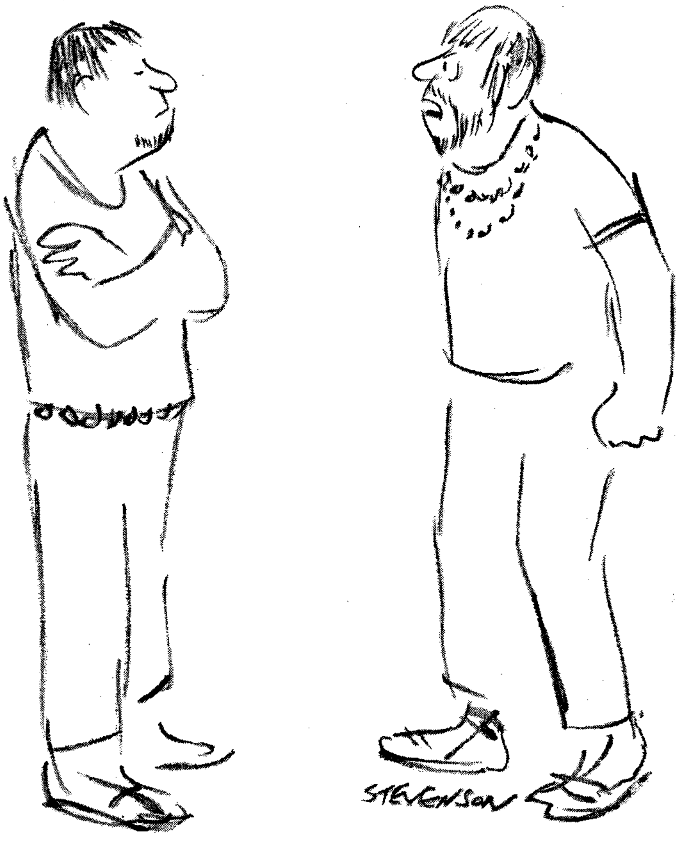
The presence of Harry Van Arsdale, who is president of New York City's Central Labor Council, at the Governor's offices during the talks caused some comment ("Harry's been the unofficial mayor of New York for some time," one political observer said. "Does this mean he's been promoted to unofficial governor?"), but Van Arsdale himself refused to join in any speculation as to what might happen—except to express himself as opposed to the use of the National Guard. "That takes us back seventy years, when every strike that was called brought out the Guard," he said. "We don't want to see anything like that come back." What the Governor's panel of mediators came up with—two hours after their announced deadline, which was that midnight—was a formula that would give the union an annual two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than the original proposal—the one that had been accepted by DeLury and then rejected by the stewards. "Did you say two hundred and fifty million?" a reporter asked. "I said two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," the Governor replied. "I think this is a very constructive solution. Fair to the public and fair to the men."

Perhaps so, but even before reporters could race uptown to Gracie Mansion, Harry O'Donnell, Mayor Lindsay's press secretary, was on the phone to wire services and radio stations announcing that the Mayor had rejected the compromise. "The proposed settlement asks the city only to pay a little blackmail," Lindsay said, "and I am not prepared to do that today." Even the small raise proposed by the Governor, the Mayor explained, would give the sanitationmen a percentage increase that would start a new spiral of escalation that would eventually cost the city seven and a half million dollars a year. He renewed his request that the National Guard be called in to pick up the garbage—a request that the Governor finally turned down on Sunday, the ninth day of the strike, when he also announced that he would ask the legislature for power to take over responsibility for the city's sanitation. With the understanding that they would receive the increase of $425 that had been recommended by the five-man mediation panel, the sanitationmen went to work to remove the accumulation of just under a hundred thousand tons of refuse (working eleven-hour shifts on the holiday weekend, the men within a few days earned more than they had lost in the strike), and the dispute moved off the streets and into the safer arena of politics. So far, in that arena, Mayor Lindsay's prestige appeared to have gained from his stand, and the Governor's to have suffered—a situation that became even more apparent when city Democratic leaders in Albany, upon whom Rockefeller had counted for support, coalesced with Republicans to deny him even the pro-forma courtesy of a joint legislative session as a forum in which he could state his case. Then, thanks to careful maneuvering on all sides, the issue was shelved long enough to permit the city and the union to work out their own compromise.

However, now that the debris has settled—and been carted away—we do not find ourself in disagreement with either the Mayor or the Governor. It was Lindsay's job, as he saw it, to stand up to the unions; it was Rockefeller's, as *he* saw it, to hold the health and safety of the city paramount. In any event, it seems evident that National Guardsmen, untrained in the sanitation procedures required (a far cry from the K.P. work that Mayor Lindsay likened the procedures to), could not even have kept up with the ten-thousand-ton daily accumulation on the city streets. There was also danger that violence would erupt on the trash-littered streets if Guardsmen tangled with sanitationmen—a danger that was made more acute when Mr. Van Arsdale issued a warning that a general strike could result from the use of the Guard to break this strike.

Van Arsdale and the labor leaders had their way. The Guard was not called; political negotiations and labor negotiations worked out the agreements that allowed Mr. McDonnell to arbitrate the award; and the crisis was ended—for the time being. In Albany, Governor Rockefeller has announced a reconvening of the Taylor Board—a panel of five labor-law experts, headed by Professor George W. Taylor, of the Wharton School—to see what can be done to patch up the law it drafted such a short time ago. But whatever revision the law may undergo (George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., indicated recently that he might not be averse to compulsory arbitration in labor disputes involving public employees), this will still leave unresolved the fundamental question recognized by Mr. McDonnell in the formal text of his sanitation award: "Unions cannot forever continue the 'get more syndrome,' each attempting oneupmanship on the other."

One significant contribution—at least to standardization of the ground rules of the competition—was made in the decision in the McDonnell award to extend the sanitation contract to September 30th, so that it will expire concurrently with the contracts held by the policemen's and firemen's unions. This leaves seven months for labor leaders—and not only the ones in New York City—to consider whether or not we have reached a point at which labor itself must assume the responsibility of opposing strikes or patterns of settlement that are obviously against the interests of all of us, including union members. Offhand, we can think of no one better qualified to initiate discussion of this question than Van Arsdale, who, in thirty-four years as business manager of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, has built a reputation for deftly harnessing labor strength on behalf of public goals. He was the recipient of worldwide attention—and denunciations from the White House on down—in 1962, when he negotiated for his construction electricians the nation's first five-hour work day, but by the following year he had persuaded his membership to open the first breach in the all-white monopoly of the building trades, and two years later he joined more than six hundred contractors in a precedent-setting drive (precedent-setting on labor's part, at any rate) to promote construction and expand markets. And just last November, together with Ralph Gross, president of the Commerce and Industry Association, Van Arsdale founded the city's new Labor Management Council, to promote better labor relations and improve New York City's economic climate. One of the stated goals of the organization is "to help provide the necessary leadership and support to make the city a better place in which to work and live." It's a good goal. Van Arsdale's own Central Labor Council estimates that a million two hundred thousand union members live and work in New York City, and some days ago he was asked whether a city demoralized—if not devastated—by the loss of essen-



"My guru is more tranquil than your guru."

tial services and bankrupted by the cost of ever-escalating wage settlements was really in their interest. "That's quite a question," he said, "but don't you think it's one that labor has to work out behind closed doors?" Indeed we do. Now.

Liberté

ONE of the topics in the current constitutional debate between the students and the administrators of the New York City public schools is freedom of the press—in particular, the freedom of Paul Steiner, editor, poet, and a junior at the Bronx High School of Science, to distribute on school property an unofficial periodical called *Sansculottes*. *Sans*, as the paper is known to its friends, is dedicated to the publication of poetry and of blunt and diverse opinions in prose on the subjects of the draft, drugs, birth control, hippie philosophy, music, crowded classrooms, student-teacher relations, and the sartorial, tonsorial, and political rights of students. The latest issue of *Sans*—sixteen pages long—includes an interview with Bettina Aptheker, who was a leader in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement; a rock-music column; an exposé headlined "Senior Picture Racket;" a double-page spread of poems and two short plays; an exhortatory article in support of what it calls the Student Strike to End the War, Racism, and the Draft, which is scheduled for April 26th; and reports from underground journalists at Samuel Gompers Vocational High School and the School of Performing Arts. Printed on the masthead is the customary "cop-out clause": "All articles represent the views of the authors and not of *Sans*, even if they are the same. Uh-huh."

When we visited Mr. Steiner at his home, on East Seventh Street, he explained that the paper was theoretically open to all points of view. "We ran an anti-draft article written by a member of the Young Americans for Freedom," he told us. "The writer concluded by saying that the New Left and the Right should join to fight for Wallace. But usually we have a hard time getting right-wing writers, and we haven't been able to find *anyone* to argue in favor of the draft."

Steiner started publishing *Sansculottes* when he was a freshman at Bronx Science and, despite experience gained running an eighth-grade paper at the McBurney School, found himself barred from the journalism classes, which are restricted to juniors and seniors, and consequently from working on *Science Survey*, the official school paper. By the time he became eligible for the class, last fall, he was too busy as a journalistic rebel to enter it. Since 1965, he has produced about fifteen issues of *Sans*, increased its circulation from five hundred to five thousand, and extended its distribution from Bronx Science to more than two dozen city schools, and also to schools as far west as Berkeley. He has held its price at five cents a copy in spite of a recent shift from mimeograph to offset, and he has run into enough trouble to become a client of the New York Civil Liberties Union.

Steiner, who is a taciturn young man, handed us a copy of a prospectus he drew up, retroactively, in January to clarify his legal position. "*Sansculottes* was established to give any high-school student who wishes to express an opinion a place to express it," the prospectus states. "We aim to insure freedom of speech in the high schools. Since we accept articles on any side of any student-related issue, we cannot adopt more than a bare minimum of editorial position, i.e. we support student rights." The only editorial restriction specified is a ban on certain four-letter words, which was adopted during a brief period of cordiality toward the Board of Education. Shortly after its adoption, Steiner learned that official approval would not be forthcoming, because *Sans* quoted some lines from the Donovan song "Mellow Yellow." "They said we were encouraging students to smoke bananas," he told us.

A local representative of the Board insists that officially there is nothing but enthusiasm for student publications, and that the presence of a faculty adviser on the staff of such a publication is the only condition for distribution of the publication on school grounds.

Steiner insists on resisting even benevolent supervision. The New York Civil Liberties Union hopes that the quarrel will be resolved by a series of calm discussions in which it is now engaged with school officials. Steiner plans to go out to Berkeley to look for a job when he graduates next year. "I may sit in on some classes, but I want to work on a paper—a small paper, I hope, like the Berkeley *Barb* or the *People's World*, in San Francisco—because I like to write what I feel," he said. "You have to get the experience to be a journalist, and to be a poet you just have to live. It's hard to do that and go to school at the same time."

Washington Market

IN all of New York, there was no place we liked better than Washington Market. Day or night, regardless of the season, it was always satisfying. In the mornings, you could walk through the shadows under the wide canopies of the commission merchants, past doorways where men who had worked through the night loading and unloading produce lay asleep, and you could look up at the beautiful, century-old four-story buildings—their brick often the colors of old leaves—with their stately signs in faded letters. The streets would be newly washed, with scraps of pale-green lettuce on the shiny cobblestones, and if it was cold, smoke would be rising from fires in rusted steel barrels where the men had warmed themselves in the night. In the early afternoon, the trucks would start clattering and banging into the streets, and at nightfall the upper parts of the buildings would disappear in the darkness, and the sidewalks under the canopies would be lit up. The streets would be clogged with trucks, the sidewalks stacked with crates of fruit and vegetables. As you walked along, dodging hand trucks, ducking down corridors of crated watercress, you were startled and delighted by the smells—so strange in New York, where most smells are from something thrown out, burned up, dead, or rotting. These smells—sharp and clean—came from freshness and life. There was the cheerful sight of melting ice on the pavement, and of the colors of the produce—lemon, apple, eggplant, orange, raspberry, grape—and the cheerful sound of one man yelling to another, and the constant din of trucks. The towers of crated produce and the heaped-up sacks gave the place an air of abundance and generosity.

We knew that the Market was

being torn down, but we didn't realize how fast until we went there one morning last week; it looked like a bombed-out area. Suddenly, you could see great distances. Entire blocks of buildings along Washington Street and Greenwich Street had vanished, leaving what looked like fields growing crops of brick. Men in tan coveralls were standing in the middle of the fields swinging sledgehammers at what was left. Some of the buildings still stood, but most of them had their ground floors sealed, and their upper stories—whose windows had always been closed and dark—open, with gaping holes where the windows had been. It was a startling reversal. Almost all the signs were gone.

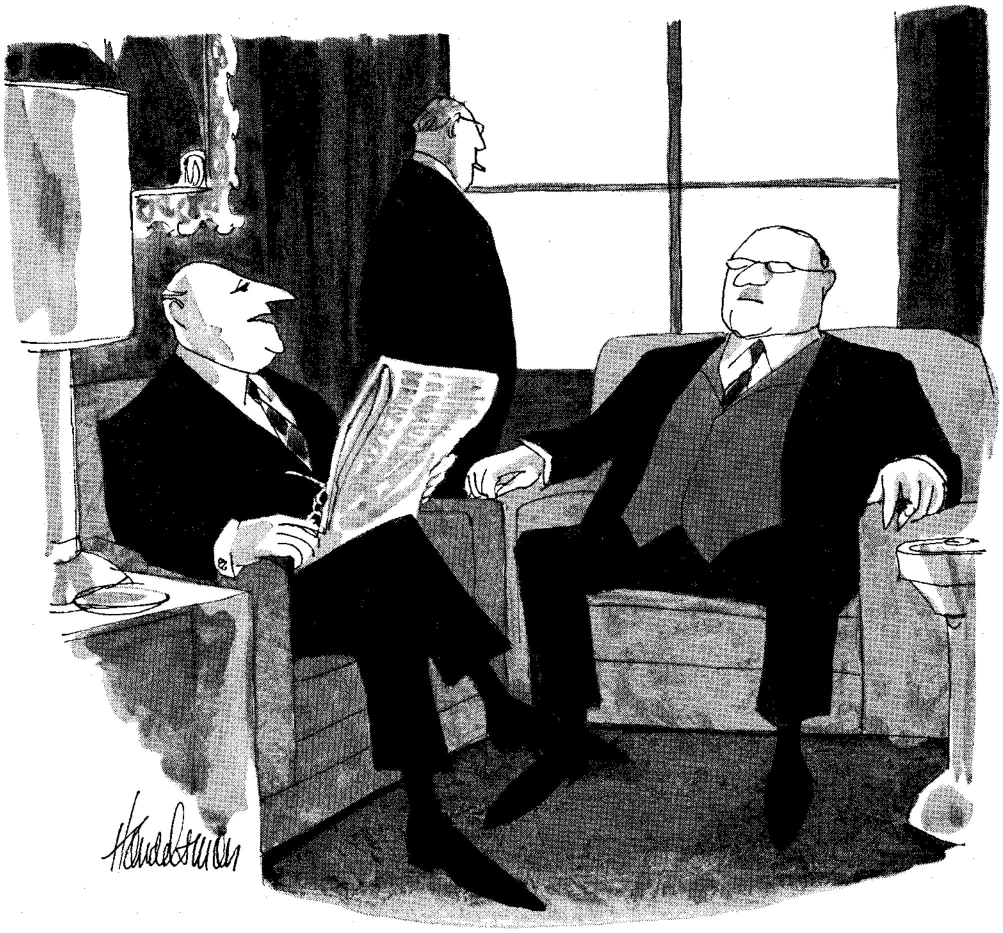
Three Negro men were standing around a barrel in which some broken crates were burning, and a fourth man—a young one—was lying on his back on a couple of crates, with one shoe off, warming his foot near the side of the barrel. A small bottle was being passed around. "Gimme a cigarette," the supine young man said as we passed. We told him we didn't have one. "Then gimme some money to buy some!" he called.

One of the men left the others and came after us, to tell us not to pay the young man any mind. "He don't want to look for work," he said. "He just wants to wait for a handout." The man strolled along with us. He was a tall, strong-looking middle-aged man with a clear eye and a friendly face, and he was wearing a green woollen pullover cap, two white shirts and a blue one, a brown windbreaker, gray trousers, galoshes, and work gloves. "He's gonna get picked up by Walk-Em-Down, most likely," the man said, laughing delightedly and slapping his thigh.

"Who's Walk-Em-Down?" we asked.

"Ol' Walk-Em-Down!" the man exclaimed, and laughed again. "Walk-Em-Down is a cop. They call him Walk-Em-Down. When he comes along here and sees men lying around and drinking, he calls up the station, and they send the wagon and take 'em off to jail down the street there." He pointed down Duane Street. "But if he don't feel like callin' the wagon—why, he just line 'em up and walk 'em down." He roared with laughter and spat halfway out into the street. "Ol' Walk-Em-Down!"

We stood near a patch of snow on the corner, looking around, and commented on how much of the Market was gone.



"I feel an intense pride, Robert, that I live in a country rich enough to have war and peace at the same time."

• •

"They got a new market up in the Bronx now," the man said. "Hunts Point. That's where they've all gone. I was up there once. It's big—about eight miles long—and new. They got trains coming right in there from the West, and it's nice, very nice." He glanced around. "They used to have trains come right down here in the old days, you know. The roundhouse was over by the park, there. And there was the 'L' over there"—he pointed east—"and the trolley came right down Greenwich Street. That was some time ago. I been here since 1916. I'm sixty-six years old." Although his hair was gray, he looked ten or fifteen years younger. "I always find work," he said. "Truck comes in, man says 'I'll pay thirty dollars to unload the truck,' so me and another fellow, we unload the truck, and that's fifteen dollars, and no tax to pay, either." He smiled happily. "I came from Philadelphia. I was living with my sister, and I wanted to come to New York, but my sister said no, you got to go to school. Well, a friend of mine, he had a car and he was driving to New York, so I hid in the back seat. He didn't know I was there till about halfway across New Jersey I sat up, and he was scared! 'Boy, your sister's gonna whup you!' he said." He doubled over with laughter. "I moved in with another sister of mine, lived in a place that's torn down now—they built the Holland Tunnel there—and I went to the Goose Market, where they sold the poultry, on Fourteenth Street, and a man named John Romano had a place there, and he said, 'Do you want to work?' I said, 'Yes, sir, I want to work,' and he said, 'Then you can work for me until the day I die.' And that's what I did, and then I came down here, and I had a horse and wagon, and I been here ever since. Always working."

We asked him if he was going to go up to the new market now that the old one was being knocked down.

"Oh, no," he said. "No." It was as if the thought had never crossed his mind. "I always find work here," he said.

We took a last look around, and then said goodbye.

He pulled off his glove and gave us a powerful handshake. "Good luck, now," he said, with a big smile, and then he turned and walked back to the fire.

NOTES FROM THE OVERFED

(AFTER READING DOSTOEVSKI AND THE NEW "WEIGHT WATCHERS" MAGAZINE ON THE SAME PLANE TRIP)

I AM fat. I am disgustingly fat. I am the fattest human I know. I have nothing but excess poundage all over my body. My fingers are fat. My wrists are fat. My eyes are fat. (Can you imagine fat eyes?) I am hundreds of pounds overweight. Flesh drips from me like hot fudge off a sundae. My girth has been an object of disbelief to everyone who's seen me. There is no question about it, I'm a regular fatty. Now, the reader may ask, are there advantages or disadvantages to being built like a planet? I do not mean to be facetious or speak in paradoxes, but I must answer that fat in itself is above bourgeois morality. It is simply fat. That fat could have a value of its own, that fat could be, say, evil or pitying, is, of course, a joke. Absurd! For what is fat after all but an accumulation of pounds? And what are pounds? Simply an aggregate composite of cells. Can a cell be moral? Is a cell beyond good or evil? Who knows—they're so small. No, my friend, we must never attempt to distinguish between good fat and bad fat. We must train ourselves to confront the obese without judging, without thinking this man's fat is first-rate fat and this poor wretch's is grubby fat.

Take the case of K. This fellow was porcine to such a degree that he could not fit through the average doorframe without the aid of a crowbar. Indeed, K. would not think to pass from room to room in a conventional dwelling without first stripping completely and then buttering himself. I am no stranger to the insults K. must have borne from passing gangs of young rowdies. How frequently he must have been stung by cries of "Tubby!" and "Blimp!" How it must have hurt when the governor of the province turned to him on the Eve of Michaelmas and said, before many dignitaries, "You hulking pot of *kasha!*"

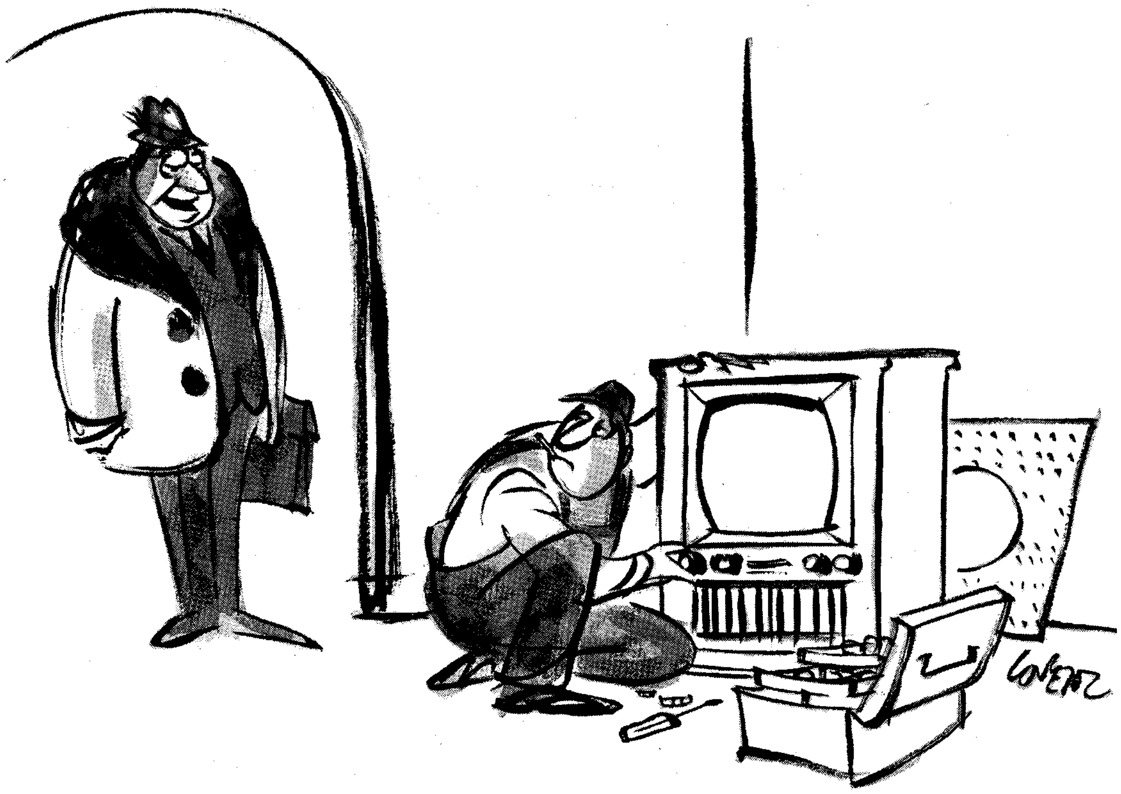
Then one day, when K. could stand it no longer, he dieted. Yes, dieted! First sweets went. Then bread, alcohol, starches, sauces. In short, K. gave up the very stuff that makes a man unable to tie his shoelaces without help from the Santini Brothers. Gradually he began to slim down. Rolls of flesh fell from his arms and legs. Where once he looked roly-poly, he suddenly appeared in public with a normal build. Yes, even an attractive build. He seemed the happiest of men. I say "seemed," for eighteen years later, when he was near death and fever raged throughout his slender frame, he was heard to cry out, "My fat! Bring me my fat! Oh, please! I must have my fat! Oh, somebody lay some avoirdupois on me! What a fool I've been. To part with one's fat! I must have been in league with the Devil!" I think that the point of the story is obvious.

Now the reader is probably thinking, Why, then, if you are Lard City, have you not joined a circus? Because—and I confess this with no small embarrassment—I cannot leave the house. I cannot go out because I cannot get my pants on. My legs are too thick to dress. They are the living result of more corned beef than there is on Second Avenue—I would say about twelve thousand sandwiches per leg. And not all lean, even though I specified. One thing is certain: If my fat could speak, it would probably speak of man's intense loneliness—with, oh, perhaps a few additional pointers on how to make a sailboat out of paper. Every pound on my body wants to be heard from, as do Chins Four through Twelve inclusive. My fat is strange fat. It has seen much. My calves alone have lived a lifetime. Mine is not happy fat, but it is real fat. It is not fake fat. Fake fat is the worst fat you can have, although I don't know if the stores still carry it.

But let me tell you how it was that I became fat. For I was not always fat. It is the Church that has made me thus. At one time I was thin—quite thin. So thin, in fact, that to call me fat would have been an error in perception. I remained thin until one day—I think it was my twentieth birthday—when I was having tea and cracknels with my uncle at a fine restaurant. Suddenly my uncle put a question to me. "Do you believe in God?" he asked. "And if so, what do you think He weighs?" So saying, he took a long and luxurious draw on his cigar and, in that confident, assured manner he has cultivated, lapsed into a coughing fit so violent I thought he would hemorrhage.

"I do not believe in God," I told him. "For if there is a God, then tell me, Uncle, why is there poverty and baldness? Why do some men go through life immune to a thousand mortal enemies of the race, while others get a migraine that lasts for weeks? Why are our days numbered and not, say, lettered? Answer me, Uncle.

TIPS, HUNCH & RUMOR
INVESTMENT COUNSELORS
SINCE 1888
Stan Hunt



"Your getaway car is blocking the driveway."

• •

Or have I shocked you?"

I knew I was safe in saying this, because nothing ever shocked the man. Indeed, he had seen his chess tutor's mother raped by Turks and would have found the whole incident amusing had it not taken so much time.

"Good nephew," he said, "there is a God, despite what you think, and He is everywhere. Yes! Everywhere!"

"Everywhere, Uncle? How can you say that when you don't even know for sure if we exist? True, I am touching your wart at this moment, but could that not be an illusion? Could not all life be an illusion? Indeed, are there not certain sects of holy men in the East who are convinced that *nothing* exists outside their minds except for the Oyster Bar at Grand Central Station? Could it not be simply that we are alone and aimless, doomed to wander in an indifferent universe, with no hope of salvation, nor any prospect except misery, death, and the empty reality of eternal nothing?"

I could see that I made a deep impression on my uncle with this, for he said to me, "You wonder why you're not invited to more parties! Jesus, you're morbid!" He accused me of being nihilistic and then said, in that cryptic way the senile have, "God is not always where one seeks Him, but I assure you, dear nephew, He is everywhere. In these cracknels, for instance." With that, he departed, leaving me his blessing and a check that read like the tab for an aircraft carrier.

I returned home wondering what it was he meant by that one simple statement "He is everywhere. In these cracknels, for instance." Drowsy by then, and out of sorts, I lay down on my bed and took a brief nap. In that time, I had a dream that was to change my life forever. In the dream, I am strolling in the country when I suddenly notice I am hungry. Starved, if you will. I come upon a restaurant and I enter. I order the open-hot-roast-beef sandwich and a side of French. The waitress, who resembles my landlady (a thoroughly insipid woman who reminds one instantly of some of the hairier lichens), tries to tempt me into ordering the chicken salad, which doesn't look fresh. As I am conversing with this woman, she turns into a twenty-four-piece starter set of silverware. I become hysterical with laughter, which suddenly turns to tears and then into a serious ear infection. The room is suffused with a radiant glow, and I see a shimmering figure approach on a white steed. It is my podiatrist, and I fall to the ground with guilt.

Such was my dream. I awoke with a tremendous sense of well-being. Suddenly I was optimistic. Everything was clear. My uncle's statement reverberated to the core of my very existence. I went to the kitchen and started to eat. I ate everything in sight. Cakes, breads, cereals, meat, fruits. Succulent chocolates, vegetables in sauce, wines, fish, creams and noodles, éclairs, and wursts totalling in excess of sixty thousand dollars. If God is everywhere, I had concluded, then He is in food. Therefore, the more I ate the godlier I would become. Impelled by this new religious fervor, I glutted myself like a fanatic. In six months, I was the holiest of holies, with a heart entirely devoted to my prayers and a stomach that crossed the state line by itself. I last saw my feet one Thursday morning in Vitebsk, although for all I know they are still down there. I ate and ate and grew and grew. To reduce would have been the greatest folly. Even a sin! For when we lose twenty pounds, dear reader (and I am assuming you are not as large as I), we may be losing the twenty best pounds we have! We may be losing the pounds that contain our genius, our humanity, our love and honesty, or, in the case of one inspector general I knew, just some unsightly flab around the hips.

Now, I know what you are saying. You are saying this is in direct contradiction to everything—yes, everything—I put forth before. Suddenly I am attributing to neuter flesh, values! Yes, and what of it? Because isn't life that very same kind of contradiction? One's opinion of fat can change in the same manner that the seasons change, that our hair changes, that life itself changes. For life is change and fat is life, and fat is also death. Don't you see? Fat is everything! Unless, of course, you're overweight.

—WOODY ALLEN

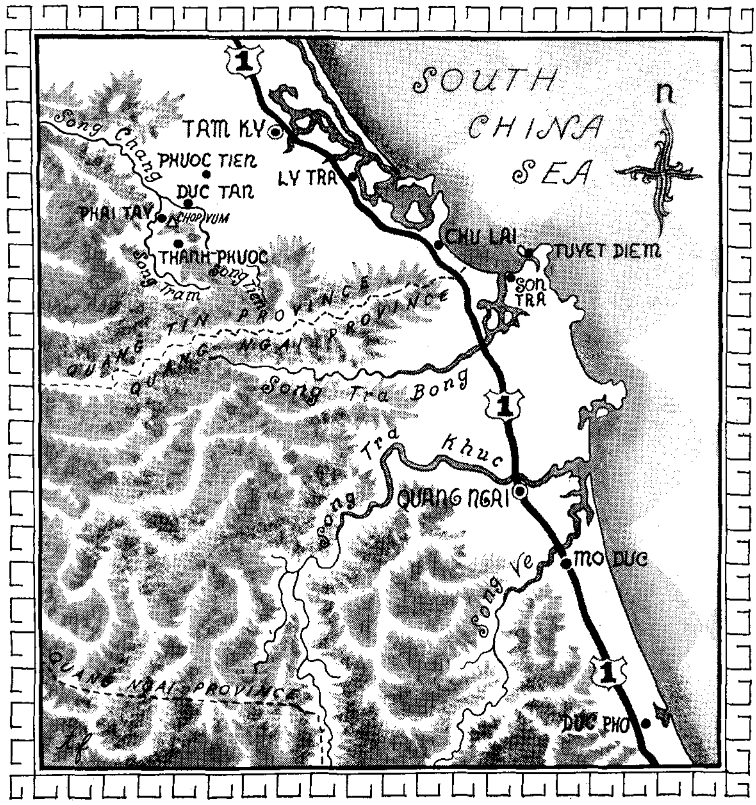
•

Asked what he had done recently about dissuading supporters in Oregon from mounting a full-fledged statewide Presidential campaign for him, Mr. Reagan said he had "done everything we've done in other states—we have sent letters, equivocally I will not campaign there."—*The Times.*

You can't fault him on candor, anyway.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

QUANG NGAI AND QUANG TIN—II



On August 13, 1967, two days after Operation Hood River came to an end, in Quang Ngai Province, in South Vietnam, Operation Benton began. This operation, like the preceding one, was carried out by Task Force Oregon, a comparatively new force, which was formed by the United States Military Assistance Command in South Vietnam, and which consisted of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division, and the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division. During Operation Hood River, I had spent several weeks with Task Force Oregon in Quang Ngai Province, where I had seen the results of the American bombing, shelling, and ground activity—seventy per cent of all villages were destroyed—but, for the most part, I had not seen the destruction take place. Now I was about to observe in detail the process of destruction as it unfolded in Operation Benton, in which Task Force Oregon went over the northern border of Quang Ngai into Quang Tin Province. I spent several days flying in Forward Air Control (or FAC) planes—two-seater Cessna O-1 Bird Dogs—attached to the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne. FAC planes are used to find targets for bombing, and also to guide Air Force planes to targets. On August 12th, I flew over the area where Operation Benton was to be carried out. This was a three-hour reconnaissance mission, with a pilot whom I will call Major Ingersol. Major Ingersol was a few years older than the other pilots, and he was more reserved. At the FAC pilots' quarters on the American base at Chu Lai, in Quang Tin, he often read paperback mysteries or other novels while the rest of the pilots joked together. When he did enter into the conversation, he ordinarily spoke in serious, measured tones, which did not quite fit in with the usual light banter. Once, when the other pilots were sitting around drinking and discussing the figures of Thai bar girls, his contribution to the conversation was "I've heard that there are some exquisite restaurants in Bangkok." Another time, while chatting with a captain in the FAC central control room, he expressed a keen appreciation of the natural beauty of Quang Ngai. "It's a lovely countryside," he said. "One of my favorite activities is following waterfalls up through the valleys. It's a shame we have to destroy it."

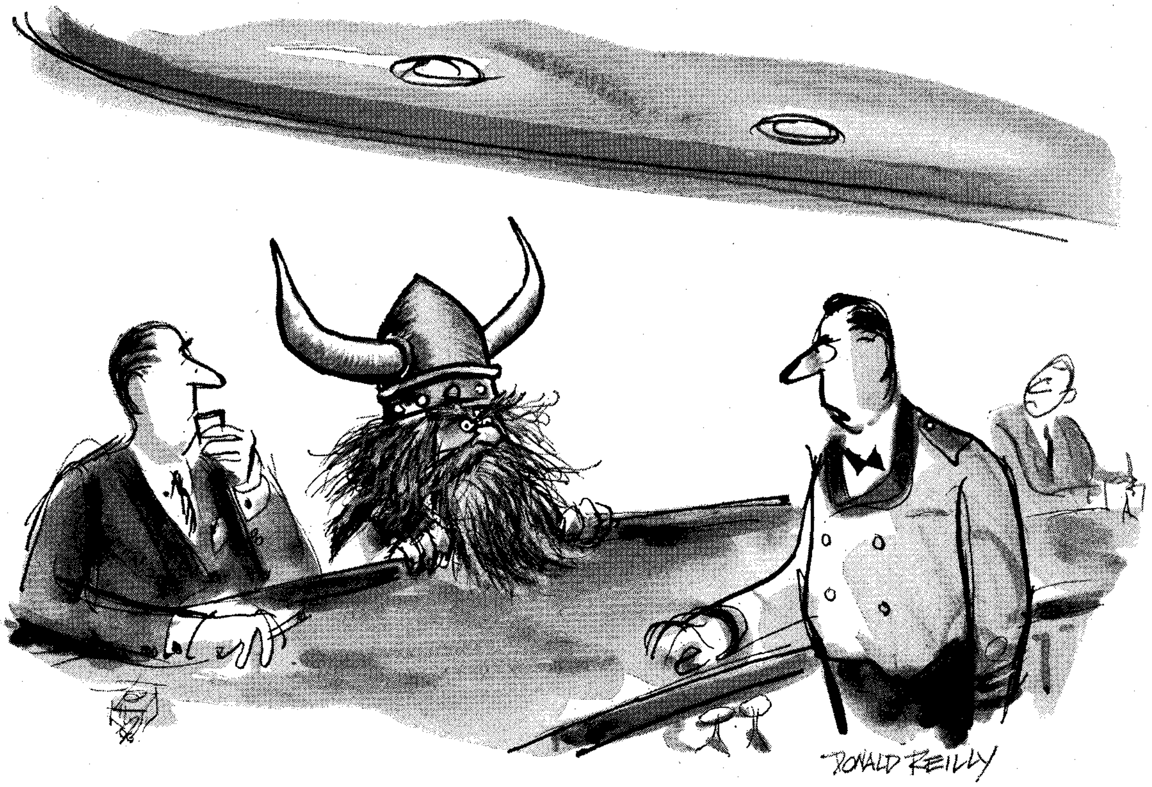
While Major Ingersol and I were flying to the area of the new operation, he described to me his method of distinguishing Vietcong soldiers from the rest of the population. "You know that they are V.C.s if they shoot at you or if you see them carrying a weapon. Those are about the only two ways," he said. In the matter of trails through the woods, he had subtler criteria. As we passed over the flank of a tall mountain, he pointed out a trail, almost as wide as a small road, that ran up the mountainside from the valley. The trees were tall and dense, and the path was visible as an occasional gap in the jungle foliage. About halfway up the mountain, this large, clearly distinguishable trail began to get narrower. For a stretch, it apparently continued under the dense foliage, because farther up the mountain it became visible once again, but then it was lost to sight altogether. "This is the kind of thing we look for," Major Ingersol said. "See how that trail disappears up there? That indicates to us that there is probably a base camp up there. These trails that go up into the mountains and disappear are often V.C. trails. Also, we look to see if the trails have been freshly used."

I remarked that from fifteen hundred feet—the height at which FAC planes were supposed to fly—it must be very difficult to tell whether a trail that was mostly covered by dense jungle foliage had been used recently.

"Even then you can tell," Major Ingersol said. "You see, the V.C. use water buffalo and other large animals to carry their equipment around, and they leave marks. These trails often get hit by artillery fire at night." As we flew over a thirty-foot-wide crater that had eliminated one section of a footpath, Major Ingersol commented, "Now look down there. See how someone has built the trail *around* the crater? This is the kind of sign you look for." He said that he also looked for bunkers to recommend as bombing targets. And, as still another example of the kind of suspicious sign he looked for on his reconnaissance missions, he told me that in one small field high in the mountains there was a small herd of water buffalo that disappeared from sight every few days. "We speculate that the V.C. use those water buffalo to carry things," he said.

Major Ingersol spent most of his three hours flying over a maze of little hills and valleys, for these were to be the scene of Operation Benton. The area of operation was a rectangle of about ten by twenty kilometres lying southwest of Phuoc Tien, a town in the southern part of Quang Tin Province. The 1st Brigade of the 101st was to launch the operation the next morning in an area ten kilometres on a side, and two days later some units of the 196th were to be lifted into an area of equal size to the east. I had decided that, within the area of operation, I would concentrate my attention on a somewhat smaller area, clearly discernible both on aviation maps and on the ground, and observe it from FAC planes on as many of the first few days of Operation Benton as I could, in order to see how bombings were carried out during a large military operation. Just southwest of Phuoc Tien, which lies in a valley of rice fields surrounded by foothills, two small rivers—the Song Tien and the Song Tram—join to form a single stream, called the Song Chang. (The Vietnamese word "*song*" means "river.") Within the fork of the rivers stands a small mountain, about a thousand feet high, called Chop Vum, and around its base there were at that time a number of villages and scattered houses. To the south of Chop Vum, a narrow dirt road ran east and west through thickly settled fields. I decided to observe an area six kilometres square surrounding Chop Vum, and henceforth I will refer to this as the Chop Vum area. It was bordered, roughly, on the east by the Song Tien, on the west by the Song Tram, on the south by the road, and on the north by the Song Tien again, for this river bends sharply to the west after flowing north for about six kilometres. Between Chop Vum and these boundaries, just beyond which rose an encircling range of two- to three-thousand-foot mountains, spread a landscape of tiny forested hills, seldom more than fifty feet high, standing like chains of islands in a sea of small terraced rice fields. A few of the knolls and knobs were smooth-topped and rolling, but most of them were very steep, and rose abruptly from the rice fields, like miniature models of the mountains surrounding them. Most of the houses were not in villages but stood scattered among the fields. Wherever the land was only gently inclined, it had been terraced and planted with crops. Along the sharp ridge of one small hill, a footpath ran to a small pocket of flat land near the top. In this pocket, farmers had planted rice and built several houses that commanded a view of most of the valley and the mountains beyond. Nearly all the houses near Chop Vum had front yards where chickens and ducks could run about, vegetable gardens in back, and a ring of hedges and trees around house, yard, and garden. One species of palm tree, which had a single crown of leaves and grew to be fifty or sixty feet high, was particularly common in the gardens. Small, winding paths ran from house to house on top of the field divides and up and around the knobby hills, and every crevice or fold in the skirts of the mountains seemed to have a house tucked in it. The arrangement of the houses allowed a dense population to live separate lives with considerable privacy. In only a few places were as many as fifty or sixty houses grouped together to form villages, and even in these places the houses were not lined up side by side on streets but were separated by yards and by groves of bamboos and palms. The layout of the villages conformed to the bumps and hollows of the landscape, instead of dominating it with a symmetrical design. The village houses were linked by paths, and these paths led, ultimately, into an indistinct, curving main path that ran near all the houses. The village of Phai Tay stood at the base of Chop Vum, within the fork of the Song Tram and the Song Tien; the village of Duc Tan stood on the north bank of the Song Tien about two kilometres northeast of Phai Tay; and the village of Thanh Phuoc was sprawled along both sides of the road that formed the southern boundary of the area. In Thanh Phuoc, two stone churches stood within fifty yards of each other on opposite sides of the road. Each of them was about three stories high and seventy feet long, was faced with

"I don't know anything about electrical engineering, but I know what I like."



"For the last time, Mac—we don't have any mead."

intricately carved stucco, and had a cross on the roof.

The afternoon I flew over this landscape with Major Ingersol, several herds of water buffalo were wallowing in the clear water of the rivers. There were people bent over at work in the water of the rice fields, and in the yards. The area had been heavily battered at some earlier date, and gray and red squares of what had once been houses—the color depended on whether they had been burned or bombed—dotted the landscape. Roughly one house in twenty had been destroyed. Many fields were totally taken up by craters, and the forest on the hillsides was blackened and pockmarked. On two adjacent knolls, perhaps a hundred feet high and five hundred feet wide at their bases, the woods had been almost entirely destroyed by bombs that had left overlapping craters. Each type of terrain—the mountains, the fields, and the yards of the houses—seemed to have received the same amount of bombing, as though the fighter-bomber pilots' intent had been to cover with equal quantities of explosives the areas marked out by the squares on their maps. Smaller craters, from artillery fire, spotted the fields and yards but were not large enough to show up in the thick forest. Many of the artillery craters were yellow and fresh, but all the bomb craters were partly overgrown with bushes and vines, and so must have been at least several months old.

I asked Major Ingersol when these bombings had occurred, and he answered, "Well, only the Marines were operating around here before Task Force Oregon arrived, but I don't think they got up this far. But it looks like they did. I don't know. It looks like it happened quite a long time ago, anyway."

Having surveyed the future area of operation, Major Ingersol flew south across several ridges of mountains toward the Song Tra Khuc Valley, in northern Quang Ngai Province. On the way, he indulged in his favorite pastime of viewing waterfalls. "You can see that FAC-ing *can* be pretty boring, especially on these strictly V.R. missions," he said. "V.R." stands for "visual reconnaissance." "I'll show you some of the waterfalls up here. They're just beautiful. This is some of the most beautiful mountain countryside I have ever seen." Before we came to a waterfall, he would describe it to me in detail from memory, telling me whether or not it had a pool at the bottom, whether it cascaded over a cliff or flowed down the rocks, and how many tiers it had. One of his favorite waterfalls—a long, cascading one with a large, clear pool in a rock bed at the base—had been bombed since he last saw it; he pointed out a crater on its lip.

By the time we started back to Chu Lai, it was late afternoon, and the sun was large and red beyond the dark mountain ridges. Over the plane's radio, a voice from somewhere said, "Hey, we're having a party over in D 19 tonight, with lots of free booze. Come on over."

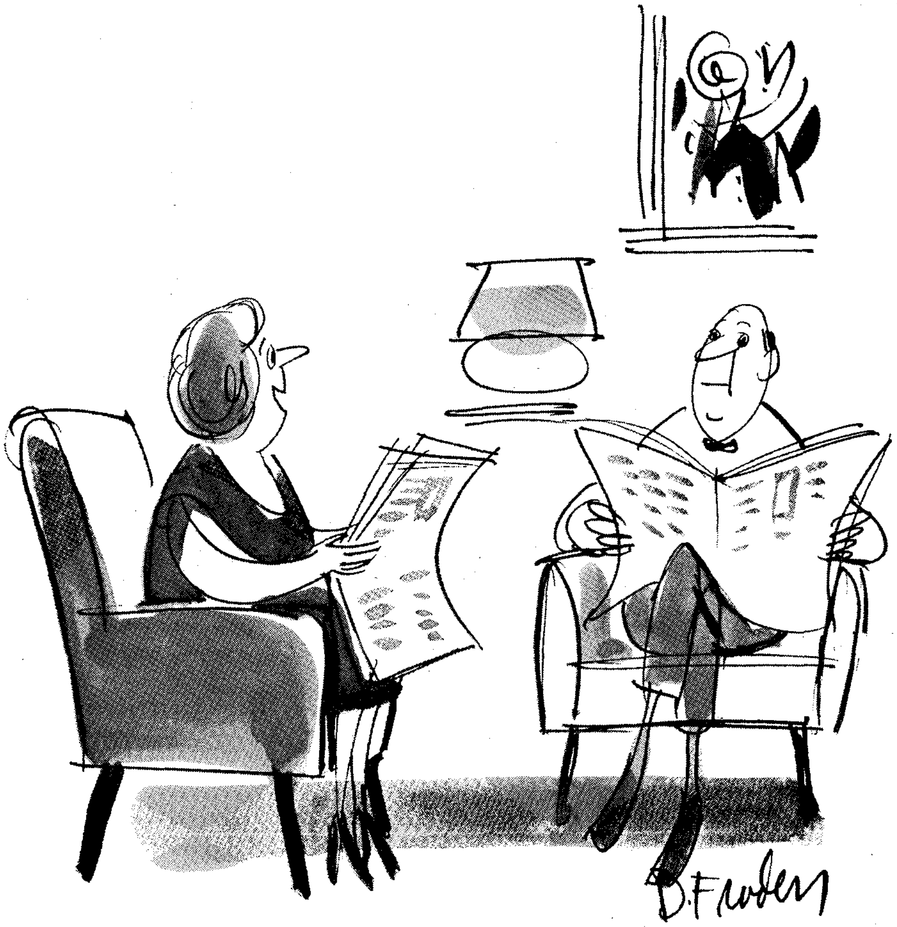
Another voice answered, "I'll make it if I can, but I don't know if I'll be able to get over tonight. Thanks a lot."

EARLY the next morning, Operation Benton was launched in the area I had just flown over with Major Ingersol. The men of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division were beginning their fifth consecutive week in the field. On the evening of the twelfth, the FAC pilots for the 1st of the 101st had only one drink each before dinner and did not drink at all after dinner. During a final planning session at quarters that evening, the lower officers called their superiors "sir" regularly, for the first time in the two days I had spent with them. Their mission for the next day was to guide air strikes onto the four initial landing zones, or L.Z.s, for helicopters bearing the troops into the area. These air strikes were a general practice, and were termed "L.Z. preps." Just before the troops were landed, the landing zones were "hosed down" with machine-gun and rocket fire from helicopters.

During the first two days of the operation, the back seat of every FAC plane that went up was occupied by an artillery observer, so I was unable to fly, but in the evenings the FAC pilots told me something of what they had seen. They said that, at the last minute before the L.Z. preps were to start, one flight of planes had been cancelled, owing to mechanical failure, so one landing zone had received only the machine-gun and rocket fire from helicopters. At a second landing zone, the L.Z. prep had been applied to a plot of high fields, according to plan, but the troops had mistakenly landed a kilometre away, on a hilltop that had not been blown up for them in advance. Meanwhile, seven or eight kilometres away, at an artillery battery that was to give support to the L.Z. preps and to the operation itself as it got under way, a helicopter had crashed into an ammunition truck, setting off the ammunition and blowing up the battery and inflicting several casualties, so no further artillery support could be given to any of the landing zones from that position. The installation of the command post for the operation, on top of a small mountain just north of the Song Tien at the point where it starts to bend north, had gone smoothly at first, but then a fire had broken out on the landing zone. (According to the FAC pilots, the air strikes they directed never started fires. It was the helicopters, they maintained, that started the fires, with their machine guns and their rockets.) When more than a hundred men, several artillery pieces, and several crates of ammunition had been landed, the fire had got out of control. Artillery shells had begun to explode in the flames, and the troops had evacuated the spot and set up a camp on a nearby hilltop, temporarily leaving several damaged artillery pieces and mortars behind. The men and equipment of the command post itself had been removed by helicopter to the top of a mountain about five kilometres to the east. Artillery shells had continued to explode sporadically on the flaming hilltop of the old command post for several hours. Over the next two days, seven more landings were completed without serious accident.

The first afternoon, the troops received occasional sniper fire as they dug their positions into the hills. The ground commander on the hill next to the abandoned command post judged that the snipers were North Vietnamese Army (or N.V.A.) troops firing from the village of Duc Tan, which was about a kilometre west of the hilltop, and he requested that the village be bombed. A grave, wooden-faced young FAC pilot, whom I will call Lieutenant Moore, guided the air strikes, and later reported that twenty or thirty houses had been destroyed. In telling his fellow-pilots about the air strikes, he said, "I flattened the whole place, but I just couldn't get this *one* hootch." "Hootch" is the Army term for a Vietnamese house. "I kept telling them to put it right on this one hootch, and there must be six thousand-pound-bomb craters right around there, but I just couldn't get it," he went on. "Now it's a matter of *principle* with me to get that hootch. You watch—I'm going to get it." That day, several other bombings took place, in scattered parts of the area of operation. When night fell, an enemy force of undetermined size attacked the troops that had moved from the original command post to the adjacent hill. Some of the enemy went up on the evacuated hill and fired the mortar shells that the men of the 1st of the 101st had left there when they moved to their new position, and at the same time enemy soldiers attacked the new position. Ground commanders requested artillery strikes, and they also called in the principal weapon for air support at night—the AC-47 (this was the military version of the DC-3, and was nicknamed Spooky) armed with three 7.62-mm. machine guns, called miniguns, which could fire a hundred rounds per second. The AC-47 dropped flares, which, as they parachuted down, illuminated the ground below them as brightly as daylight, yet not even rough accuracy was possible in these conditions, and the technique was to spray with minigun fire the entire area in which the enemy was presumed to be operating. On the first night of the operation, one Spooky expended all its ammunition, which amounted to 21,300 rounds. It was later reported that four Americans and thirty-five of the enemy had been killed in the fight. During the preceding day, a helicopter had been downed by enemy fire. (Throughout the rest of the operation, which lasted about two weeks, an average of one helicopter a day was downed by enemy fire. Some of the wreckage was airlifted out of the area by large Chinook helicopters, and other wreckage was demolished on the ground by rockets from helicopters still aloft, to prevent the enemy from getting the guns, radios, and other equipment. In at least one case, the enemy entered a downed helicopter and took some of the equipment before the helicopter could be destroyed. The downing of the dozen or so helicopters during the operation was not mentioned in the press releases of the final week, and the Army would not confirm a total figure, but it extended every hospitality to any reporter who wished to see the operation himself, from the air or on the ground, or to talk with the men who had taken part in it. While I was aloft over the area of operation, I often saw Chinook helicopters heading back over the mountains toward the base with the wrecks of the smaller Huey helicopters hanging from their bellies by cables.)

A press release from the Informa-



"The Pope and I think exactly alike."

tion Office of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, titled "Paratroopers Maul NVA Battalion," described the encounter with the enemy:

> NUI CHUONG, Vietnam (101-IO)—Fires from exploding artillery shells blossomed around the hill. Flames leaped high in the dry elephant grass sending a black plume of smoke into the cloudless sky.
>
> Captain Ronald G. Odom, San Francisco, looked out the helicopter door at the burning hilltop. . . .

After recounting several light contacts with the enemy during the day, the release continued:

> Moonlight played across the hilltop casting grotesque shadows that kept the eyes of every paratrooper strained, nerves taut.
>
> The moon disappeared at 11:30 p.m. Minutes later the enemy attacked!
>
> "They opened up with everything they had," Odom recounted. "We were hit with 81- and 60-mm. mortar fire. Off our flank, their heavy machine guns began firing and their infantry moved in."
>
> Odom previously had made a map reconnaissance of likely locations for enemy mortars and Nemetz called in artillery. Despite the artillery support, the enemy continued to rake B Co. with mortars and automatic weapons.
>
> On the northwest flank, a Bostonian, Lt. Robert Berry, and his 4th platoon were taking the brunt of the attack. He radioed: "Some are ten meters away. Good hand grenade range. Out."
>
> Odom recalled how he responded to Berry's report: "He was so damn cool, I couldn't believe it, and he stayed cool and calm all night long."
>
> Lt. Thomas J. Courtney, Knoxville, Tenn., had the 3rd platoon firing into the enemy pushing toward his flank. The tracers from their rifles criss-crossed their perimeter with streaks of red.
>
> The enemy mortar fire continued to blast away on the hill. Suddenly, a report from Berry's platoon announced the location of the Communist mortars—barely 100 meters from his platoon.
>
> Forward observer Nemetz pinpointed the location and called in a thundering volume of fire. . . .
>
> Throughout the night, Col. Puckett encouraged the men. He braved mortar fire to aid the wounded, walked the perimeter to talk with the troops.
>
> At 2 a.m., nearly nine hours after the battle started, it stopped.
>
> Silence surrounded the paratroopers as they waited for dawn.
>
> When day came, the tired men of B Co. surveyed their perimeter. Thirty-five NVA lay dead, their weapons scattered over the battlefield.

THE BUILDING

Removed by half a city, not the world,
I see the building you are working in.
It is a winter day. The branches clash
On the few trees that mark the avenue.
If I could go to where I wanted to,
How would I find you? As you were before?
Or are you like the person I've become,
Far into the dark, and far from home?

This winter day was not so dark before
That light was lost that only you could know.
When I go home, and then the dark comes home,
The branches clash along the avenue.
If you could go, I think I'd want you to,
Somewhere the building you'd be working in
Would be a world away, and far from home.
I'm far into the dark when far from you.

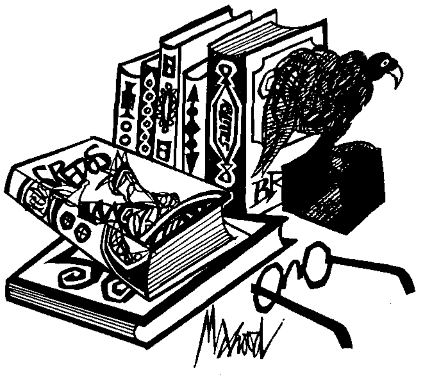
And this is something only you could know:
I'm not the person that I was before
You went into the dark. In finding you,
I used to go just where I wanted to.
On the few trees that mark the avenue,
The branches clash. It is a winter day.
I see the building you are working in,
Removed by half a city, and the world.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

On the second day, the 1st of the 101st began to spread out into the countryside in small units; several of them met heavy resistance from the enemy and suffered casualties. That night, the FAC pilots said that the unit ground commanders had called for an unusually large number of air strikes throughout the area of operation. The pilots described the targets to each other in terms of topographical features, or by coördinates on their maps, because they did not know the names of any of the towns or rivers in the area.

On the morning of the third day of Operation Benton, I flew over the 1st of the 101st's area of operation with Major Billings—as I have called him—whom I had flown with during Operation Hood River. I saw that, except for two or three houses, the village of Duc Tan, which had stood below the evacuated command post, had been destroyed. Some groups of houses in Duc Tan had been completely annihilated by bombs; the only traces of their former existence were their wells or back gardens. Other houses had been burned to the ground by napalm. Most of the fields around the destroyed village had been eliminated by the deep craters of delayed-fuse bombs or else had been covered with debris. More craters were scattered across other fields in the Chop Vum area and across mountainsides, and the gray squares of freshly burned individual houses dotted most of the landscape. Major Billings told me that these houses had been burned by phosphorus rockets fired from helicopter "gunship" patrols. A few minutes later, I watched a gunship cruise low over the landscape. It wheeled suddenly and fired several phosphorus rockets into a group of three houses that stood in a clump of palms. White smoke puffed up, and the houses burst into flames. The helicopter circled and then charged the houses again, firing more rockets into the fields and gardens. Several hilltops and small mountains that had been green and wooded when I saw them three days earlier were burned black by napalm. Fresh artillery craters were spattered over the fields around the landing zones. At that point, approximately twenty per cent of the houses in the Chop Vum area had been destroyed.



Major Billings had been assigned to guide what the Army termed a "preplanned strike," which meant a strike planned anywhere from twenty-four hours up to two weeks in advance of the bombing, but before he could locate the target on the ground a ground commander called for an "immediate" strike, which meant a strike carried out

"I'm beginning to think a little learning is *a fun thing."*

• •

a few hours, at most, after it was requested, whether by a ground commander or by a FAC pilot. "We picked up some sniper fire earlier this morning from a couple of hootches down below us, at about 384 297, and we'd like you to hit it for us," the ground commander said. The figures stood for particular coördinates on a map crisscrossed with numbered lines, and designated an area a hundred metres square. (All coördinates in this article have been changed.) Major Billings flew over the hundred-metre square described by the coördinates, and found that it included the two large stone churches along the road, in the village of Thanh Phuoc. The ground commander was in charge of a hilltop landing zone that was a little over half a kilometre from the churches. When he had received the sniper fire, he had apparently scanned the horizon, noticed the two church steeples, which were the only buildings that stuck up above the lines of trees, and decided that the snipers were firing from the churches. In front of one church, a white flag flew from the top of a pole as high as the church itself.

"Let's have a look and see what's down there," said Major Billings. He took our plane on a low pass over the churches. The churches were surrounded by twenty or thirty houses. About half of these had stone walls and red tile roofs. The others had clay-and-bamboo walls and thatched roofs. One thatch-roofed building was perhaps fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and appeared to be some sort of gathering place. Flower gardens were in bloom in front of both churches. Behind both, plots of vegetables stretched back through glades of palm trees to rice fields. After climbing to fifteen hundred feet again, Major Billings got into contact with the ground commander and said, "Two of those structures seem to be structures of worship. Do you want them taken out?"

"Roger," the ground commander replied.

"There seems to be a white flag out front there," Major Billings said.

"Yeah. Beats me what it means," the ground commander replied.

An hour later, three F-4 fighter-bombers reached the target area, and the flight commander radioed to Major Billings—who had spent the time trying to spot suspicious activities—to say that they were prepared to strike with seven-hundred-and-fifty-pound bombs, rockets, and 20-mm.-cannon strafing fire.

"We can use all that good stuff," said Major Billings.

"What kind of a target is it?" asked the flight commander.

"They're military structures. You can tell by how they look that they're military structures," Major Billings answered. Just then a fleet of ten helicopters moving in tight formation arrived at the hilltop landing zone. Major Billings went on to say that he would have to wait until the helicopters left before he gave clearance to bomb.

I asked him whether he thought it was necessary to bomb the churches.

"Well, if the V.C. don't care and just go in there and use the place to fire on our troops, then we've got to wipe it out," Major Billings said. "And the V.C.—the V.C. are *the first ones to blow up a church*. They go after the churches on purpose, because the churches won't always go along with what the V.C. are doing. *They* don't care at all about blowing up a church and killing innocent civilians."

As the helicopters rose from the hilltop, Major Billings said to the flight commander, "Believe it or not, two of those big buildings down there are churches. I'll check with the ground commander again to see if he wants them taken out."

"No kidding!" said the flight commander.

"Say, do you want those two churches hit down there?" Major Billings asked the ground commander.

"That's affirmative," the ground commander replied.

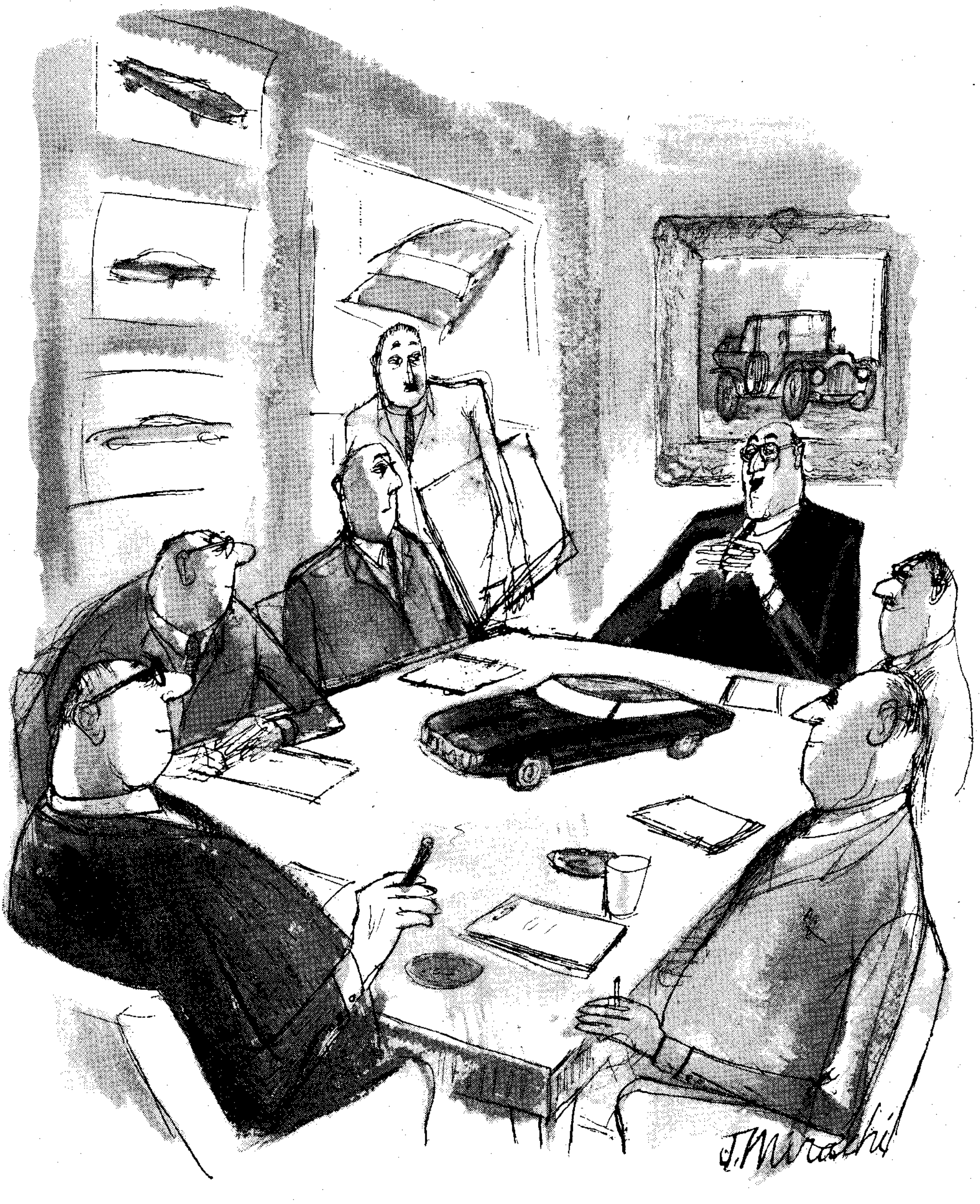
"O.K., here goes," said the Major. Then, addressing the F-4 pilots, he said, "Make your passes from south to north. I'll circle over here to the west."

The Major brought the O-1 into a dive, aiming its nose at the village, and fired a phosphorus rocket. Its white smoke rose from a patch of trees fifty yards to the south of one church. "Do you see my smoke?" he asked the flight commander.

"Yeah, I got you," the flight commander said. "I'll make a dry run and then come in with the seven-hundred-and-fifty-pounders."

A minute later, an F-4 appeared from the south, diving low over the churches in a practice run. As it pulled out of its dive, it cut eastward and began to circle back for the next pass. A second F-4 made its dive in the same way, and released its bombs. A tall cloud of brown smoke rolled up from the vegetable garden in back of one of the churches.

"That's about a hundred metres off," Major Billings said. "See if you can move it forward."



"It's an unending source of wonder to me how year after year we manage to come up with new concepts in motoring pleasure."

"O.K. Sorry," the flight commander said.

The third plane also sent its bombs into the vegetable garden. The first plane, on its second pass, sent its bombs into rice fields about sixty yards to one side of the churches. Three pillars of brown smoke now rose several hundred feet in the air, dwarfing the churches and the houses. On the second plane's second pass, a bomb hit the back of one church directly—the church with the white flag on the pole in front.

"Oh, that's nice, baby, real nice," Major Billings said. "You're layin' those goodies right in there!"

When the smoke cleared, the church was gone except for its façade, which stood by itself, with its cross on top. The white flag still flew from its pole. The third plane sent its bombs into the rice fields to the side. The first plane fired rockets on its third pass, and they landed in the vegetable garden behind the destroyed church, leaving it smoking with dozens of small brown puffs. Several of the rockets from the next volley hit the other church, obliterating its back half and leaving two holes the size of doors in the roof of the front half. Four or five of the houses around the church burst into flame.

"That's real fine!" said Major Billings.

"Where do you want the twenty mike-mike?" asked the flight commander. ("Twenty mike-mike" is military slang for 20-mm.-cannon strafing fire, which fires a hundred explosive shells per second.)

"Lay it right down that line you've been hitting," Major Billings said. "Put it right down across those hootches, and we'll see if we can start a few fires." (*Strafing rounds often set houses on fire, whereas bombs rarely do.*)

As one of the F-4s made the first strafing run, the path of fire cut directly through the group of houses around the churches, sparkling for a fraction of a second with hundreds of brilliant flashes.

"Goody, goody! That's right down the line!" exclaimed Major Billings. "Why don't you just get those hootches by the other church, across the road, now?"

"Roger," answered the flight commander.

On the second strafing pass, the flashing path of shells cut across the group of houses on the other side of the road.

"Real fine!" Major Billings said.

“Now how about getting that hootch down the road a bit?” He was referring to a tile-roofed house that stood in a field about a hundred yards to the west of one church. The path of fire from the third strafing pass—the final pass of the strike—cut directly across the house, opening several large holes in its roof.

“Right down the line!” Major Billings said. “Thanks, boys. You did a real fine job. I’m going to give you ninety-per-cent Target Coverage.”

“Did I get any K.B.A.s?” the flight commander asked. (“K.B.A.” stands for “Killed by Air.” The number of killings credited to each pilot is not kept as an official statistic, but most pilots try to keep track of their K.B.A.s informally.)

Major Billings, who told me he had not seen any people in the area, either before or during the strike, answered, “I don’t know—you’ll have to wait until ground troops go in there sometime. But I’d say there were about four.”

As the two men were talking, perhaps a dozen houses in the strafed area began to burn. First, the flames ate holes in the roofs, and then they quickly spread to the walls, turning each house into a ball of flame. Most of the houses burned to the ground within a few minutes, leaving columns of black smoke rising from the ruins.

Major Billings called Chu Lai to give his Bomb Damage Assessment Report. “There were two Permanent Military Structures Destroyed, ten Military Structures Destroyed, and five Damaged,” he said.

I asked him whether he considered the houses and the churches military structures.

“Oh, that’s just what we call them,” he replied.

A few minutes later, the ground commander on the hilltop got in touch with Major Billings to request another immediate strike. “There’s a row of bunkers down below our hill here, along a tree line, and we’ve seen the V.C.s down there,” the ground commander said. “We see their heads poppin’ in and out. We’d like to get an air strike put in down there.”

Major Billings flew over the spot the ground commander had indicated, and found a line of trees about half a kilometre from the hill. The dark openings of several bunkers showed on the near side, and a row of several houses was standing on the far side.

“I’ve got you,” Major Billings said. “Do you want us to put ’em in along that tree line down there? There are a couple of hootches down there, too.”

A 102

“Sure I like chocolate, but that doesn’t mean I’m hooked on it.”

“Affirmative. We’ve been getting trouble from that whole general area down there.”

“O.K.,” said Major Billings wearily, pronouncing the first syllable long and high, and the second low. “We’ll do that as soon as the fighters come in.”

Three F-4s arrived in the area twenty minutes later, and the flight commander announced that they were carrying napalm and thousand-pound bombs, which are the largest normally used in South Vietnam.

The first bombs of the strike landed about a hundred metres off target. One bomb turned an entire rice field into a crater about thirty-five feet across and six feet deep, and splashed mud over the surrounding fields. The next two bombs annihilated two houses with direct hits. Two more bombs landed next to the tree line, breaking most of the trees in half and hurling one palm tree fifty or sixty metres into a field.

“O.K., you got that tree line real good,” Major Billings said. “Now let’s get some of those hootches to the south of it with the napes.” He directed the pilots to a group of a dozen houses that stood about forty yards from the tree line. The first canister landed beside two houses, which were instantly engulfed in napalm. When the smoke cleared, only the broken, blackened frames of the houses remained in the intense blaze, which continued after the houses were burned to the ground, because the napalm itself had not yet finished burning.

“Beautiful!” cried Major Billings. “You guys are right on target today!”

The next canister did not land directly on any of the houses, but it landed close enough to splash napalm over four of them, and these houses immediately burned down.

With the strike completed, Major Billings told the fighter-bomber pilots, “I’m giving you a hundred-per-cent Target Coverage. Thank you very much. It’s been a pleasure to work with you. See you another day.”

“Thank *you*,” the flight commander answered.

Major Billings’ three hours of flying time were up, and he turned the plane toward Chu Lai. Fifteen minutes later, we landed.

AFTER we had taxied to a halt at the fuel pump, a young mechanic asked, “How’d it go, Major? Did you get some of ’em today?” He spoke with a nonchalance that failed to disguise his intense interest in getting an answer. Instead of just replying “I dunno,” or “Real fine,” as he and the other pilots usually did, Major Billings burst out “We bombed two churches!” and gave a laugh that seemed to register his own surprise and wonderment at the act.

That afternoon, back at the FAC pilots’ quarters, Major Billings, scratch-ing his head and staring into the faces of the other pilots, exclaimed, again with a laugh, "I put in a strike on two churches!"

"No kidding," said one.

"They had a white flag in front of them. That damn white flag is still standing," the Major said.

"Yeah, I saw the white flag when I was out today," Lieutenant Moore said. "We'll have to get that white flag. It's a matter of *principle*."

The conversation turned to the subject of accidental bombings, and Major Billings, who had been a bomber pilot in both the Second World War and the Korean War, told of an ill-conceived bombing run he had once made over North Korea. "There was a big building right in the center of a town, and they told me it was a real important military headquarters," he said. "The target was so important that they sent two reconnaissance planes to guide me right to it. I laid my stuff all over it. About three days later, I found out that the place was really a school, and about a hundred children had been killed. They weren't going to tell me about the mistake, but I found out."

A man I have called Major Nugent said, "In early '65, there was a pilot who accidentally bombed an orphanage and killed a lot of kids. When he found out about it, he was so shook up that he voluntarily grounded himself for good. He said that he'd never fly again."

"That's the way you feel when something like that happens," said a man I have called Captain Reese, whom I'd also flown with during Operation Hood River.

"No—I mean, you can't let it get to you, or you couldn't go on," Major Billings objected. "It gets completely impersonal. After you've done it for a while, you forget that there are people down there."

"Yeah, everything looks so calm up where we are," Major Nugent said. "We can't even tell when we're getting shot at. We forget what's going on down on the ground. It's the guys on the ground—the ground troops—that really have it rough. They really know what's happening."

The extreme solemnity that had descended on the group seemed suddenly to generate an opposite impulse of hilarity, and small, irrepressible smiles began to appear on the pilots' faces.

Captain Reese turned to me and asked if I had ever heard the songs about the war that they occasionally sang.

I said that I had heard one such song.

"Shall we tell him?" he asked the other pilots. They all looked at each other, and before anyone could answer, Captain Reese sang rapidly:

> "Strafe the town and kill the people,
> Drop napalm in the square,
> Get out early every Sunday
> And catch them at their morning prayer."

Major Billings then recited the words of another song:

> "Throw candy to the ARVN,
> Gather them all around,
> Take your twenty mike-mike
> And mow the bastards down."

At dinner in the Marine dining hall that evening, after a few drinks, the pilots began to make jokes in which they ridiculed the idea that the bombings they guided were unnecessarily brutal by inventing remarks that might be made by men so bloodthirsty that they took delight in intentionally killing innocents. The joke-tellers appeared to bring out their remarks with considerable uneasiness and embarrassment, and some of the pilots appeared to laugh unduly long in response, as though to reassure the tellers. All the jokes seemed to deal, indirectly, with the conflicts of conscience that had arisen in the conversation at the pilots' quarters during the afternoon.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

When the main course was nearly finished, Major Nugent asked Captain Reese, "Git any women and children today?"

"Yeah, but I let a pregnant woman get away," Captain Reese answered.

Lieutenant Moore's heavy-browed, serious, wooden face began to reflect a struggle between his usual gravity and a rebellious smile. "When we kill a pregnant woman, we count it as two V.C.—one soldier and one cadet," he said.

Everyone laughed loudly.

"Bruce got a bunch of kids playing marbles," said Major Nugent.

The group laughed again.

"I got an old lady in a wheelchair," Lieutenant Moore said, and there was more laughter.

"You know, when I flew over Japan, *anything* was fair game," Major Billings said. "They really were merciless, and they shot at everything. I remember I once saw an old guy riding a bicycle down the road, and I came up behind him, putting my fire in the road. The guy's feet started going faster and faster on the pedals, and just before my fire caught up with him you would never believe how fast the old bugger's feet were flying!"

The idea that civilians were often killed in the bombings they guided rarely arose in the pilots' conversation, and now that it had come up—if only to be debunked—the pilots made their jokes in the casual, familiar tone that marked most of their conversations. Yet the laugh that followed Major Billings' story erupted with a sudden force that seemed to take the men

TWO TRANSLATIONS OF A PRIVATE POEM AWAITING FURTHER TRANSLATION

CHOICE
I

I am alone by choice.
Choosing is a process I enter
without haste. Glaciers take me.
Winter in the City of the Mountains
endures the equinox;
skullcaps whiten in the sun;
the mountains will not bare their heads.

Here the first sign of spring
is a rumbling in the air,
the grinding of the machinery of choice.
For me, the wind shifts;
for me, the peaks bow down;
for me, the avalanche!

CHOICE
II

I do my time.
Choosing is work to be done
without haste. I choose to wait.
This mountain winter holds its own;
glaciers idle whitely in the sun
and will not start.

The air goes first, a thunder freed
from decalogues of light.
Each crystal trembles at the blow—
the links give way,
the season spins,
I ride my mountains
to the sea!

—GERALD JONAS

• •

"We're done for, Lady Pamela! Some fiend has recorded our rendezvous on a Gramophone!"

• •

themselves by surprise. I sensed that their laughter eased a tension that had been building up during the session of jokes—eased it, perhaps, because this usually straightforward, informal group of men had found it a strain to have a largely undiscussed subject standing between them. Lieutenant Moore was so severely racked with laughter that he could not swallow a mouthful of food, and for several seconds he was convulsed silently and had to bend his head low with his hands over his mouth. Tears came to his eyes and to Major Nugent's.

"Oh, my!" Lieutenant Moore sighed, exhausted by all the laughing. Then he said, "I didn't kill that woman in the wheelchair, but she sure bled good!"

Nobody laughed at this joke. A silence ensued. Finally, Captain Reese suggested that they find out what movies were playing on the base that night.

THE next afternoon, I flew on a FAC mission with a man I have called Captain Leroy, a tall young pilot with a cocky, boyish smile, who was almost always relaxed and cheerful but, when the situation called for it, could pull himself together to speak in the responsible, measured tones of a soldier addressing his superior officers. When we arrived over the Chop Vum area, I noticed that the destruction of the houses had increased considerably. Most of the village of Phai Tay, inside the fork of the rivers, was now in ruins, and so were some additional houses to the east of the churches on the road running below Chop Vum. To the west of Chop Vum, a greater number of scattered individual houses had been destroyed than when I was last there, presumably by phosphorus rockets fired from helicopters, or by artillery fire. The high-flying white flag that had stood in front of the remains of one church was gone.

Captain Leroy had been given the coördinates of two pre-planned strikes, and these turned out to be situated on the southern and eastern flanks of the hill that had been evacuated by the command post on the first day of the operation. The southern flank was heavily wooded, and the first air strike, which consisted of both napalm and bombs, blew several gaping holes in the trees, but no further effect was visible. The eastern flank, a broad, gently inclined slope, was terraced at its base and wooded above that, except for the summit, which was blackened and bald, having been bombed and burned during the L.Z. prep. Halfway up the eastern flank, where the terraced fields came to an end, small paths curved up to several groups of three or four houses ranged around courtyards in small clearings in the woods. Starting at the base of the hill, Captain Leroy guided the F-4s up the slope, giving instructions to the pilots to "get those hootches." Napalm splashed on two groups of houses, and they immediately began to burn, but a number of napalm canisters landed far from their mark, and Captain Leroy was displeased with the performance as a whole.

As though to set things right, he announced to me, "O.K., now it's *my* turn to get me a hootch," and brought the plane into a dive and lined up in his front windshield a group of houses that were about three hundred yards from the original target area. He fired a rocket—the only one he had left—and white smoke puffed up about twenty yards from the houses. "Damn! Missed!" he exclaimed. But about thirty seconds later the houses burst into flames. "Hey, I got it!" he said, in a surprised voice. "It must be as dry as hell down there."

Three people ran out of one house and along a narrow path toward a line of trees, where they disappeared from sight. "Look! See those people?" Captain Leroy said. "They're running for their bunkers. See the bunkers where they're running to?"

He reported to Chu Lai that six military structures had been destroyed.

A minute later, I asked him if he judged that the people who had run out of the house were members of the Vietcong.

"All the innocent civilians have had a chance to get out of here if they wanted to," he answered. "They're always warned. I saw a Psy War plane dropping leaflets."

I asked where all the civilians that had left had gone.

"Oh, they go to friends' houses—places like that," he said.

I remarked that there had been almost no people in sight on the roads since the operation began.

"They got out before the operation began," he said. "Look. Those villages are completely infested with V.C., just like rats' nests, and the only solution is to burn them out completely. That's the only way we can do it."

Captain Leroy continued to circle, watching the countryside below.

A few minutes later, a flight commander called him on the radio. "We've got some twenty mike-mike up here left over from another strike, and we wondered if you could use it anywhere," the pilot said.

"I'll check with the ground commander," Captain Leroy answered, and he did so, whereupon the ground commander said he would check with his unit commanders. Ten minutes later, he called back and said, "They don't have any place you can use it right now, but I wondered if you could put it on top of the old command post to explode any artillery shells that are still up there, so that the V.C. can't get them."

Captain Leroy directed the fighter-bombers to the target. The 20-mm.-cannon shells sparkled briefly on the hilltop as the planes made three passes, but there were no secondary explosions.

As Captain Leroy turned back to Chu Lai, his radio picked up a conversation on the ground.

A voice from a ground unit said, "We killed four V.C. this morning, sir. We turned around and saw that these guys were following us. They saw that we had spotted them, and we fired, and they took evasive action. We got all four of them, though. They didn't have weapons, but they were wearing the short V.C.-type black-pajama uniforms, and they were definitely of military age. No question about that, sir."

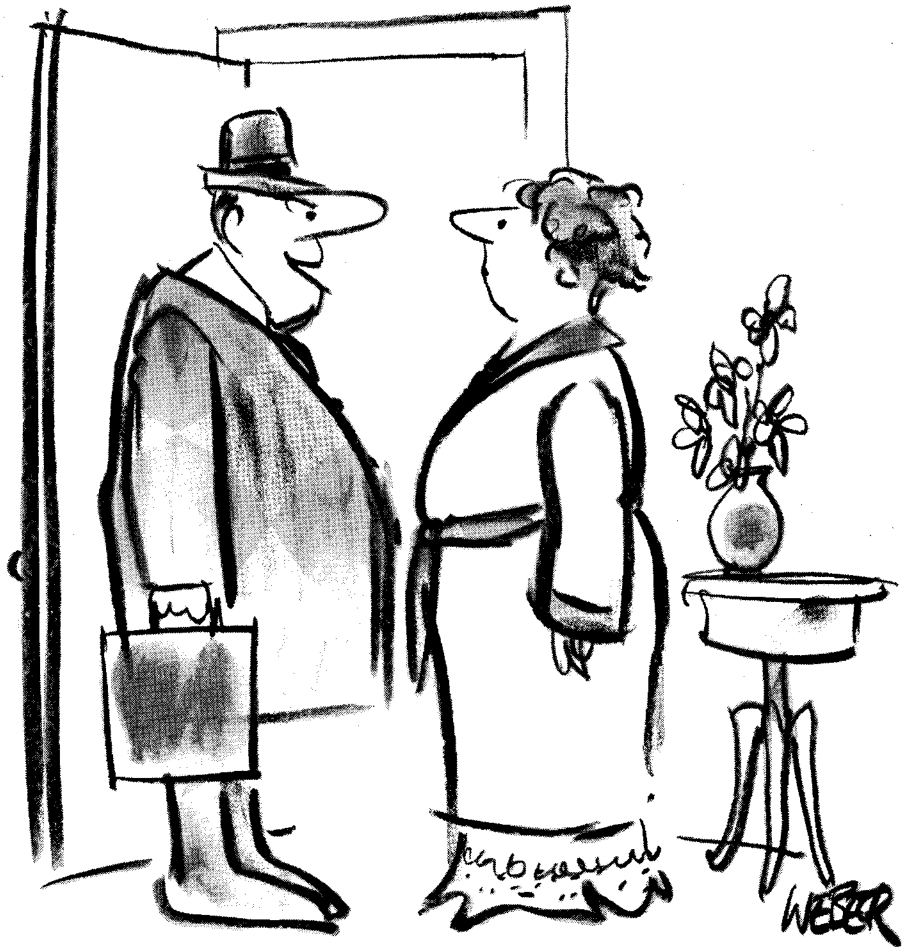
On the way back to the base, I asked Captain Leroy how the FAC pilots liked their assignment in Vietnam.

"At the beginning, they'd probably prefer to be zooming around in the F-4s, but after they get the FAC assignment, they like it all right. There's no complaining," he answered.

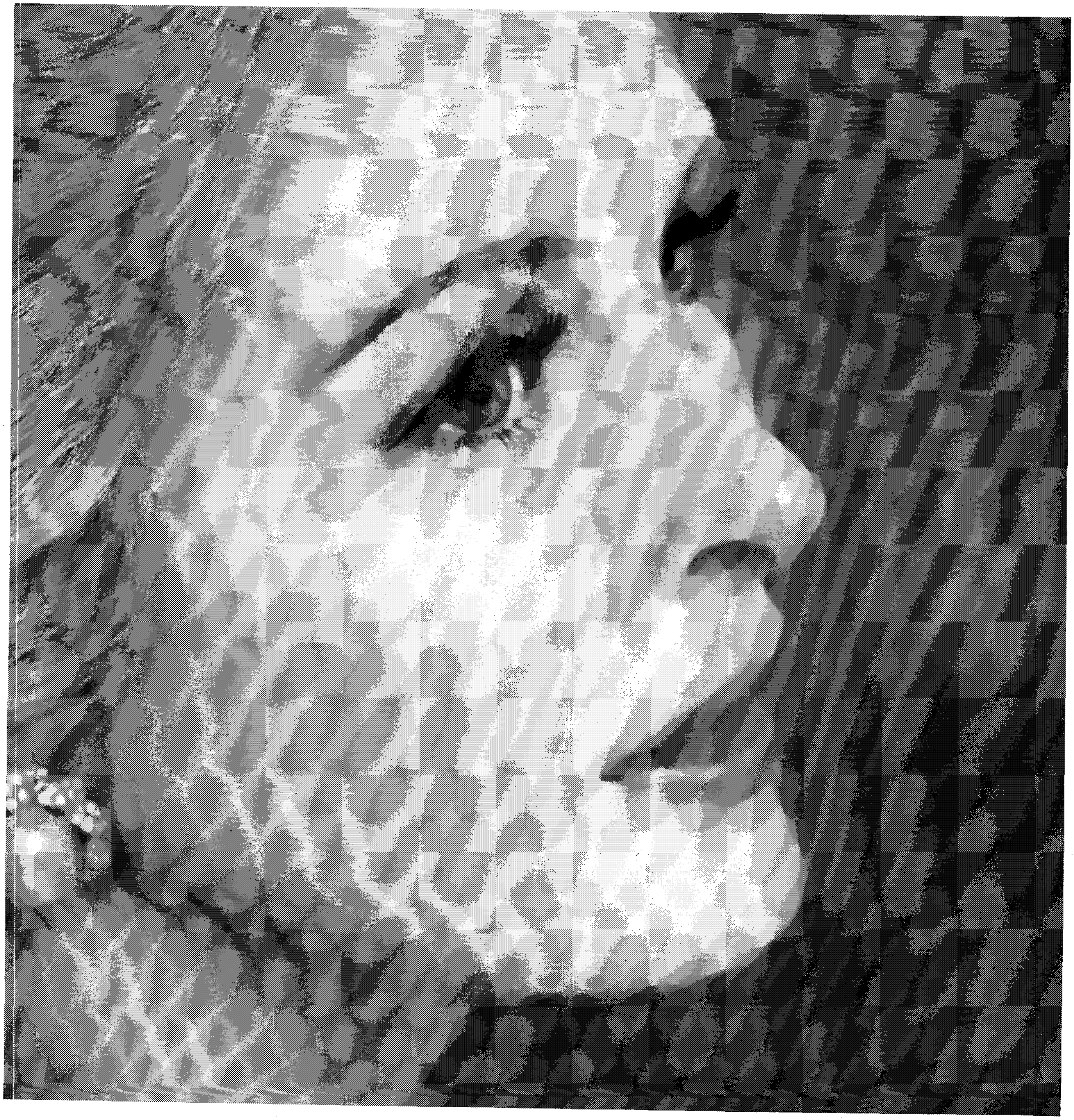
THE next morning—the fifth day of Operation Benton—I flew on a mission with Major Billings. On the third day of the operation, elements of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade had been lifted into a valley east of the 1st of the 101st's area of operation and adjacent to it, in the hope of intercepting enemy units that might attempt to flee in that direction. We flew over this valley, and Major Billings pointed out what appeared to be a wisp of fog hanging over fields and houses. "See that haze down there?" he asked. "That's gas. It's not lethal, though—it just makes them nauseated, so they throw up, and generally puts them out of action. The troops were getting fire out of that area, so they put the gas in to clean the place out. Then the troops went in with gas masks."

When we arrived over the Chop Vum area, I saw that bombing, rocket fire, and artillery fire had destroyed more houses there. On the north side of the mountain, a dozen or more lines of smoke rose from the villages along the Song Tien—the usual sign that troops on the ground were burning houses. Presently, Major Billings flew over these villages, and I could tell from the smoke and ashes that at that point two dozen houses had been burned down.

Major Billings, weaving the plane back and forth to confuse the aim of snipers, brought us to below a hundred feet and made several passes over the burning villages. Families stood in their front yards watching their houses collapse in the flames. Some American troops stood in the yards next to the villagers, and others were pressing



"Notice, if you will, the ever so slightly raffish tilt of my hat. I'm reshaping my image."



Super-sheer makeup.

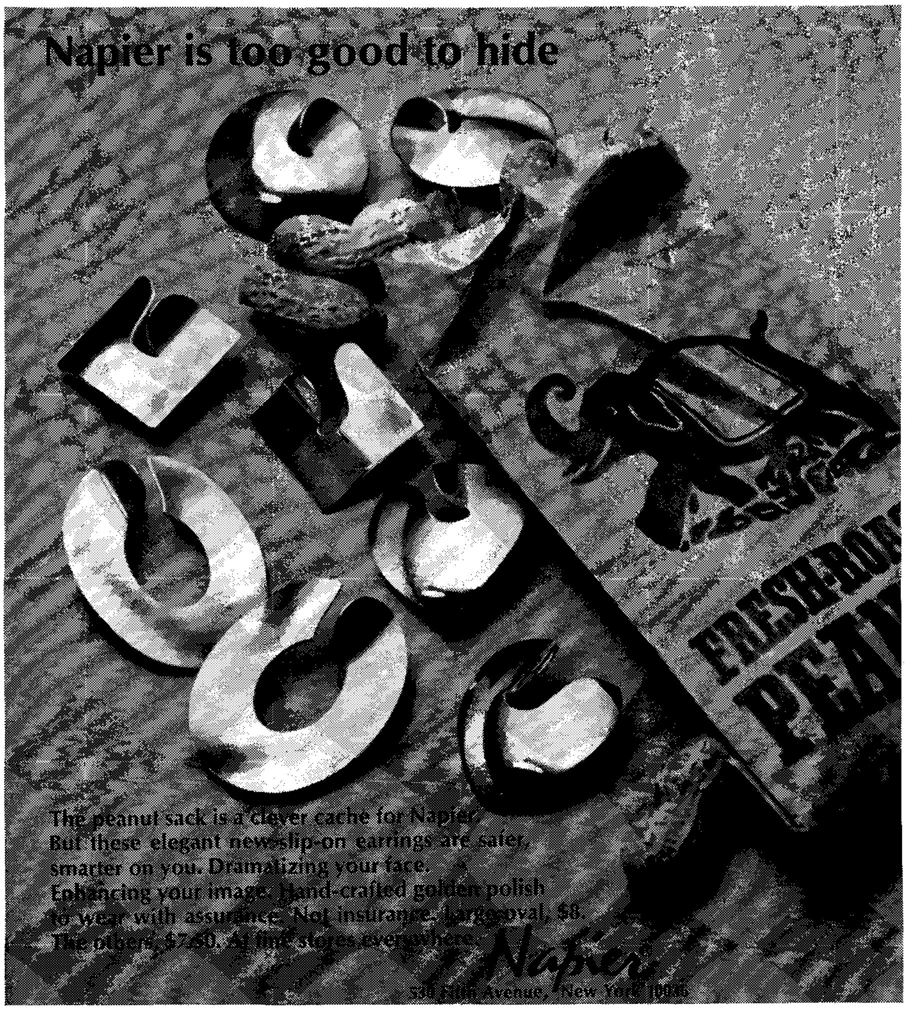
*Essential to the present look of curls and waistlines—
the new fashion for "pretty." More fluff
and sheerness to face powder and makeup;
lipsticks, no more than thin shining stains of color.*

Germaine Monteil

Carillon strikes a special Spring note! Small-sleeved, side-striped, the look of linen in rayon and silk. Carillon—new music to the young fashionables, sizes 10 to 20. Fudge brown with brown/black/white stripes, or black with black/grey/white stripes. 36.00

Carillon INC.

B. Altman & Co.—New York City • Montaldo's—All stores
Raleigh Haberdasher—Washington, D.C. • Carson Pirie & Scott—
Chicago • R. H. Stearns—Boston • Famous Barr—St. Louis
At fine stores everywhere, or write Carillon Fashions, Inc.
498 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018



Napier is too good to hide

The peanut sack is a clever cache for Napier.
But these elegant new slip-on earrings are safer,
smarter on you. Dramatizing your face.
Enhancing your image. Hand-crafted golden polish
to wear with assurance. Not insurance. Large oval, $8.
The others, $7.50. At fine stores everywhere.

Napier
530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

ahead through the trees, setting more houses on fire.

I asked Major Billings whether the men on the ground might not be annoyed with him if they knew he had brought a member of the press down low while they were burning a village.

"Oh, no! They *like* it!" he answered.

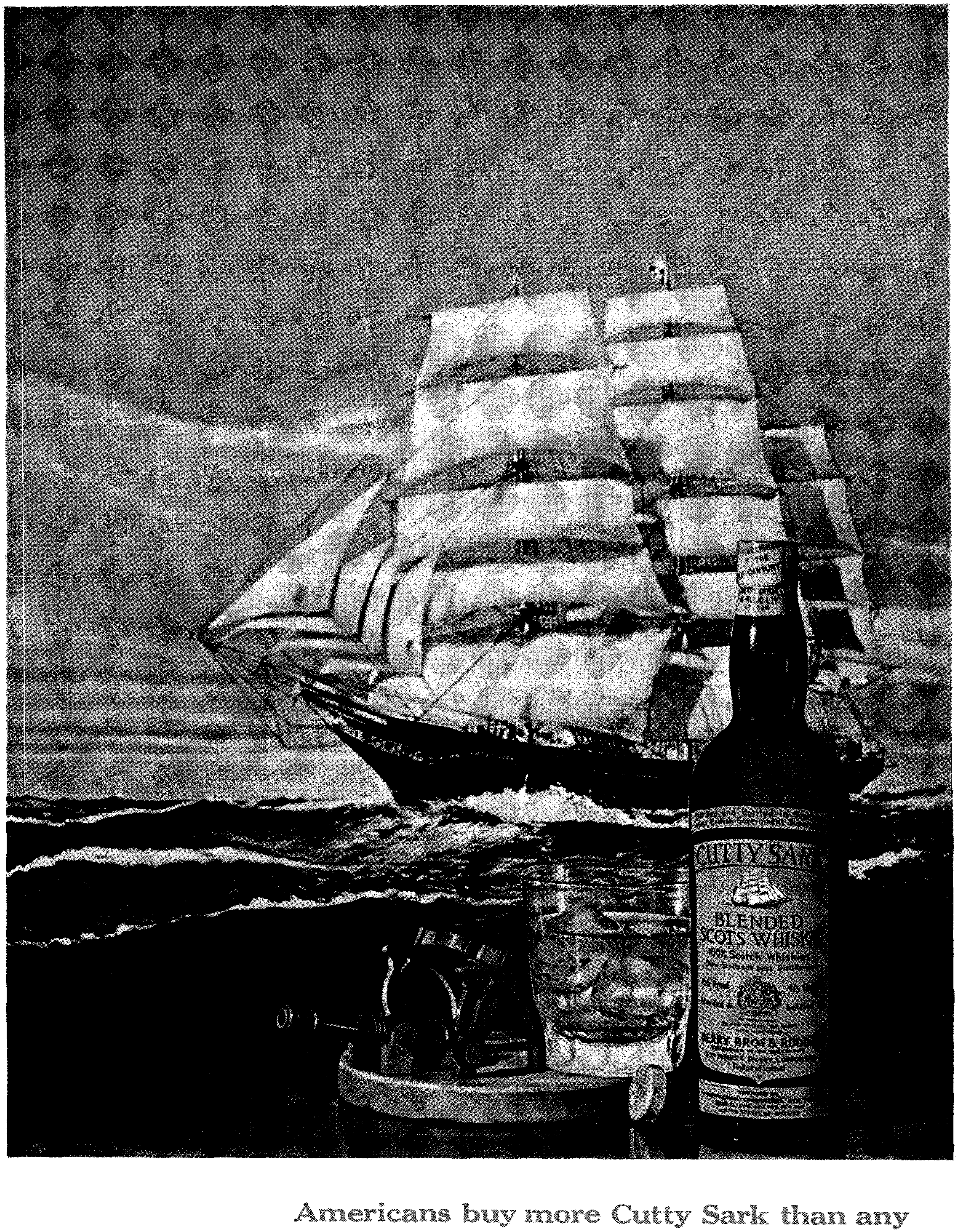
Major Billings flew out ahead of the troops and over the unburned part of the village and its fields. At one point, he said to me, "Look, here's what I want you to see—spider holes. They'll all be interconnected, and you will have a perfect position for Charlie to fire at our troops from here." He brought the plane down to fifty or sixty feet as we rushed over an embankment that had three or four black holes in it, spaced about ten yards apart. The fields were marked with craters, and several houses had been obliterated or half destroyed by artillery shells. A water buffalo lay dead on its side in the center of a rice field.

Major Billings' assignment for the day was to guide a pre-planned strike whose coördinates turned out to indicate the flat, broad top of a hill in the Chop Vum area. There were houses and crops on the hilltop and part way down the sides—until the slope became too steep for terracing. Ten or fifteen houses had already been destroyed, but on the very top—two rounded peaks, where the land was flat enough for a few rice fields—five or six large houses remained standing. Because the coördinates described the target only as a certain square a hundred metres on a side, the whole top of the hill, including patches of fields and woods, was included in the designation for the strike. Major Billings decided to concentrate the strike on the houses.

I asked him what type of target this was, and he said that he had been given only the coördinates, and no description, but that he guessed the most appropriate one would be "Suspected Enemy Troop Concentration," or else "Enemy Base Area."

A flight of F-4s arrived in the area, and the flight commander announced to Major Billings that they were carrying five-hundred-pound bombs, napalm, and 20-mm. cannon for strafing fire.

Major Billings brought our plane into a dive and fired a phosphorus rocket directly into the rice fields. One F-4 made a practice pass over the target, and the next F-4 began the air strike with two five-hundred-pound bombs. The pair of bombs exploded in the woods a hundred and fifty metres


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
BERRY BROS & RUDD

Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch whisky. Why? The **No 1** reason is in the bottle...the real proof is in your glass. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's Best distilleries." Treat yourself to Cutty Sark tonight.

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

Music, swinging and cool. Beautiful people, cool and swinging, till the dawn. It could be London.

But it's the Desert Inn, Las Vegas. One of the world's truly abundant resort-hotels.

With championship golf. Horseback riding through the painted desert. Swimming. Tennis. *Mountain climbing. Hunting.* Fishing.

On stage, "Pzazz '68", the spectacular new musical revue of Hollywood's great film eras and beloved stars; a thrilling, exciting, hilarious, nostalgic tour of the movies, from the silent flickers to high-camp epics.

And four triumphant restaurants, including the regal Monte Carlo, whose Master Chef will prepare any gourmet dish requested, on 24 hours notice.

Come. Join the beautiful people at the Desert Inn. It's London. And then some.

DESERT INN
Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada

London, U.S.A.

down the hill. The bombs from the second plane landed two hundred metres down the hill.

"They're nowhere *near* the target today," Major Billings said to me. Then, addressing the flight commander, he said, "Try and bring it up the hill some—about a hundred and fifty metres."

"Roger. Sorry," the flight commander answered.

The bombs from the next three passes landed between a hundred and a hundred and fifty metres away from the target area.

"Jesus, they haven't got one bomb anywhere near the target," Major Billings said to me. Then, adopting a patient tone, he told the flight commander, "The area I want you to hit is right up there next to my smoke, up where those hootches are."

"I see it," the flight commander answered. "I'll see if we can put these last loads on it."

Napalm canisters from the next two passes also landed down the hill in the woods. The canisters from a third pass tumbled down onto the hilltop, landing in one of the rice fields.

"Now you're on," said Major Billings. "Now try to lay your twenty mike-mike across the same area."

When the heavy black cloud from the third load of napalm cleared above the rice fields, two houses were on fire. Their black frames showed briefly through the brilliant-orange flame and then crumpled. All three strafing passes cut across the fields and the houses, ending the strike. Soon two more houses burst into flame.

"I'm only going to give you twenty-per-cent Bombs on Target and fifty-per-cent Target Coverage," Major Billings told the flight commander. Then he radioed to the control desk at Chu Lai the information that four military structures had been destroyed.

With the strike over, Major Billings made a brief flight to the northern edge of the 1st of the 101st's area of operation, and beyond its borders I noticed the flames of burning houses and several lines of smoke rising from both sides of a small valley. The Major explained that the Marines had launched an operation named Cochise just to the north of Operation Benton and timed to coincide with it. We flew back over the Chop Vum area, and I found that the ground troops I had seen moving about north of the mountain had pressed about half a kilometre eastward, leaving a path of burned houses behind them.

As we were flying over Chop Vum,

Your investment success is our business.

Our fresh, contemporary approach to investment service is an important reason why Francis I. duPont & Co. has become, in just 37 years, one of the largest brokerage houses in the country, with over 100 offices in the U.S., Canada and abroad. We don't grow unless our clients do. So, in a very real sense, your investment success is our business.

We make available to our hundreds of thousands of clients—from those who've "made it" to those who'd like to—a constant flow of progressive ideas, broad-based research and portfolio analysis, coupled with a finely developed sense of anticipation for market changes and trends. And we offer a complete range of personal investment services—from listed and unlisted stocks and mutual funds to municipal bonds and commodities.

A booklet you may find useful, "Building a 2nd Income," is a good introduction to a constructive investment philosophy. For your free copy, write: Francis I. duPont & Co., Dept. N, P.O. Box 833, Wall Street Station, New York, New York 10005. Or get it at one of our nearby offices. We're listed in your phone book.

And, when you have the time, we'd like very much to meet you and discuss your particular investment needs and goals. No obligation, of course.

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

Your investment success is our business

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES. OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ABROAD. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES: ONE WALL STREET, N.Y. TEL: 212—344-2000

john Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

Chest of drawers with shaped front and bracket feet, as it might have been made for an English country house 200 years ago—and finished to look that old. With *select, wild grain white pine.*

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.
NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • **PHILADELPHIA,** 2301 Chestnut St. • **BOSTON,** 90 Berkeley St. • **GRAND RAPIDS** Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

BACCARAT . . . for brides . . . for hostesses . . . for connoisseurs

BACCARAT . . . for stemware . . . for gifts . . . from France

Famous all over the world for its stemware and gourmet glasses, BACCARAT is also known to connoisseurs for the beauty of its full-lead crystal decorative pieces. This 4¼-inch tall vase, with its contemporary spear-cutting, stands in *striking contrast with this traditional 10-inch high Louis Philippe vase from the* BACCARAT museum in Paris. The bud vase, $18.50; the Louis Philippe vase, $148.

Write Dept. Y19 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

a unit commander somewhere on the ground addressed a superior officer on the radio. "I've got an old lady here, sir. What should I do with her?" he asked.

"The important thing is to keep moving ahead here. Don't get bogged down with the refugee thing," the officer answered.

"Should I send her home again, or is there a safe area to send the people we find to?" the unit commander asked.

"No, there isn't, but the important thing is to steer clear of the refugee problem," the officer said. "Otherwise, you'll just get bogged down, like C Company did."

"Yes, sir," the unit commander said.

Major Billings turned back toward Chu Lai, and I asked him what percentage of the houses in the 1st of the 101st's area of operation he judged to have been destroyed during the first five days of Operation Benton.

He looked down at the landscape and answered, "Not half. Maybe forty per cent."

At the central control desk the next day, a captain compiled a report for me on the tonnage of explosives used, the number of air strikes carried out, and the results of the strikes during the first five days of Operation Benton in the Chop Vum area that I had selected for observation at the beginning of the operation. I described the area to him in terms of its coördinates on the aviation maps, and for much of his information he drew on the Bomb Damage Assessment Reports, or B.D.A.s, turned in by the FAC pilots. The report reads:

5 DAYS/NIGHTS OPERATION BENTON
PARTIAL COVERAGE OF BASE AREA 117
43 Strike Missions Actually Flown.
20 of these with accountable B.D.A.
23 of these with no B.D.A. due to heavy foliage, darkness, smoke
ACCOUNTABLE B.D.A. FOR 20 MISSIONS
139 Military Structures Destroyed
33 Military Structures Damaged
17 Military Bunkers Destroyed
3 Military Bunkers Damaged
4 Secondary explosions
125 metres Trenchwork destroyed
1 Tunnel Complex destroyed
1 Tunnel Destroyed
1 Automatic Weapon Position Silenced
1 Large Rice Field Destroyed

ORDNANCE EXPENDED

Bombs	Napalm Cans	Rockets
251	93	339
20-mm. Cannon		Flares
25,600 Rds.		145
	7.62-mm. (miniguns)	
	21,200 Rds.	

I was unable to determine the number of artillery rounds fired into the Chop Vum area, but two thousand and five rounds had been fired into the

TRIMINGHAM BROTHERS

Why do so many people go to Trimingham's in Bermuda instead of London to shop for British treasures?

Who ever heard of getting a suntan on a London shopping tour?

Since the days of sailing ships Trimingham's has been famous for its variety of British treasures. *(And my, the weather's superb in Bermuda!)* There are no finer slacks than Daks! *(And Bermuda beaches are fantastically beautiful.)* And those Ballantyne Cashmeres are as lovely as the flowers.

(Heavens, you have a marvellous tan and you've only sailed one day!) You're on your way? Good! But if you can't come 'til later, write: we'll send you our Treasures-by-mail catalogue now and you'll at least have the fun of shopping here. *(At such savings, too!)* Write Dept. N-46, Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA
Since 1844

1st of the 101st's whole area of operation, about ten kilometres on a side, which included the Chop Vum area. There was no damage assessment available for artillery fire, helicopter machine-gun fire, or phosphorus rockets, nor could I learn how many houses had been burned by troops on the ground.

During my stay with the FAC pilots, they and other officers said again and again that we could win the war quickly if only we weren't under so many restraints. They spoke mainly of three kinds of restraints. First, they said that except where troops were engaged in battle, villages could not be bombed until the villagers had been warned by a leaflet drop or a loudspeaker announcement. Second, they said that when we wanted to turn an area into a "free-strike zone"—that is, an area in which we could bomb at will, and without warning—the villagers had to be evacuated. Third, they said that we could not destroy an area until we had cleared the action with the province chief. To find out about the warning system, I spoke with the Psychological Warfare Office for Task Force Oregon; to find out about evacuation I spoke with the Civil Affairs Office for the 101st Airborne Division; and to find out about the clearance system I spoke with the province chief. Having flown over Operation Benton during its first five days, I confined my inquiries to that operation in that period. All in all, my investigation disclosed that the procedures for applying these restraints were modified or twisted or ignored to such an extent that in practice the restraints evaporated entirely, though enough motions were gone through to create the illusion of restraints in the minds of the officers.

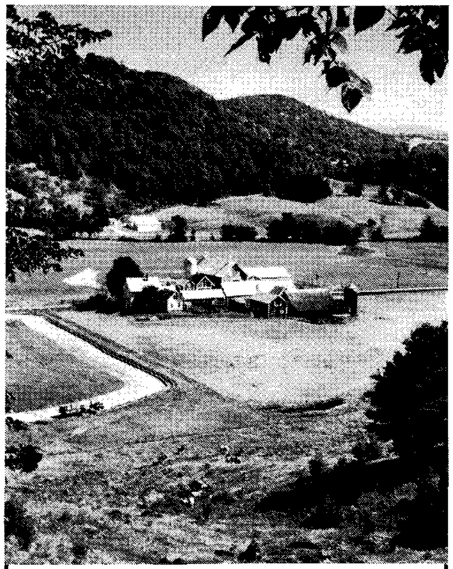
Ton Goddard

At the Task Force Oregon Psychological Warfare Office, the lieutenant colonel in charge told me that his people had dropped 1,515,000 leaflets over the area of operation and had made one announcement, but that all these had been of a very general nature, and none had warned of impending air strikes. He showed me a copy, in the original English, of each of the leaflets that had been dropped, including a group that the men at the Psychological Warfare Office refer to as "the Chieu Hoi mix" ("Chieu Hoi" means "Open Arms"), which consists of various leaflets encouraging members of the Vietcong to defect to the side of the G.V.N.—that is, the South Vietnamese Government. Some are threatening, showing photographs of the naked corpses of Vietcong soldiers riddled with bullet holes and heaped in piles, and others are conciliatory, showing photographs of smiling defectors along with signed statements saying that life in the government camps is prosperous and happy. The Psychological Warfare planes also dropped a hundred and eighty thousand copies of Leaflet No. 47-65, which is titled "Vietcong Mines Cause Senseless Deaths" and shows a cartoon drawing of several farmers reeling from an explosion in a rice field. The caption reads, "The V.C. mine your rice fields and cause you to go hungry. You must help the ARVN [Army of the Republic of Vietnam] and the Marines to stop the Vietcong and deny the Vietcong any of your own rice." On the back is this text: "Vietcong mines kill Vietnamese on the roads, in the villages, and in the rice fields. Help your friends and neighbors by reporting such V.C. activities." Finally, they dropped a hundred thousand copies of Leaflet No. 167-66, which shows a cartoon drawing of a boorish Communist Chinese official laughing cruelly and spilling food all over a table as he eats a lavish meal while at his feet a moronic-looking Vietnamese with a Vietcong star on his tattered conical hat crouches under the table and picks up scraps of food from the floor. The text on the back reads:

APPEAL TO THE V.C. TO REJECT THE RED CHINESE AS THEIR MASTERS

The Red Chinese Communist masters of the Vietcong have declared that the South Vietnamese people must pay more and more to support the unjust war of the Vietcong. Still the Vietcong soldiers go hungry and they are not paid. Where does the rice money go? Think about it! Refuse to give your rice and money—don't let the Chinese Communists make fools of you.

The colonel gave me a short briefing on the activities of his office over the previous three months. "We drop leaflets based on the desire to exploit their vulnerability," he told me. "We drop more than a million a day. We use mostly Cessna O-2s for the drops, but now we are getting in C-47s, and they can drop two million leaflets in one flight." (Later, I looked at the office notebook of leaflets—well over a thousand of them, of different types. The book is divided into "Campaigns," such as "Support G.V.N.," "V.C.," "Instructions to Civilians," "Chieu



HAVE YOU EVER WISHED YOU COULD BE IN

Vermont

There are certain phrases in America that carry a special feeling. "Summer in Vermont" is one of them. It is that time of year when the greatest number of people with the widest range of interests find Vermont particularly to their liking and wish they could be here. To help change a wish to reality, we are offering these four attractive and informative publications. In order to receive your Vermont Vacation Kit by return mail, merely fill out and mail the coupon below. Please enclose 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

- *VERMONT LIFE MAGAZINE—the current issue of the State's official magazine, 60 pages of magnificent color photography and fascinating stories.
- *VERMONT, THE BECKONING COUNTRY—four-season vacation book, 36 pages, mostly full color, with a wealth of information.
- *VERMONT VISITORS' GUIDE TO LODGING AND EATING PLACES—more than 140 pages describing places to stay and eat, with complete rates and reservation information.
- *OFFICIAL VERMONT HIGHWAY AND TOURING MAP—with complete directory to attractions and points of interest throughout the Green Mountain State.

Please come visit us this summer—we'll be glad to see you.

Vermont Development Department
5003 State Office Building
Montpelier / Vermont 05602

Please send me the Vermont Vacation Kit described above. I have enclosed 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

Name..........................

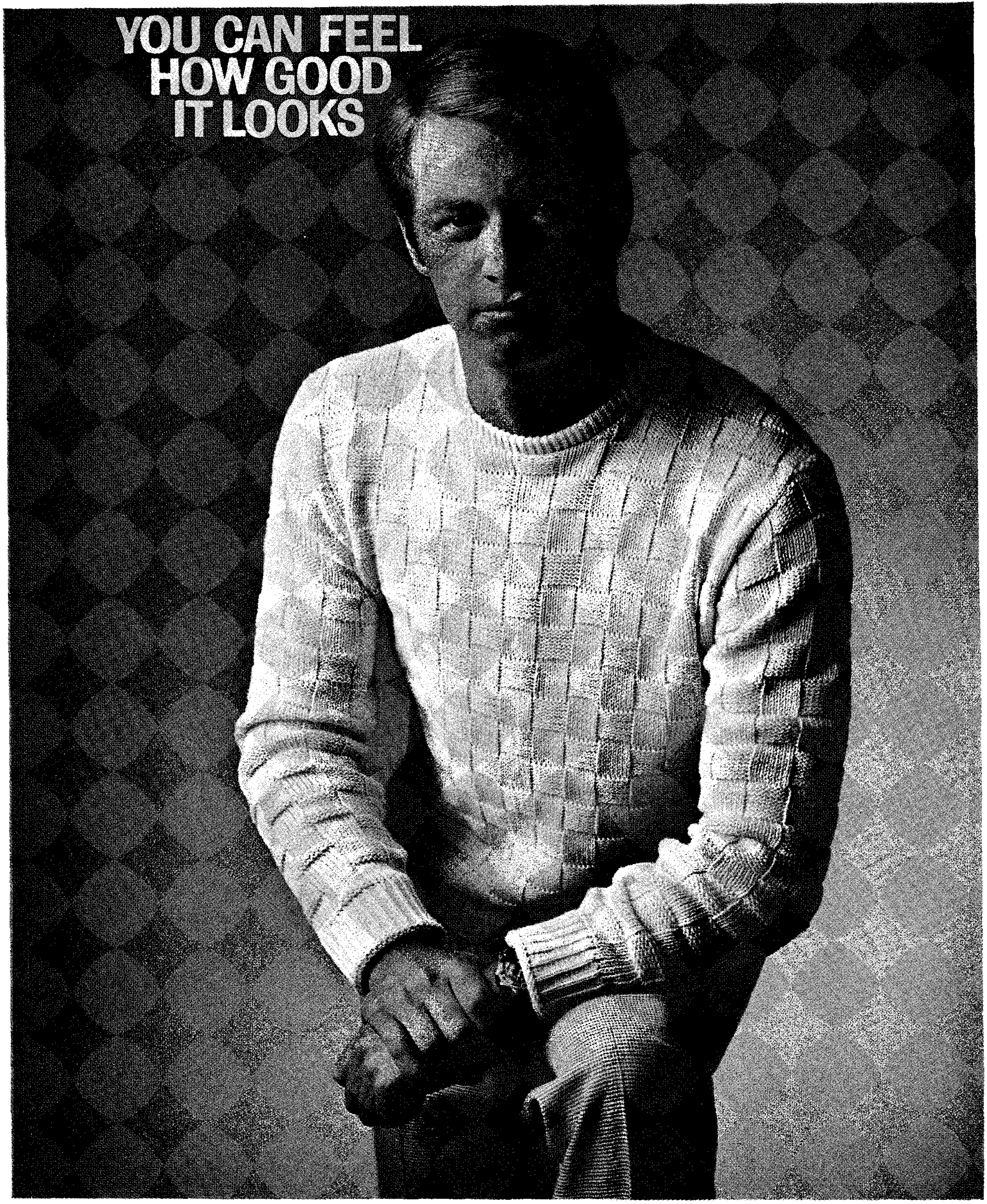
Address..........................

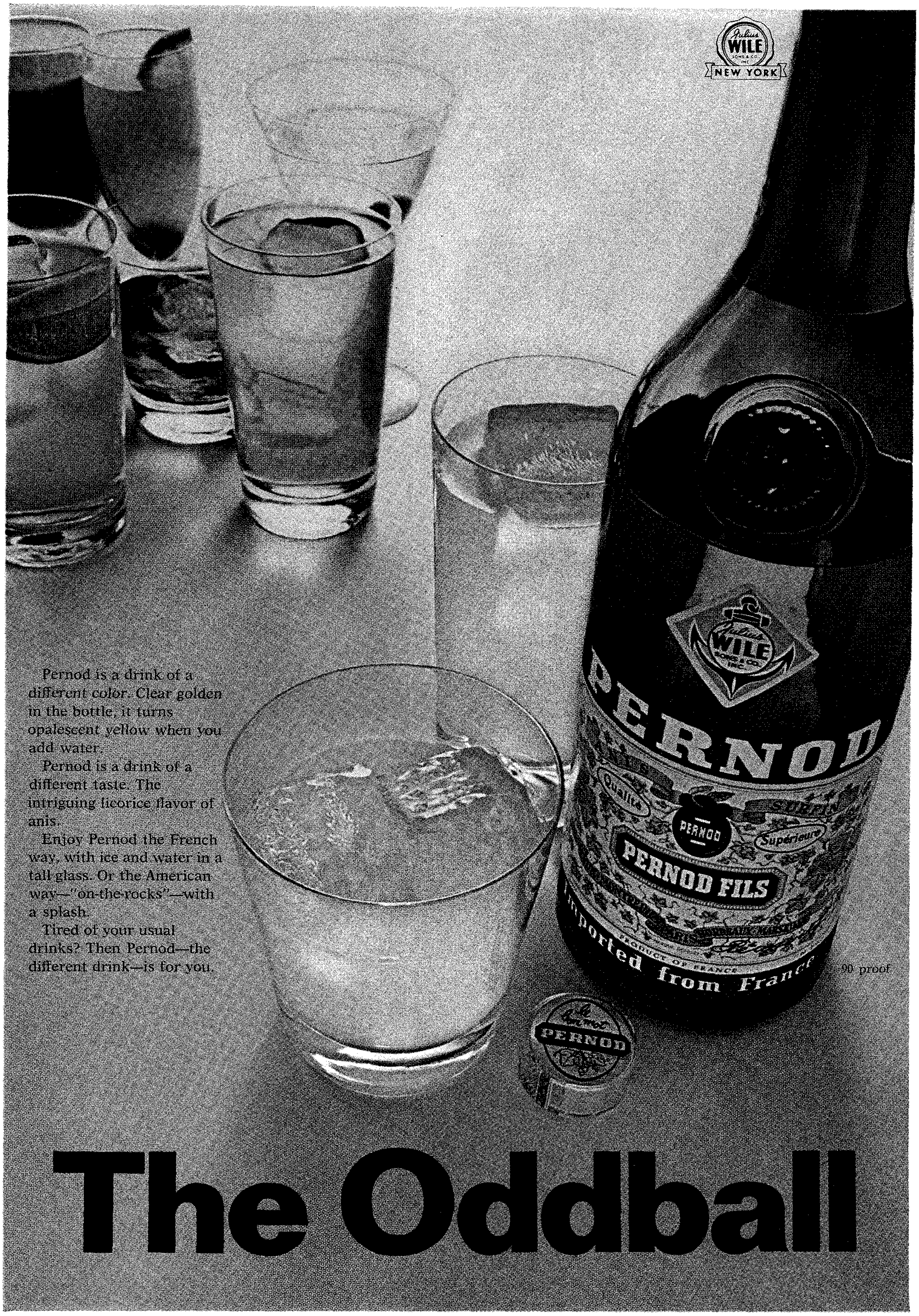
.... Zip..........

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS wanted rich surface interest for this sweater-shirt without sacrificing comfort. So they picked cotton—the carefree fabric. Fresh, cool, light-weight cotton that washes deep clean and lets the body breathe. It's a new look in sportswear, with its basket-weave construction, crew neck, fluted cuffs. Natural (as shown) and eight pastel colors; small, medium, large, extra large. Long sleeves, about $13.00; short sleeves, about $11.00. At fine stores across the country.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112




Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc.
NEW YORK
PERNOD
Qualité
Supérieure
PERNOD FILS
Imported from France
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
PERNOD
90 proof
The Oddball

Pernod is a drink of a *different color*. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent *yellow* when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

Hoi," and "Health." The "Health" leaflets give tips on personal and public hygiene. For example, they advise the villagers always to boil water before drinking it, to cover their garbage, and to sleep under mosquito nets. The leaflets usually end with the assurance that the G.V.N. "cares for the people.")

The colonel went on to say, "We also have a new aircraft that carries an eighteen-hundred-watt bank of loudspeakers effective up to five thousand feet. We've got several standard tapes that we can run off here. We played the national-reconciliation tape for a couple of hours over Benton. We make our own tapes here, too, using *hoi chanh*"—returnees, that is—"the way we do with the leaflets. Sometimes we play a tape *and* drop the leaflets. The *hoi chanh* tell how well they've been treated, and that kind of thing."

I asked what the national-reconciliation tape said.

"Well, I don't have a translation of the actual words, but the general idea is to get them to return to the government cause," the colonel said. "We get the targets for the different kinds of leaflets through intelligence and interrogation of *hoi chanh*. We try to cause disaffection between the top V.C. and the V.C. rank-and-file, and we advertise the Chieu Hoi Program. One of our big problems here is lack of support for the government, but this problem exists for the V.C., too. A lot of the people are in the V.C. because of force, and there are a lot in because it is the thing to do—because the neighbors are doing it. Last year, there were a hundred and sixteen defectors in Quang Ngai. I Corps, which includes Quang Ngai and four other northern provinces, has a high rate of defectors."

"Do you estimate the rate of defectors as the number of *hoi chanh* in the population of the province or as the number of *hoi chanh* in the estimated number of enemy troops in the area?" I asked.

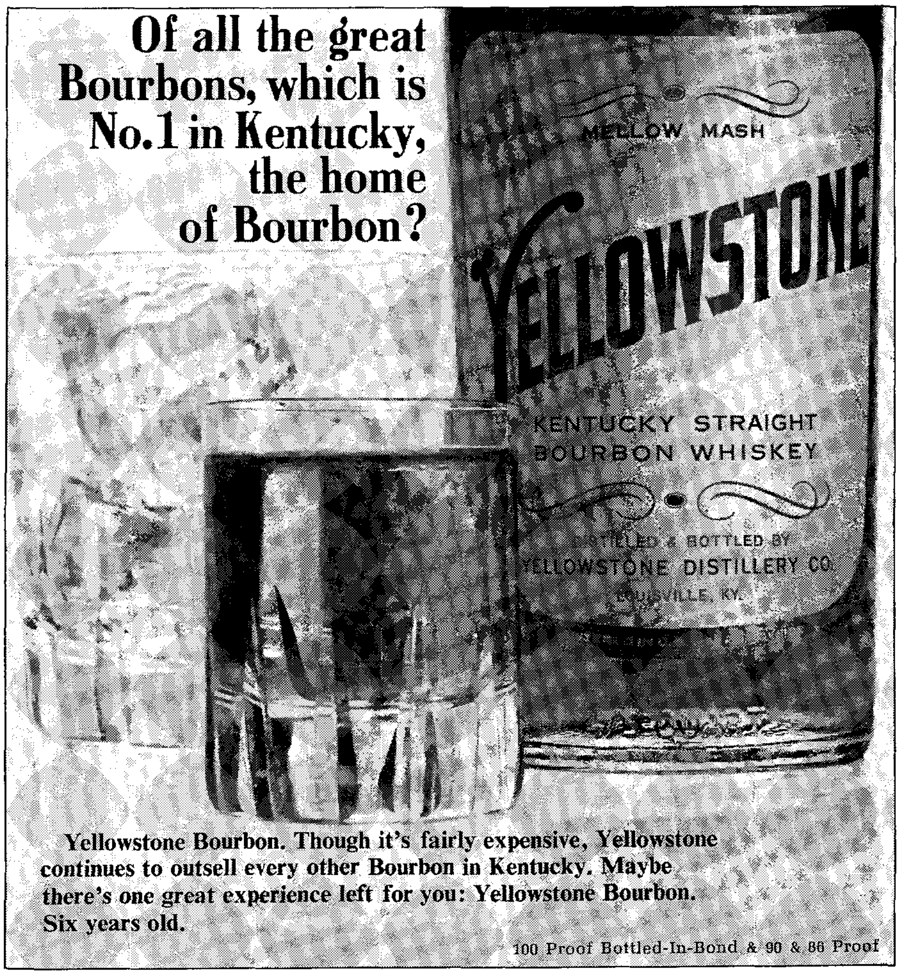
"I don't know the precise details of how they measure it, but anyway it's very high here," the colonel answered, and he continued, "We've also got posters that we put up in the area. On the fourth of May, the V.C. blew up some houses at Ly Tra and Li Tinh, a few kilometres southeast of Tam Ky, in Quang Tin. So we made up some atrocity posters." The colonel got up from his desk to show me some large posters on an easel that stood at the back of his office. They featured photographs of the burned or blown-

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

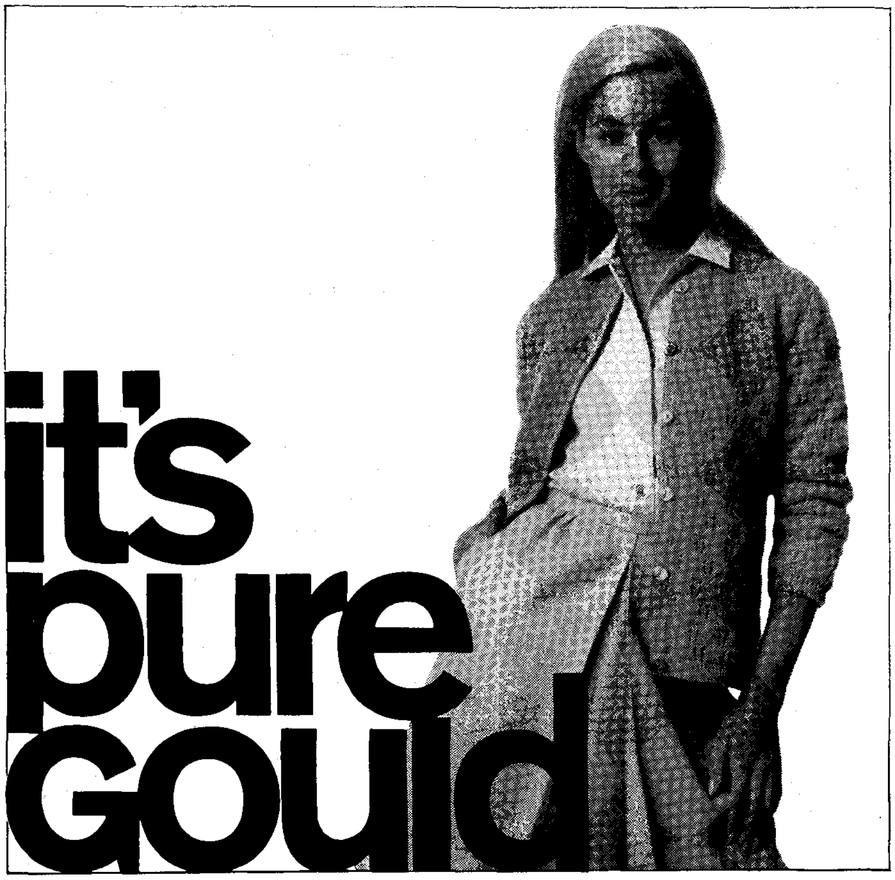
Out. In. Out. This is the way you'll want to look this spring. The new Aquascutum topcoat reminds the world that you're a man. It has shoulders, strong and clear-cut. The waist is subtly defined. And from there it flares elegantly — and comfortably — to the knee. The Aquascutum coat in the picture is made of superfine English cotton gaberdine, permanently proofed by our exclusive Aqua 5 process. The new style swept London in a matter of months. In America it may be a matter of weeks. So come and choose now, at fine stores throughout the world, priced about $69.50. For the name of your nearest, write or phone: Aquascutum Ltd., 2 East 37th Street, New York 16, New York, MU 5-9570.



Of all the great Bourbons, which is No.1 in Kentucky, the home of Bourbon?

Yellowstone Bourbon. Though it's fairly expensive, Yellowstone continues to outsell every other Bourbon in Kentucky. Maybe there's one great experience left for you: Yellowstone Bourbon. Six years old.

100 Proof Bottled-In-Bond & 90 & 86 Proof



Sidney Gould, that is. Hands on hip—she's ready to draw everyone's admiring eye. Sweater in 50% Creslan, 50% Mohair. Swirl-stitched, luxury-lined. Wonderful white, lime, and other soft fashion shades. Sizes 34 to 42. About $16.00* at Bonwit Teller, all stores, Jacobson's, Michigan, J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles and all stores, Hutzler Bros., Baltimore and all stores.

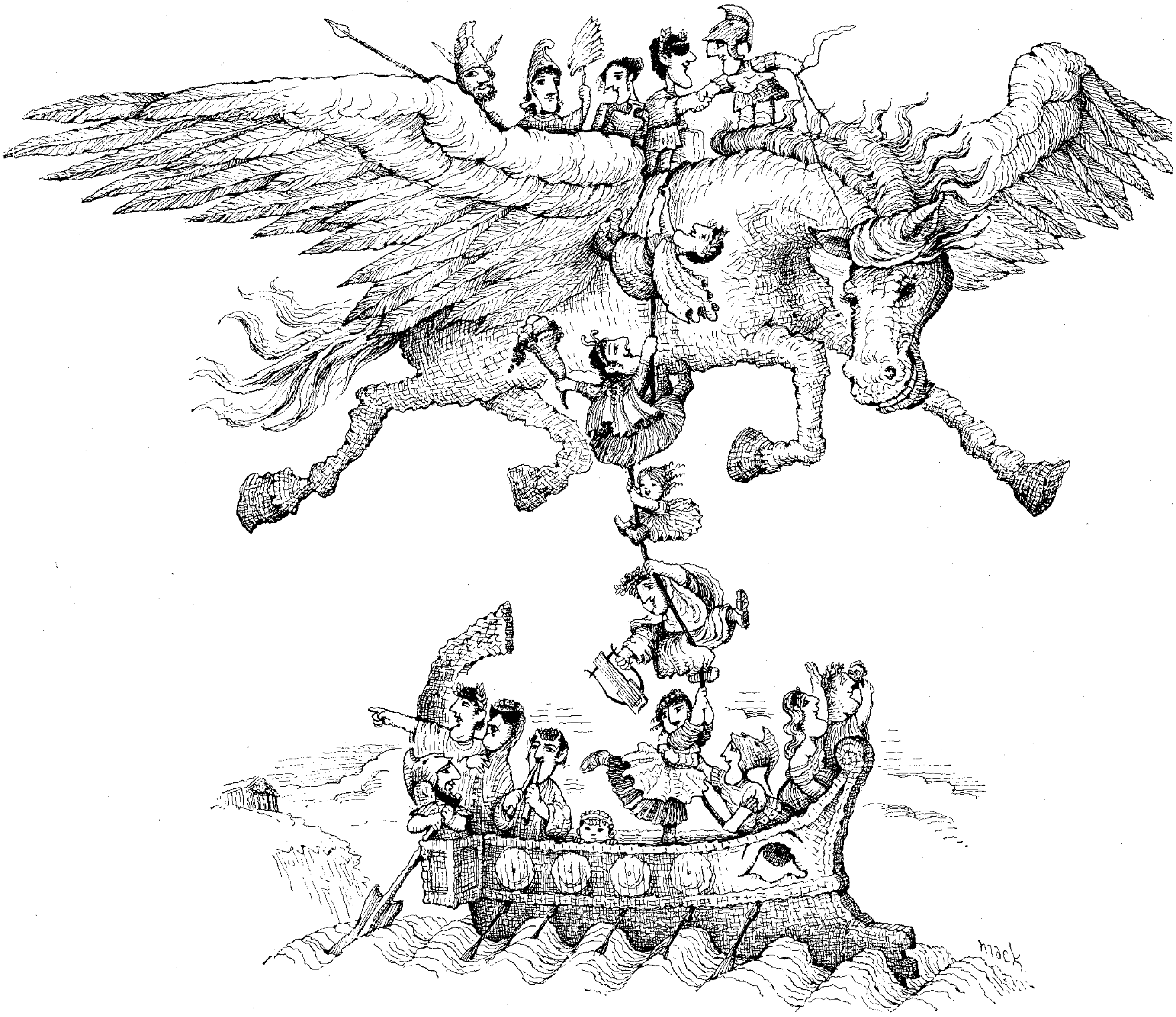
Sidney Gould Co. Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West. Creslan

up bodies of women and children, and scenes of destroyed houses followed by scenes of Vietnamese reconstructing a village. The colonel, however, was not sure that the destruction of villages and the killing of villagers was always an unsound tactic on the part of the Vietcong, and after gazing gravely at the poster for a moment he smiled and said, "But the distribution of atrocity posters has to be limited. Sometimes they influence the people the wrong way, and help out the V.C. Sometimes it is just what the V.C. want."

The colonel then said that many ground units were aided by loudspeaker teams who broadcast ahead of the American troops, encouraging the enemy to surrender. In combat, the Psychological Warfare Officers preferred to play tapes rather than use live voices. "That way, the guy is sure to sound confident, and we avoid fluttery, scared-sounding voices," the colonel explained. "Sometimes they use the tapes to broadcast from the perimeter of the U.S. troops. Mostly, we play music and interrupt it with what we call our commercials. We use nostalgic music to make the V.C. feel lonesome and want to go back home. We know from research that flute music is nostalgic to the Vietnamese. We've got three main pieces—one with a man, one with a woman, and one with a flute. The man and the woman sing of their lovely home. The Vietnamese are very closely related to their land. There is an old Vietnamese legend about a commander who was so good on the flute that all the enemy dropped their weapons and went home when he played it. We haven't had that happen yet. But I want to emphasize that in all our leaflets and pamphlets we *tell only the truth.* This is, of course, to establish our credibility, so that the people can depend completely on the truth of what we say."

I pointed out that we had destroyed about forty per cent of the houses in the Benton area of operation during its first five days, and asked him how he viewed this.

"We do destroy villages, and we have to," he answered. "But there are rules of engagement that prevent us from just arbitrarily bombing any friendly village. Whenever there's time, we get a Psy War bird out there to warn them. That way, we keep from hurting as many civilians as we can. Also, when the V.C. set off a mine in the road, and someone innocent gets killed, the V.C. exploit us and say, 'See what the American artillery has done!' So we drop



The first Air/Sea tour of Greece, its Isles and Israel was probably Greek. It's still our specialty.

Greeks, whether sailing to find the Golden Fleece or flying a horse, have always had extraordinary tours of their home waters. As the airline of Greece, Olympic Airways' air/sea tours of the Mediterranean follow that tradition.

Our In-Depth Tour of the Ancient World

Jet from New York for nine days of touring the length and breadth of Old and New Israel.

On to Athens, boarding a luxury liner to cruise the Aegean and Ionian Seas. Visit the legendary Greek isles of Delos and Mykonos. Then Turkey and the site of the Great Temple of Artemis, and Patmos with its famous monastery.

Rhodes and Crete are next. Sail back to Greece for four days of intensive sightseeing of that zenith of the Ancient World—Athens and its countryside. That's a lot of three weeks for $1,059.*

Our See-A-Lot-Move-Quickly Air/Sea Tour

Sightsee Paris and Venice. And cruise the Adriatic, Aegean, and Ionian Seas, visiting Athens, Beirut, Haifa, Cyprus, Corfu, and Dubrovnik. The three-week tour ends with a few days in Rome. Prices start at $749.*

Olympic Airways tours of Greece and Israel, including a Special Jet Tour, are backed by some 2,500 years of experience in the Mediterranean.

But see for yourself by picking up our illustrated brochure at your travel agent's. Or mail the coupon to Olympic Airways.

Olympic Airways Tour Department
P.O. Box 445, New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send me the brochures describing your legendary Air/Sea tours.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City/State/Zip_________________________

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS
NY

*Air fares based on 21-day group economy excursion from New York City.

No dumb waiters.

Exquisite food served in a cold, impersonal manner is strictly from hunger. Master Hosts motor hotel people are master hosts in every sense of the word. Serving you exquisite food. Exquisitely.

No dumb waiters here. Just smart cookies, plus superb accommodations, recreational and group business meeting facilities. Free parking too.

For free directory to America's finest motor hotels, coast to coast, write to:
Master Hosts,
Dept. Y,
6901 West Freeway,
Fort Worth,
Texas 76116.

MASTER HOSTS MOTOR HOTELS

American Express, Shell, Conoco, Citgo or Sohio credit card accepted at all Master Hosts.

SHELL CONOCO CITGO SOHIO

our standard leaflets about V.C. mines."

The colonel also told me about units called audio-visual teams, which showed movies in the camps and villages when they got a chance. "They show American films, usually—mostly Westerns," he said. "Once, they showed 'The Swinger.' That wasn't too good. That was a mistake. They won't show that one again. But we try to show pictures that portray the American way of life. We're careful to show them things they understand. For instance, if you show them a science-fiction movie, they won't know what's going on. Walt Disney pictures are good, because the words aren't too important. In between reels, we show cartoons and shorts that liberally assert our propaganda. A lot of these are made by the South Vietnamese Ministry of Information. One shows a North Vietnamese soldier goofing up—falling into a canal, and that kind of thing. Another shows how a *hoi chanh* decided to defect. Sometimes we get the village chief to address the people between reels. You see, they don't have any TV or movies or record-players, or anything. So when we show them something, they gobble it right up. What we are accomplishing is to leave a good taste in the mouths of the children, so that when they grow up and the V.C. try to persuade them they'll remember the nice things the Allies did for them."

As I passed out of the colonel's private office into a larger room, which was filled with the desks of other Psychological Warfare Officers, a captain was calling out to a lieutenant, "Hey, Ray, what about a nice nostalgic tape by a woman?"

"Fine!" answered the lieutenant. He was peering at the Psychological Warfare Office target map, which was enclosed in a folder decorated on the outside with two *Playboy* Playmates of the Month.

A minute later, the captain handed the lieutenant the English original of a leaflet to read.

The lieutenant objected that a curfew that was announced in the leaflet should read, "From sundown to sunrise," instead of "From 6:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M." "The Vietnamese don't know what time it is," the lieutenant said. "They don't have any watches."

"Sure they do," the captain replied. "You look around the bases and you'll see they've all got watches."

"Yeah, on the bases," the lieutenant said. "But you go out on Route 1, where they're carrying wood and rice

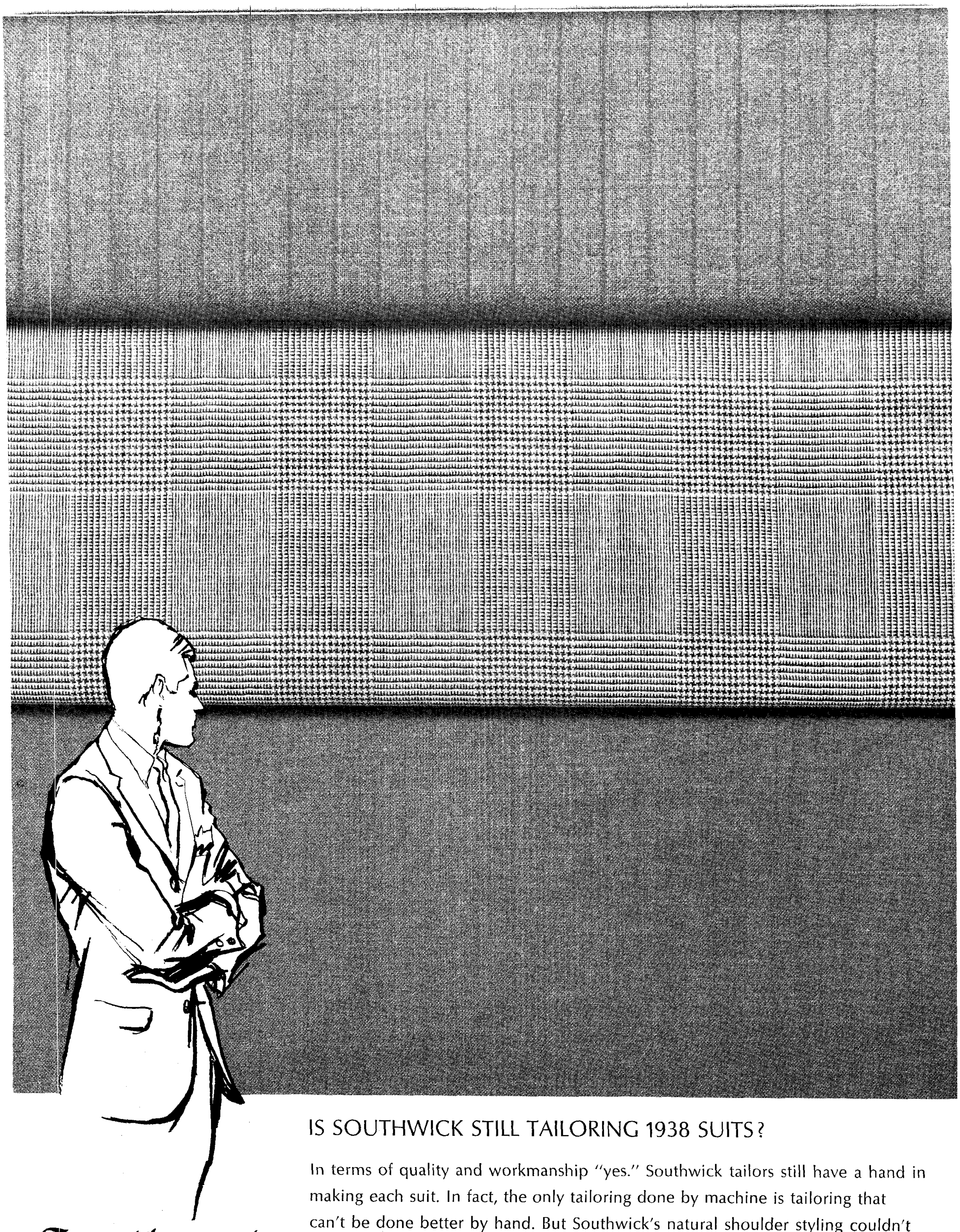
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	Bunce Brothers
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Easley, S. C.	Barron, Ltd.
Evansville, Ind.	Drucker's
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell University Shop
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N. Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N. H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sim's, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden, Ltd.
New York, New York	Paul Stuart
New York, New York	Walker & Florio
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Palo Alto, Cal.	Teerney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Maine	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley's
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Village, Ltd.
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Short Hills, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Troy, N. Y.	Krail's
Tucson, Ariz.	Mill's-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	Connolly's
Virginia Beach, Va.	Alexander Beegle, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York

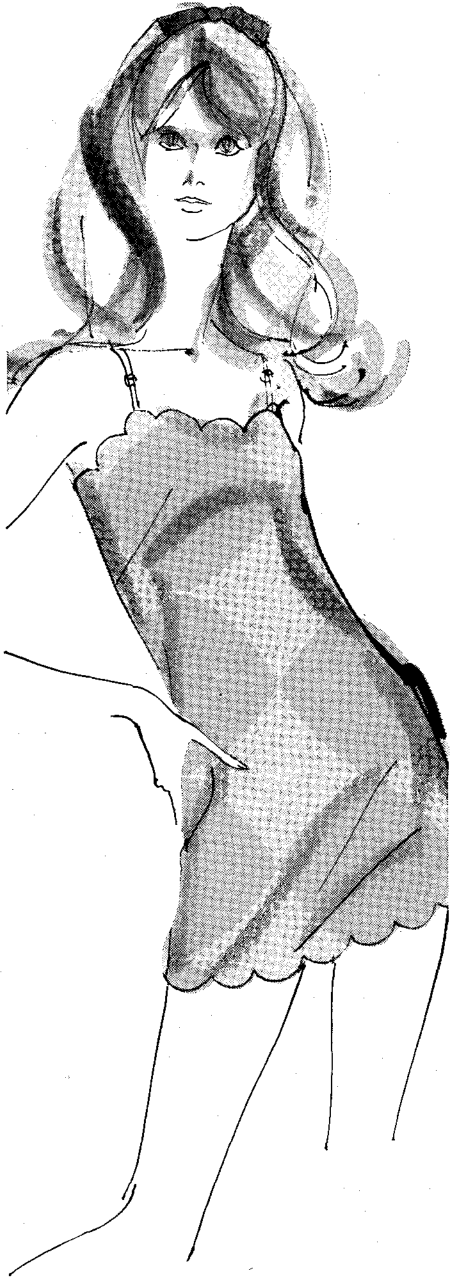


IS SOUTHWICK STILL TAILORING 1938 SUITS?

In terms of quality and workmanship "yes." Southwick tailors still have a hand in making each suit. In fact, the only tailoring done by machine is tailoring that can't be done better by hand. But Southwick's natural shoulder styling couldn't be more contemporary. What you wind up with is a 1968 look based on 1938 thoroughness — something rather unique. Look for the name "Southwick." It's sewn into the labels of the finest clothiers. Suits from $110. Sport jackets from $80. Slacks about $35. PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick
BY GRIECO BROTHERS

BARBIZON



Flattery and fit under Spring knits. Scallops outline bodice and hem of this smartly tailored Tafredda® chemise. White, pink, blue and yellow in Miss 8-16.
CHEMI-SYLPH $6.00

NYLON Monsanto

Barbizon

For nearest store, write Barbizon
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017

and stuff, and I'll give you a double mixed drink for every watch you see."

"All I know is we announced the last curfew by the hours," said the captain, and the two men moved on to another question.

A chart on the wall next to the captain's desk showed in one column the number of leaflets dropped each month so far in 1967, in a second column the number of defectors for each month, and in a third column the number of defectors for each month of 1966. The captain told me, "We keep tables on how many defectors we get every month to gauge how effective we've been, and we feel pretty good about the fact that we've had more *hoi chanh* this year than in the same months last year, because this is where we measure the results. This is where we can see we are really doing something." There was, however, no correspondence between the number of leaflets dropped during the months of Task Force Oregon's operations and the number of defectors in those months.

I visited a small tent serving as the Civil Affairs Office of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Division, to ask how many people had been evacuated from the Benton area of operation, and learned that Operation Benton was not supposed to "generate any new refugees." Apparently, word that the camps had been able to provide care—and then only minimal care—for only a fraction of the area's dispossessed people had reached Saigon, and Task Force Oregon had been requested to conduct operations in a way that would not result in a great increase in the number of people arriving at the camps. During the first week of Operation Benton, Task Force Oregon's solution to the problem was to conduct the operation as usual but omit the step of evacuating the villagers, either before or after their villages were destroyed. I learned this when, on the sixth day of the operation, I asked the major in charge of the Civil Affairs Office how many of the seventeen thousand people who lived in the area of operation had been evacuated, and he told me that fifteen people had been lifted out by helicopter and that a hundred more were waiting for transportation. I pointed out that about forty per cent of the houses in the area had already been destroyed without any warning to the villagers, and the major told me that, with the help of the Psychological Warfare Office, the Civil Affairs Office had devised a more flexible plan, which would be put into action during the second week of the operation; this was intended to offer the inhabitants of the area what the major described as a "free choice" between going to the government camps and remaining on the sites of their homes. Each American soldier would be given a handful of leaflets designed expressly for Operation Benton, and would himself pass them out to the people of the area when his commanding officer instructed him to do so. The leaflet to be employed—No. 244-133-68—was titled "Move to Ly Tra Refugee Camp," and read:

> The American soldier who handed you this is here to help you free yourself from the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese invaders who bring upon you the ravages of war. He will take you and your family to Ly Tra, where the G.V.N. will protect you. There you can live a peaceful, prosperous life without fear for the lives of your beloved ones. You will go to Ly Tra by helicopter and will be able to take only the personal possessions you carry. The G.V.N. has a refugee center at Ly Tra that will give you aid until you can re-establish yourself.
>
> If you desire to go to Ly Tra, touch the American soldier on his shoulder. He will understand. Get your belongings together and follow the American's instructions. If you do not wish to go to Ly Tra, tear this leaflet in half. He will understand that you do not wish to go.

I asked the major in charge of the Civil Affairs Office what he thought the purpose of Operation Benton was.

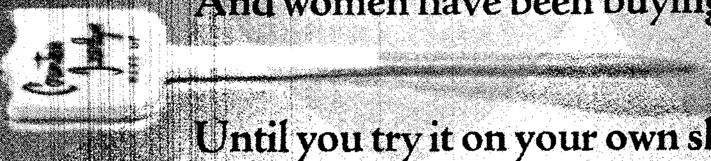
"The province chief has told us this is pretty much a hundred-per-cent V.C. area," he answered. "We consider just about everything here to be a hard-core V.C., or at least some kind of supporter. Before they bomb an area, a Psy War bird always goes in ahead. This is an operation to catch the V.C., not to clear the area. You can't just go around moving everybody out all the time."

I asked if the Civil Affairs Office had any further plans for the people in the region.

"Now you're getting out of our area," he answered. "*We* don't have any plans for the immediate future. It's the responsibility of the G.V.N. and the ARVN to carry out Pacification and Revolutionary Development."

While we stood talking, a captain at a desk nearby received a phone call, and after he hung up he said to the major, "That was the colonel, and he

This makeup costs $20 an ounce.
And women have been buying it for 20 years.



Until you try it on your own skin
you'll never really know
whether they're on to something
or are just impressed by the price.

Go ahead. Try it on your own skin. You won't risk a thing but temptation.

Go to the cosmetic counter of the finest store you know. Once there, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important. Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

You've heard of velvet complexions. Now we think you'll see one. Your own. With just enough clean shimmer left on the surface so this newly-made-up patch of your skin seems unobscured by any makeup at all.

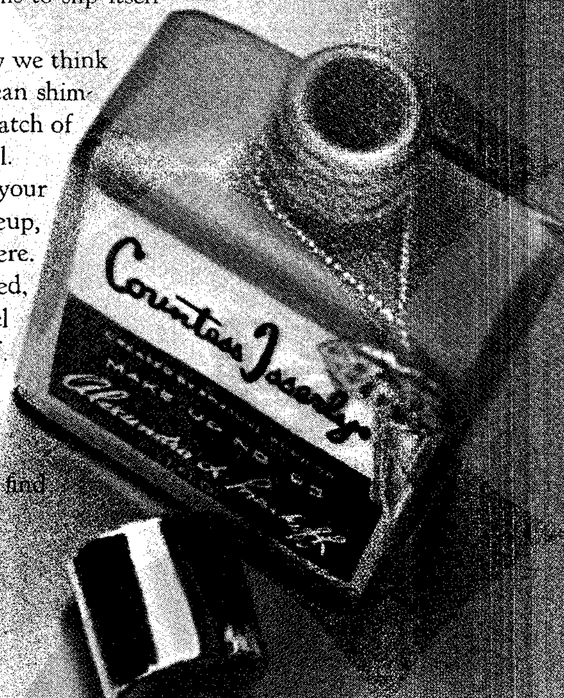
At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

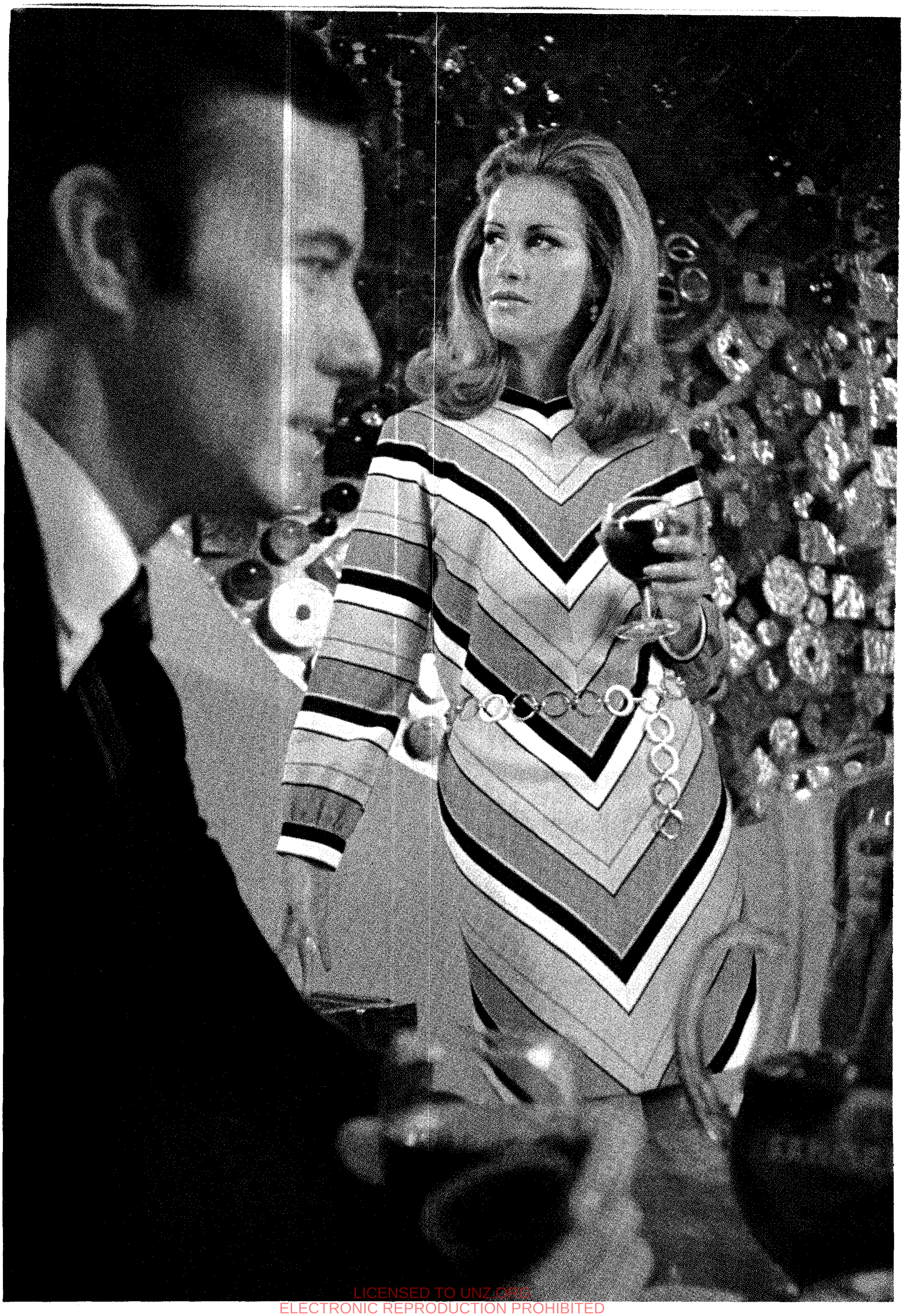
But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff



At Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus.

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1967



Dalton does the take-over knits of The Trevira Era.

Wherever you go, you'll see them.

Dominating fashion statements of 100% Trevira® polyester.

Strikingly different from the classic knits you've known before.

Vibrant.

Expressive.

Wizard.

Shaped and molded with Dalton's genius for knits.

And Dalton's genius for finding the right medium to express them...Trevira.

These knits couldn't have happened in America before.

And aren't you lucky they've happened now.

Right now in The Trevira Era.

The time when the beautiful balance between unerring good looks and faultless behavior have at last been achieved.

Want to take-over the scene wherever you are? Slip into a Dalton Take-Over Knit.

Available at fine stores everywhere or write Dalton, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018

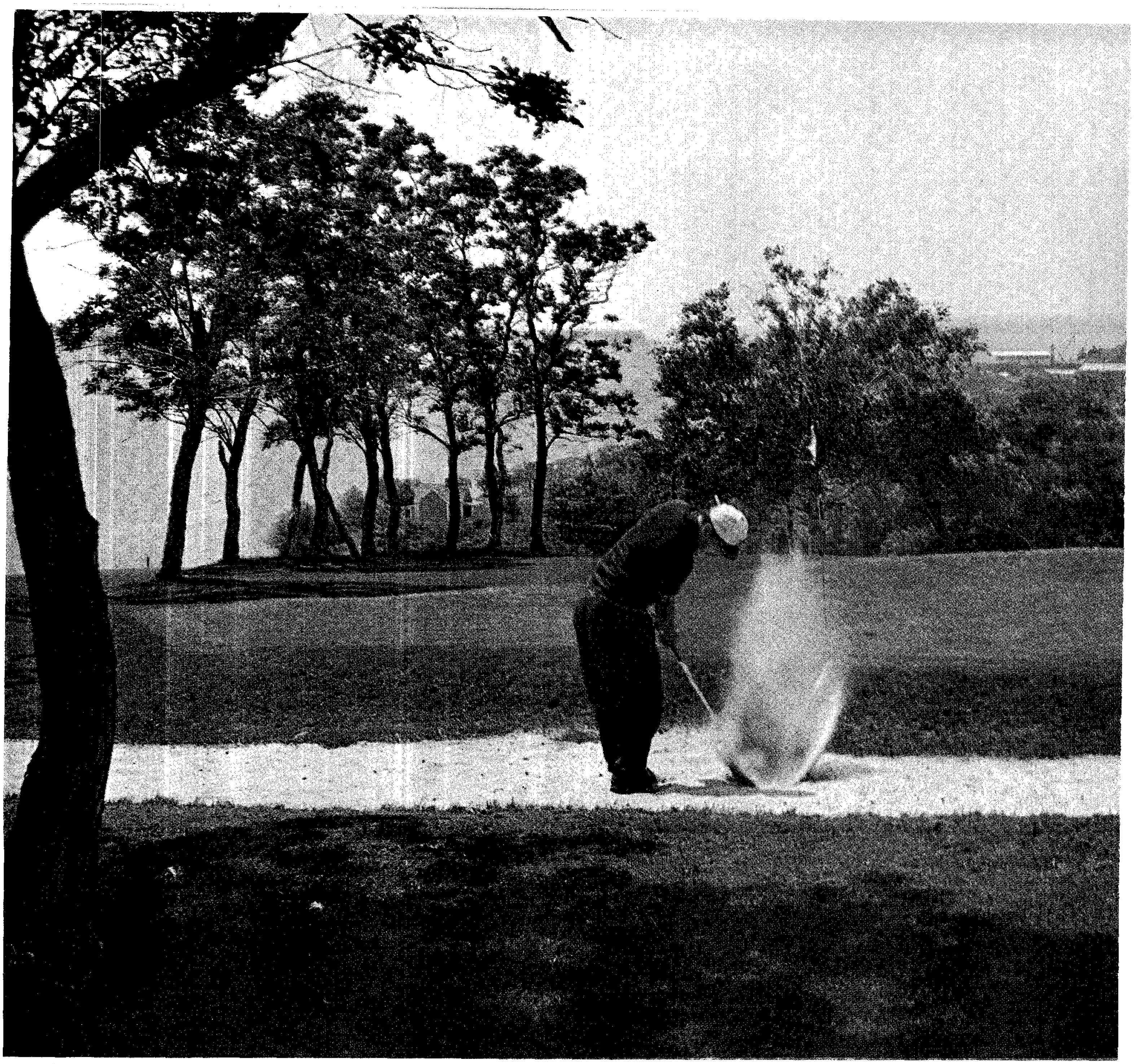
TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

Hystron Fibers Incorporated,
485 Lexington Avenue,
New York, New York 10017

Shoes: Shop for Pappagallo
Hats: Adolpho
Jewelry: Richelieu
Photographed at
La Fonda del Sol
Restaurant.

The Trevira Era.
The beginning of something extraordinary in America.

®Internationally registered trademark



For our Executive Community, a special kind of life

You wouldn't locate in Nova Scotia merely because of the golf, would you? Nevertheless, our international executive community *enjoys* life here, and golf, curling, sailing, fishing and hunting are a good part of their off-hour daily activity.

The special quality of life in this Province is being discovered by a growing number of world-wide business enterprises. At the same time, they profit from Nova Scotia's unique advantages for the manufacturer, people who are easily adaptable to new skills, excellent transportation facilities, and its proximity to world markets.

Each year, Nova Scotia welcomes new industry. More recently: Pyrominerals Limited (abrasives); General Instrument of Canada (electronic components); Anil Canada Limited (hardboard); Dover Mills Limited (flour); Yarmouth Industrial Fabrics Limited; Canadian Motor Industries Limited (motor cars); a new textile mill and a plastics plant. These represent Canadian, as well as Japanese, United States, Indian and European investors.

The Department of Trade and Industry invites you to investigate opportunities for manufacturing in Nova Scotia. Write to: V. Michael Knight, Deputy Minister of Trade & Industry, 5670 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, Canada, or for information, contact any of the offices listed below.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y., 607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass., 43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont., P.O. Box 3500, Station 'B', Montreal, Que.

wants those two villages burned. He said the province chief requested it."

A tall young lieutenant in fatigues and an undershirt, on the other side of the tent, interrupted the conversation to ask, "What about the people?"

"The colonel said we're not supposed to bring out any refugees," the captain replied.

"What do you mean? How can we burn a village if we're not going to bring out the people?"

"Well, those are the colonel's orders."

"Look," the lieutenant said, standing up. "We have our rules of engagement, and we can't just go around burning villages without taking care of the people. That's just ridiculous! Can you have any respect for a colonel who gives an order like that? I mean, no kidding—can you?"

"The province chief ordered us to do it," the captain said.

The lieutenant sat down again.

A sergeant from the Operations Office spoke up to say, "The Vietnamese can relocate themselves. That's the way they are. Every two years or so, they'll just pick up their sticks and move on to somewhere else on their own. That's the way it was in Korea, too. The villages got wiped out there, too, and everybody just picked up their stuff and went somewhere else. Those aren't houses. They're just huts. Take, for instance, all those people who came down from North Vietnam for religious reasons. The North is Catholic and the South is Buddhist. That's one reason why they don't like each other." Actually, of course, both North Vietnam and South Vietnam are predominantly Buddhist, with a Catholic minority.

The next day, I drove to Tam Ky, the capital of Quang Tin Province, to see Lieutenant Colonel Hoang Dinh Tho, who is the Province Chief, and ask him about his role in providing clearance for Task Force Oregon's activities for the first five days of Operation Benton and in his province generally. His office was in a large two-story building in the ornate, pastel-colored colonial French style, which stood in a large courtyard at the end of a long driveway lined with trees, on the outskirts of Tam Ky. At the entrance to the driveway, two three-story modern-style stucco towers stood like giant bookends on a plain that had had its trees bulldozed away for security. There was a guardhouse beside one of the towers, and beyond them coils of barbed wire stretched out into brown fields. A Vietnamese officer there ex-

IMPORTED
BENGAL
Distilled London Dry
GIN
PRODUCT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Make a Maneater Martini.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

plained to me that an arch was to have stretched between the towers but that materials had run out. He said that the trees had been planted as a special project in an effort that President Diem had made to beautify the country. Flanking the office of the Province Chief were two long, low buildings occupied by officers of the ARVN and their American advisers. Just as I arrived—it was shortly after noon—a pickup truck pulled up to one of these buildings. In the back of the truck, an American soldier holding a shotgun guarded about twenty Vietnamese, whose heads were covered with muddy sandbags. In their blindness, some had clasped hands and others had their arms around each other. A Vietnamese officer shouted something to them, and they removed the bags and looked about them, blinking in the whitish noon sun. Five of them were young women, eight or nine were young or middle-aged men, three were old men, and two were young girls with still boyish figures. When they had helped each other climb shakily off the truck, they were delivered into the hands of a tall, young, collegiate-looking American soldier with a shock of straight dark hair, who appeared to be intensely irritated by something. "Get over there!" he shouted to the people, pointing with a sheaf of papers he was holding toward one end of the building. The people looked in the direction he indicated but did not move. "I said *get moving!*" the young soldier shouted, and struck an old man—who happened to be standing near him—in the face with his sheaf of papers. The old man fell back, his gaze riveted on the young American, who then turned away and stalked ahead of the group, his face red and furious. Four American officers who had been standing on a porch talking and watching the prisoners get off the truck went inside the building. The people filed around a corner of the building and were led toward a small, whitewashed, windowless structure that stood alone in a withered field. Several ARVN officers who had been lounging outside it began to pick themselves up sluggishly as the people came in sight.

I asked an American officer passing through the square who the Vietnamese prisoners were.

"Detainees," he answered. "They picked them up back in the mountains somewhere, and now they're taking them out back for interrogation." (Several times during my stay in Quang Ngai and Quang Tin, I saw groups of detainees, always with sand-

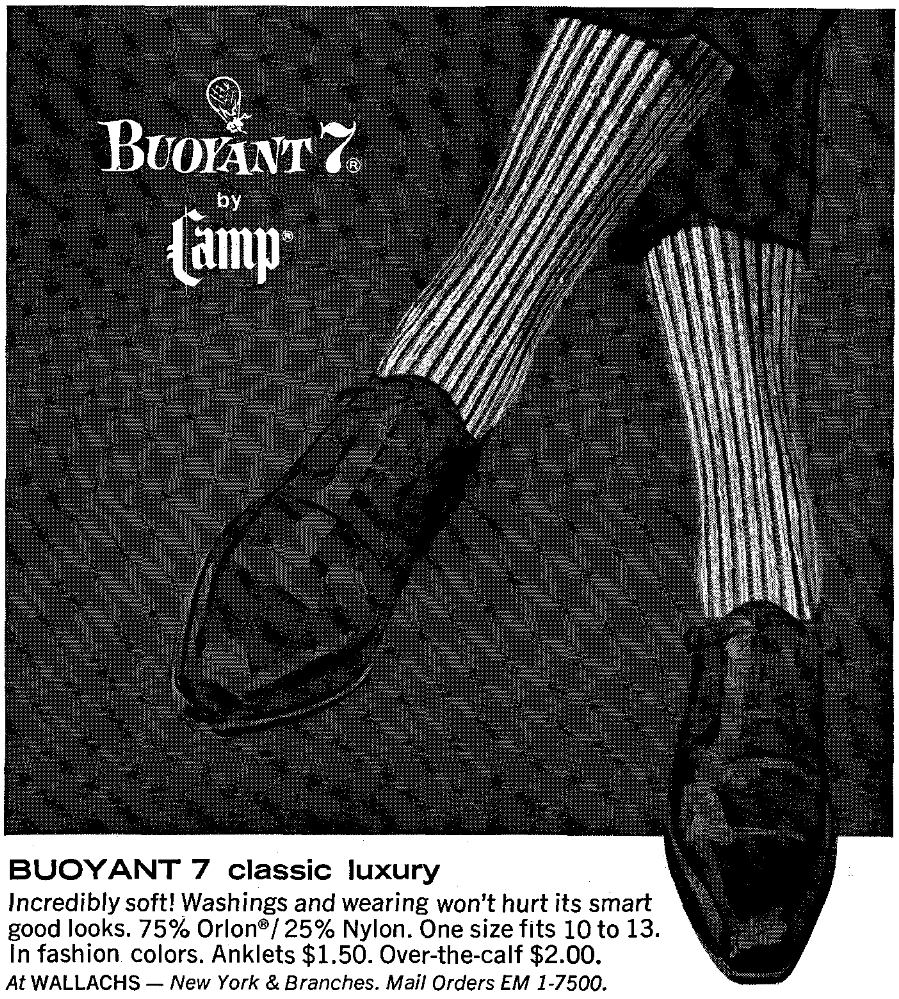
Wear this Nettleton to the office . . . or when dining at the embassy

It takes a discerning person like yourself to fully appreciate the superior qualities of this distinctive dress boot. Made slowly, patiently, skillfully, by our exclusive Loaflex® process. Light and, pliant, in slipon style with hidden stretch gore . . . to make you look younger, feel better, even if you must be on your feet all day long.

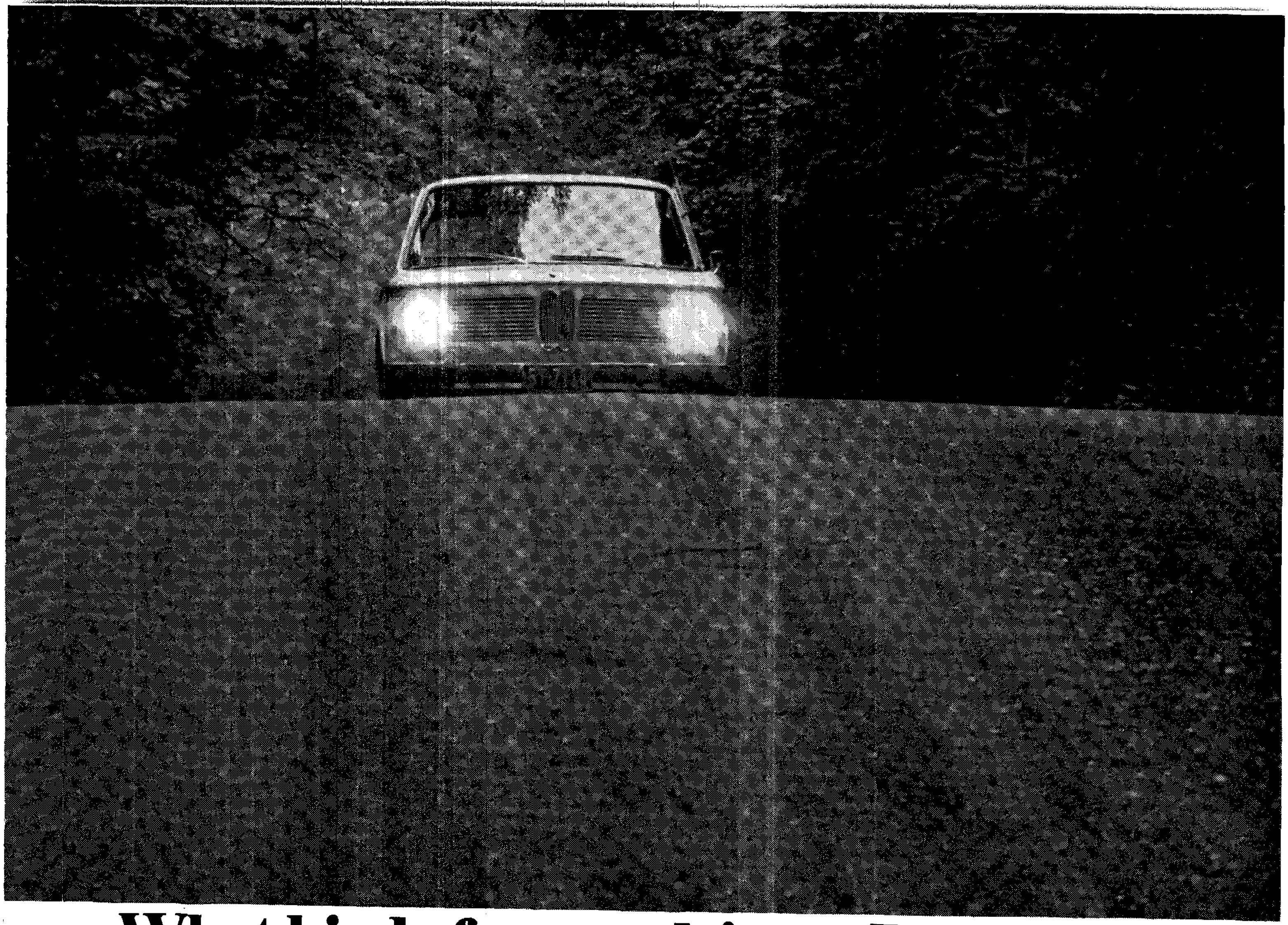
AVANT.
Imported butter soft premium calf. Dark brown or jet black.
About $38.

Write for our new Style Folder #681 and name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have and a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO. ■ SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



BUOYANT 7 classic luxury
Incredibly soft! Washings and wearing won't hurt its smart good looks. 75% Orlon®/ 25% Nylon. One size fits 10 to 13. In fashion colors. Anklets $1.50. Over-the-calf $2.00.
At WALLACHS — *New York & Branches. Mail Orders EM 1-7500.*



What kind of a man drives a BMW?

A man who loves to drive for the sheer, exhilarating sport of it. A man who wants performance, not merely transportation. A man to whom a fast, winding road is both a challenge and an invitation.

For this man, the Bavarian Motor Works builds a brilliant new 2-door sedan that is making its mark on the highways of the world.

Capable of great speeds, the BMW will actually cruise at 100 mph. Through the gears its acceleration will astonish you; no ordinary car can stay with it. And to match its performance with safety, the BMW features a unique, fully-independent suspension that provides phenomenal road-holding.

For all this, the BMW is a very civilized machine. Priced at under $2600, it has plenty of room for four big adults, it delivers up to 30 miles per gallon of gas, and it rarely needs attention, let alone repairs.

But best of all is the way this car *goes*. In Germany, where high-speed driving is a national sport, BMW leads the pack.

What kind of man drives a BMW? A sportsman. If you are that kind of man, see your BMW dealer. He has the car that was built for you.

Suggested retail prices start at **$2,597** P.O.E. New York. U.S. Importer: **Hoffman** Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure.

Bavarian Motor Works

The Sportsman's Car

Energy

THE VILLAGER® suit to get going in. For collecting contributions or exploring the old part of town or shopping for a new swimsuit, (that's another VILLAGER story). The get-up-and-go suit, thick and thin striped Dacron polyester and cotton in Navy/Red, Forgetmenot/Daffodil, Azalea/Honeydew, Honeydew/Tangerine, Daffodil/Forgetmenot on White. Sizes 6 to 16.

About $33 at good stores and college shops

The Villager ®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253.

bags over their heads, being herded into airplanes or trucks under the guard of Americans carrying shotguns. I learned at the Task Force Oregon Information Office that ninety-three per cent of them were eventually cleared as innocent and released.)

In due course, I was received by Colonel Tho, who is about forty and is shorter than most of his countrymen. He has strikingly clear and handsome features, he was immaculately groomed, and he displayed a solid, if inelegant, command of English, which he had acquired during two years of military training in the United States. It had recently been reported in the Vietnamese military press that Colonel Tho had insisted that several air-conditioners intended for his own spacious offices be installed in an ARVN hospital instead. I mentioned this to him when I met him, and he laughed in delight and embarrassment, brushing the matter away with a sweep of his hand. Colonel Tho then motioned to an American officer standing behind him, who stepped forward for a few seconds to introduce himself, in a hushed voice, as Lieutenant Colonel Robert O. Lynch, Senior Adviser for Quang Tin Province, and then stepped back, solemn-faced, like a well-trained butler. Throughout the interview, Colonel Tho laughed often and gesticulated expansively, and Colonel Lynch sat silent, apparently to avoid cramping the Province Chief's style with an overbearing American presence.

We sat down around a small coffee table, and I asked Colonel Tho what his role had been in the planning of Operation Benton, and whether he had restrained Task Force Oregon from any bombings or shellings during the first five days of the operation. I learned that his method of giving clearance in an American military operation was not to review the targets of individual air strikes or shellings but to give the American ground commander a blanket clearance before the operation was launched. The Chop Vum area had been covered by such a clearance, and Colonel Tho had received no information on the results of any American air strikes, except in terms of enemy casualties, since the beginning of Operation Benton.

"The American Army comes to me to ask my permission for running the operation, and I tell them the areas they can't bomb," Colonel Tho told me. Later, I learned that he had been called to a meeting two days before the operation and had been asked to specify the no-strike zones. It had

A guide to The Homestead

WHAT: One of America's most luxurious hotels, the center of a 17,000-acre resort, a spa and sportsman's paradise since the 18th century.

WHERE: High in the cool Alleghany Mountains, at Hot Springs, Virginia; 4½ hours from Washington, D.C. by car, 1 hour by air. Daily flights by Piedmont Airlines from New York, Washington, Atlanta and Cincinnati.

SPORTS: *Golfing* on three 18-hole courses. *Swimming* in indoor or outdoor pools, with adjacent sunbathing beach. *Tennis* on eight courts. (En-Tout-Cas and Teniko Royal.) *Riding* on two hundred miles of trails. Hunter hacks and saddle horses for children, beginners and experienced riders; surreys and carriages for hire. *Trout fishing* along a 3-mile private stream. *Shooting* facilities for skeet and trap. *Bowling* on the lawn or on our ten-pin alleys. *Also* game rooms, pro shops, hunting and winter sports in season.

CHILDREN: For small children, a supervised playground and indoor playrooms; sitters are also available. For older children, sports instruction, movies and dancing.

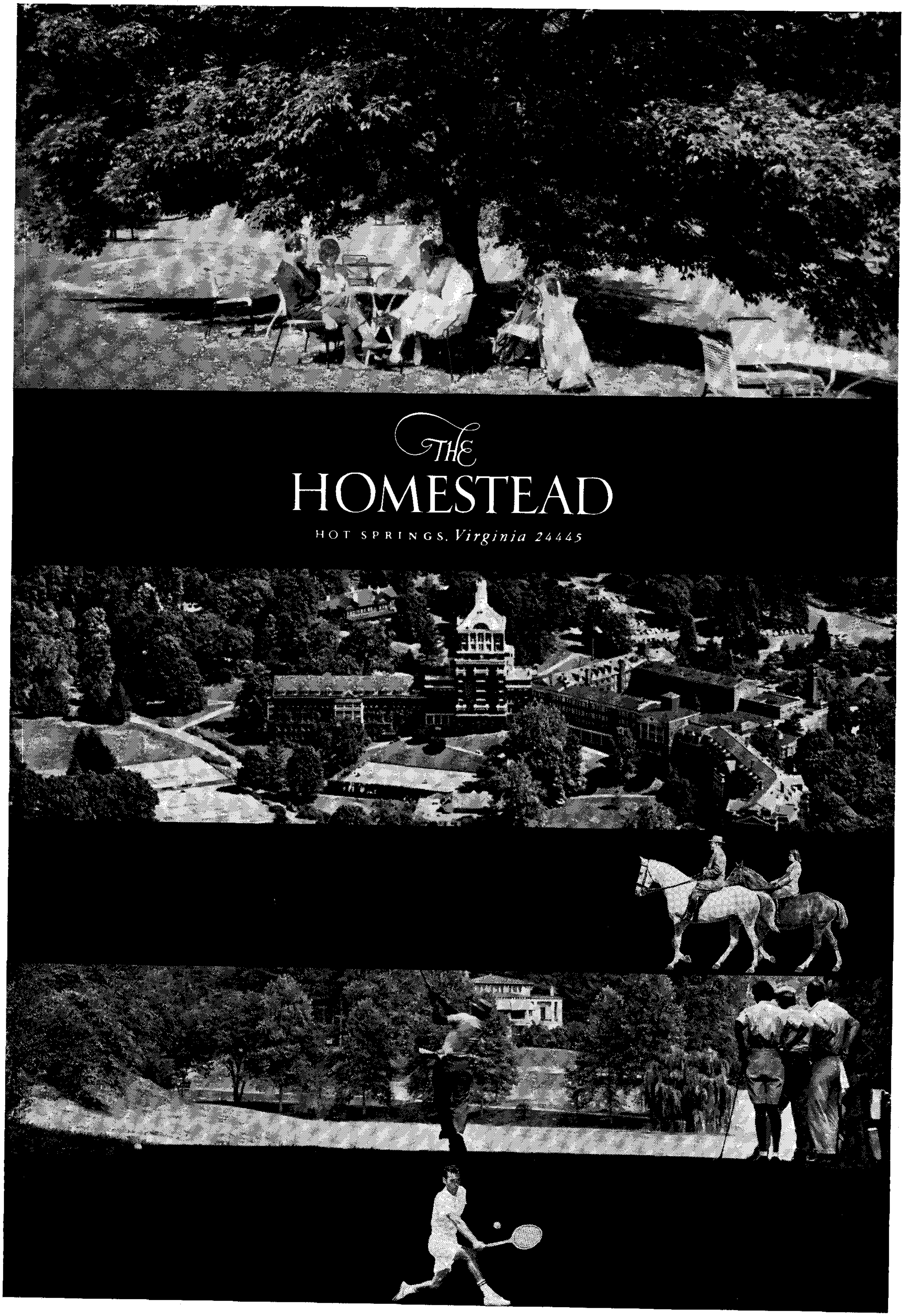
NIGHT LIFE: Dancing nightly, except Sunday. Concerts daily; movies every night.

THE SPA: One of the best equipped, medically supervised spas in the world. Its steam bath and massage facilities are also popular with sports enthusiasts.

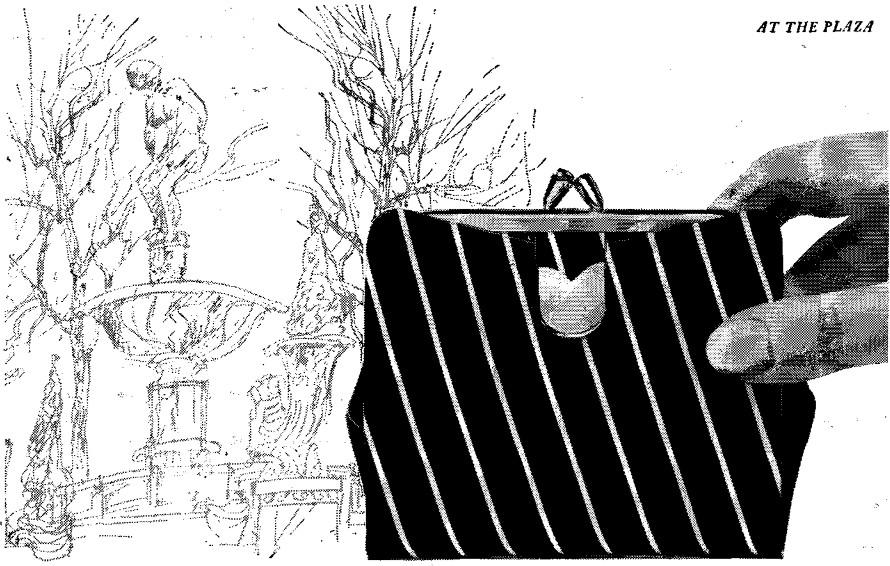
SERVICE AND FOOD: Service is personal, unobtrusive and courteous. The food is delicious.

DETAILS: Write for rates, reservations or descriptive booklet. Special folders are available on subjects of particular interest.

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

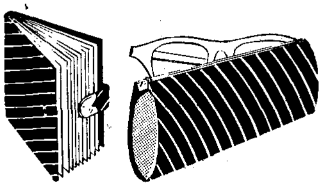


THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia 24445*



Bond Street has fine fashion well in hand.

The things this elegant French Purse will hold! Dollars and coins, credit cards, photos, memos, licenses and what not, all in neat compartments. From the Bond Street Collection of matched accessories. Exquisitely crafted in striped patent leather. Black with white stripes, white with black, brown with white. $10.00. Matching spectacle case $7.50; credit card case $6.50. At fine stores everywhere or write us for store nearest you. Bond Street Ltd., 30 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



TM 819,328

Bond Street Ltd.
BENCHMARK OF QUALITY

Piccolino
GINO PAOLI
FOR THE NEW
GENERATION

Italians have a way with blossoms. Imported Piccolino go-togethers, knit of Orlon® acrylic yarn, lavish with hand-detailing like contour hand-looping on coat at waist, on high yoke of dress. Others from $11 in a collection for girls and boys; toddlers thru 14. I. Magnin, West Coast, and other fine stores. PICCOLINO, div. of Gino Paoli, 112 W. 34th, NYC 10001

then been agreed not to operate within several kilometres of the town of Phuoc Tien. "Outside of Phuoc Tien, the ground commander decides where to bomb," he went on. "Sometimes I give permission to burn a fortified village on the ground, but not so many in this operation. Just one or two. Sometimes the villages support the V.C., and they are *too strong*, so they must be destroyed."

I asked him about his plans for the civilians in the area.

"No refugees this time, unless they *ask* to come," Colonel Tho said. "We take out only villagers who are friendly to protect in the government area. For relatives of the V.C., maybe they have to suffer some."

At this point, Colonel Lynch looked up, and, after asking and receiving the Province Chief's permission to speak, he said, "Of course, when we *do* have to destroy a village, in almost every case we warn the people in advance with announcements or leaflets. We're very careful about that."

I asked Colonel Tho if there were any plans for securing the area after Operation Benton was over.

"Well, maybe, sometime, but now we don't have enough troops," Colonel Tho said. "This operation is just to get the main-force V.C. units. This war has many faces. Sometimes we find V.C., and move some people for economic war. Sometimes economic war is most important. Population control. Change the population patterns."

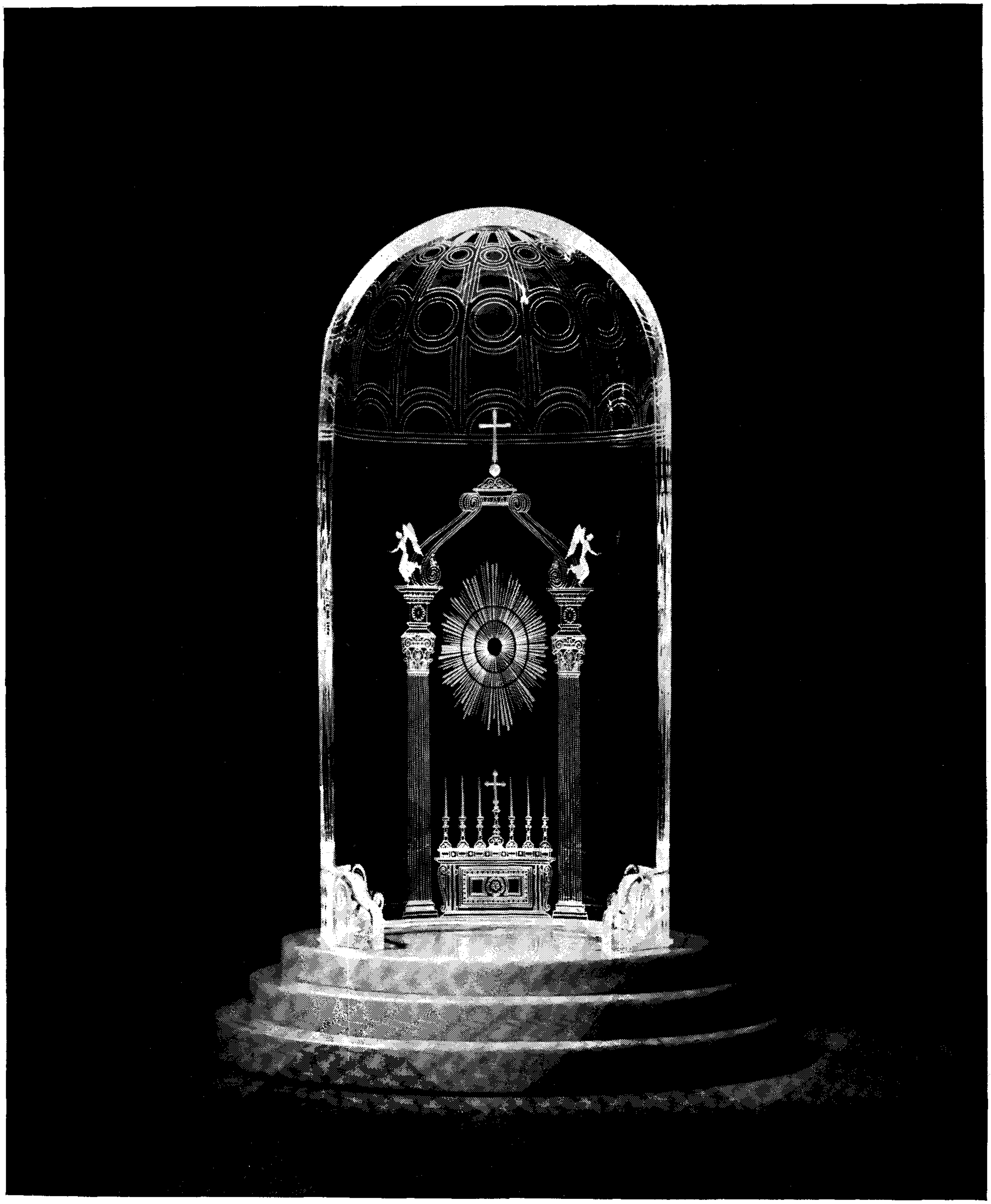
I observed to the Province Chief that the two churches in Thanh Phuoc had been bombed, and asked if he had heard about that.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I got the report this morning that V.C.s blow up two churches."

I said that I had seen American planes bomb the churches.

The Province Chief laughed for several seconds, and said, "Well, in the fighting you cannot always tell what is happening, and you cannot always tell the difference between just regular houses and church."

Later, I spoke with a captain in the ARVN who had been in and out of the northern provinces since the end of the Second World War, and he expressed alarm at the policies that our military had developed in I Corps over the past year or so. "The Americans are destroying everything," he said. "If they get just one shot from a village, they destroy it. We have an expression: The American S-5 builds a village and the American S-3 destroys it." S-5 is the Civil Affairs Office, and



ALTAR: Engraved crystal with marble base • Designed by George Thompson

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

S-3 is the Operations Office. "I helped give out rice and building materials in one village, and three days later it was completely bombed. They bomb villages with the families of our troops living in them. A soldier comes back from Saigon and finds that his family has been killed. They bomb the rich and the poor. The rich man is the V.C.'s enemy. We should protect him. But now he has two enemies: the V.C., and the Americans who bomb all the houses. They even bomb the houses of the local militia. Who has made this new policy? The Americans never try to protect a village. Just one V.C.—*just one*—can enter any village with a machine gun and the people are helpless against him. What can they do? Nothing. He shoots, and then their village is bombed."

On my way back to Chu Lai from Tam Ky, I had an opportunity to talk for fifteen minutes or so with several members of a group of about a hundred civilians who had been brought to a staging area from the Benton area of operation the day before. According to plans worked out by the office of the Province Chief, villagers who might be brought out of the area would enter the government camp at Ly Tra, but when the officials at Ly Tra heard about this they refused to accept any new arrivals, declaring that they already had far more people than they could supply with food and shelter. The evacuated villagers were split up and shunted off to a number of smaller camps. The jeep I was riding in happened to stop at the staging area. The hundred-odd villagers, who were from several different parts of the Benton area, were grouped on a concrete platform the size of half a basketball court, which was covered by a tin roof mounted on metal stilts. The platform stood in the center of a vast, treeless, sandy, scrubby expanse. There was a good deal of this type of terrain on the shore side of Route 1 in Quang Tin and Quang Ngai, but it had not traditionally been a living place for the Vietnamese; they had always built their houses near trees and water, and had reserved the arid fields of white sand and coarse grasses as sites for tombs. Next to the platform stood several rows of huts with roofs of tin or thatch and walls of straw or cardboard. These housed people who had left their homes earlier in the year.

There were no Americans at the site, but, with the aid of an interpreter, I discovered that a group of people who had lived around the two bombed churches in Thanh Phuoc were present. I approached this group, and attempted to address myself to a young woman who was crouching on the concrete with three children holding on to her, but this proved impossible, for ten or twelve other people immediately crowded around me and all answered my questions at once. The interpreter was overwhelmed by the hail of answers, and succeeded in interpreting no more than a fraction of them. There were only two or three young men in the entire assemblage of civilians, but there were quite a lot of old women, and they were by far the boldest in speaking out. I asked the group around me where they had gone when the bombing began, and I received a hail of answers.

"We went in our caves."

"We didn't come out for three days. We ran out of food."

"I want to go back to find my sister."

"My house was bombed."

"We don't have anything to eat here."

"Three people were killed."

"Can I have some rice?"

"We don't have any blankets here."

"All the houses were bombed."

"We hid in the caves and brought the children."

"We couldn't bring any possessions."

I asked whether they had been able to reach the camp with their families intact.

"I am thankful to say that all my children are here."

"I don't know where my daughter is."

"My daughters are here, but my son is gone."

"My husband isn't here."

"We couldn't bring anything."

"I want to go back to find my father."

I was apparently the first American who had spoken to them, and they naturally mistook me for someone in charge, who could help them. When one woman said she wanted to go back to find other members of her family, there was an immediate outburst of enthusiasm from the group.

"Will you send the helicopters back to bring more people?"

"Can I go back?"

"I don't have any food."

"Will you bring out more people?"

When they asked me to send heli-

We have more to offer than the European Alps...

including the yodels!

We have cool, dry alpine air, the overwhelming beauty of towering glacial peaks; the slowed-down freedom from civilized pressures; plus a lot more luxury, fun and recreational opportunities than you'd find in . . . (ahem) over there. Golf to fishing to tennis to pack trips to arts and crafts to swimming to fine music and art to jeeping to horseback riding — you name it!

With us you can count on an unforgettable alpine vacation. And you'll be fortunate enough to witness the blossoming of ten years' worth of meticulous planning and reverent collaboration with Nature.

Make reservations for the whole family (for your conference or meeting too, while you're at it) by writing Snowmass-at-Aspen, Dept. STC-B, Box 5000, West Village, Aspen, Colorado 81611, or by asking your travel agent about our special summer package plans.

snowmass-at-aspen™

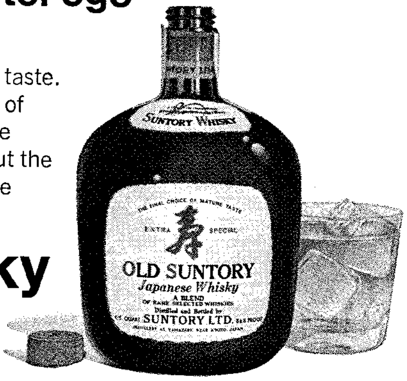
the resort for all seasons

A joint venture of Janss Colorado Corp. and American Cement Properties, Inc.

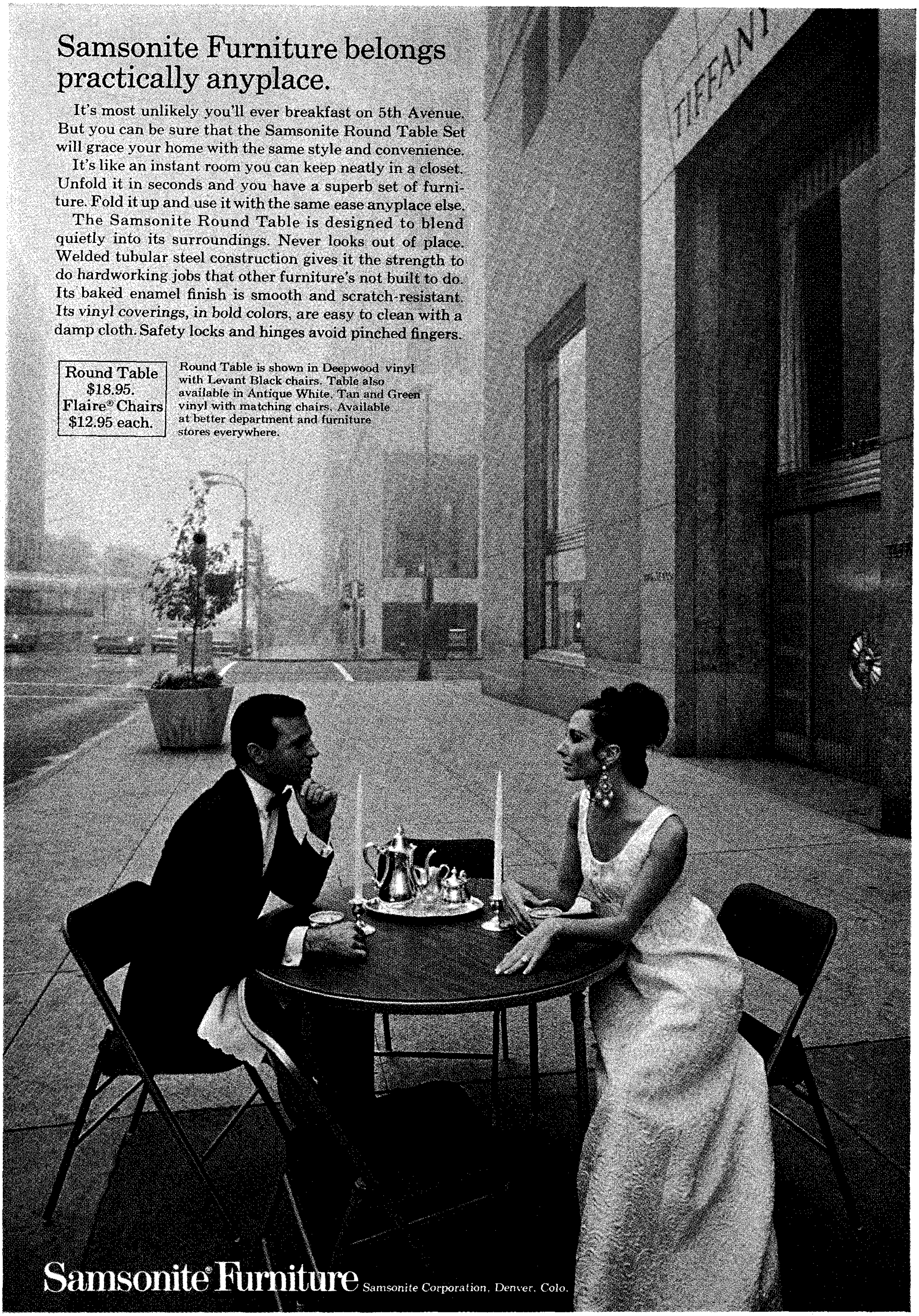
Satisfy the imaginative taste of your alter ego

Stellar quality. That's Suntory Whisky. Appeals to your own imaginative taste. You'll admire its light, smooth, mellow character . . . and be reminded of some other great whiskies of the world. That's because Suntory is made exactly the same way. But there is something a bit more dramatic about the flavor. Applaud it straight — or with your favorite mix. Look for it where fine whiskies are sold.

SUNTORY, the other whisky


Suntory Whisky
EXTRA
SPECIAL
OLD SUNTORY
Japanese Whisky
SUNTORY LTD.

86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California.



Samsonite Furniture belongs practically anyplace.

It's most unlikely you'll ever breakfast on 5th Avenue. But you can be sure that the Samsonite Round Table Set will grace your home with the same style and convenience.

It's like an instant room you can keep neatly in a closet. Unfold it in seconds and you have a superb set of furniture. Fold it up and use it with the same ease anyplace else.

The Samsonite Round Table is designed to blend quietly into its surroundings. Never looks out of place. Welded tubular steel construction gives it the strength to do hardworking jobs that other furniture's not built to do. Its baked enamel finish is smooth and scratch-resistant. Its vinyl coverings, in bold colors, are easy to clean with a damp cloth. Safety locks and hinges avoid pinched fingers.

Round Table
$18.95.
Flaire® Chairs
$12.95 each.

Round Table is shown in Deepwood vinyl with Levant Black chairs. Table also available in Antique White, Tan and Green vinyl with matching chairs. Available at better department and furniture stores everywhere.

Samsonite® Furniture Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colo.

copters back for their relatives, some of the villagers pointed to the blue mountains on the edge of the hot plain.

The men present did not answer unless they were addressed specifically. Upon being asked about his family, one old man, who was wearing a pith helmet and the black pajamalike garment that most Vietnamese farmers wear, told me with exaggerated politeness that his son was an ARVN soldier, and immediately several women chorused that they, too, had sons in the ARVN.

"My son went into the ARVN four years ago and I haven't heard anything from him since," another woman added.

"My son went with the Vietcong," said still another.

Some of the women, apparently not putting much trust in my interpreter, resorted to gestures and pantomime to gain my attention. They stretched out empty palms to show that they had nothing, pointed to dirty children or pointed to their stomachs, and made theatrically exaggerated piteous faces, mimicking their own suffering. One woman grabbed me by the sleeve and tugged me a few yards to a tiny pile of clothes and blackened pots, and told me, "This is all I could bring."

Among the people assembled on the platform were some who stood with glazed eyes and parted lips. I asked a woman about one of these, and she answered, "He has a fever. Many of the other people have fevers." She shook her head and said, "It is not good to have a fever."

Several other people took no interest in my presence, and one young mother, who was squatting barefoot among her children, turned her back with a sorrowful, angry look when I addressed her through my interpreter.

Children from the nearby huts had mingled with the newly arrived people, and these children were extremely bold. In the manner of most Vietnamese children who have lived anywhere near Americans for very long, they thrust their hands in my pockets and shouted "Chop-chop souvenir!" (which means, in effect, "Give me something to eat!"), or "Chewing gum! Chewing gum!," or simply "O.K.! O.K.! O.K.!" But four children from the Chop Vum area whom I attempted to talk to ran away and, when I followed them, would not meet my gaze.

After I had spoken with the people from Thanh Phuoc, I was approached by a thin middle-aged man in clean black clothes, who introduced himself

The Case of Peter Dawson

Good to your taste
Good to your purse

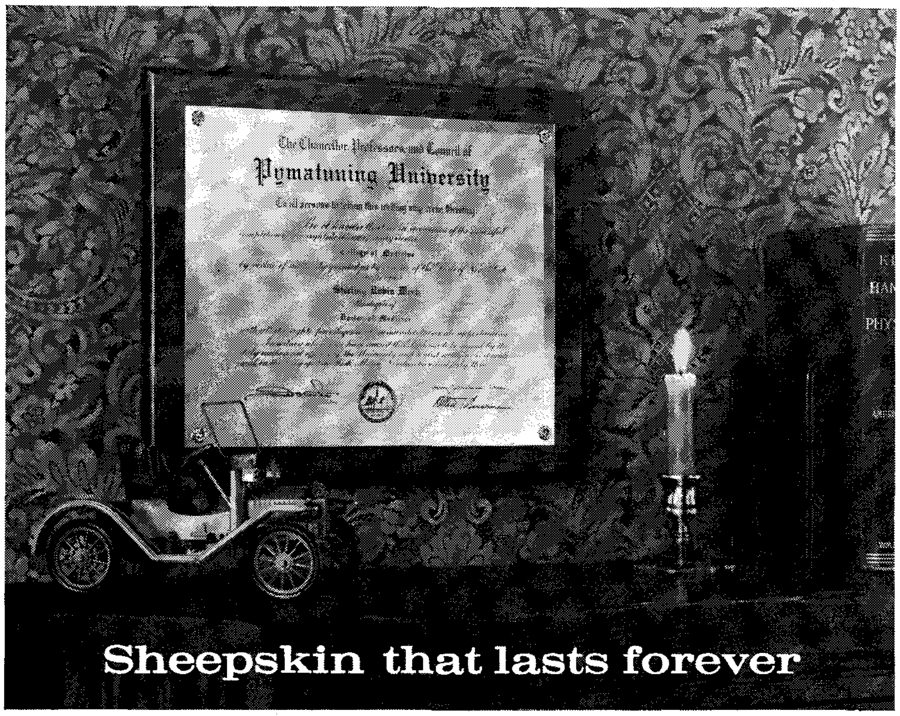
PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH
Good to your taste
Good to your purse
3C-4491
SPECIAL
P.D.
Scotch Whisky
WILE
PETER
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
Blended Scotch Whisky
Peter Dawson
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH

5.75 Fifth
86.8 Proof

New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

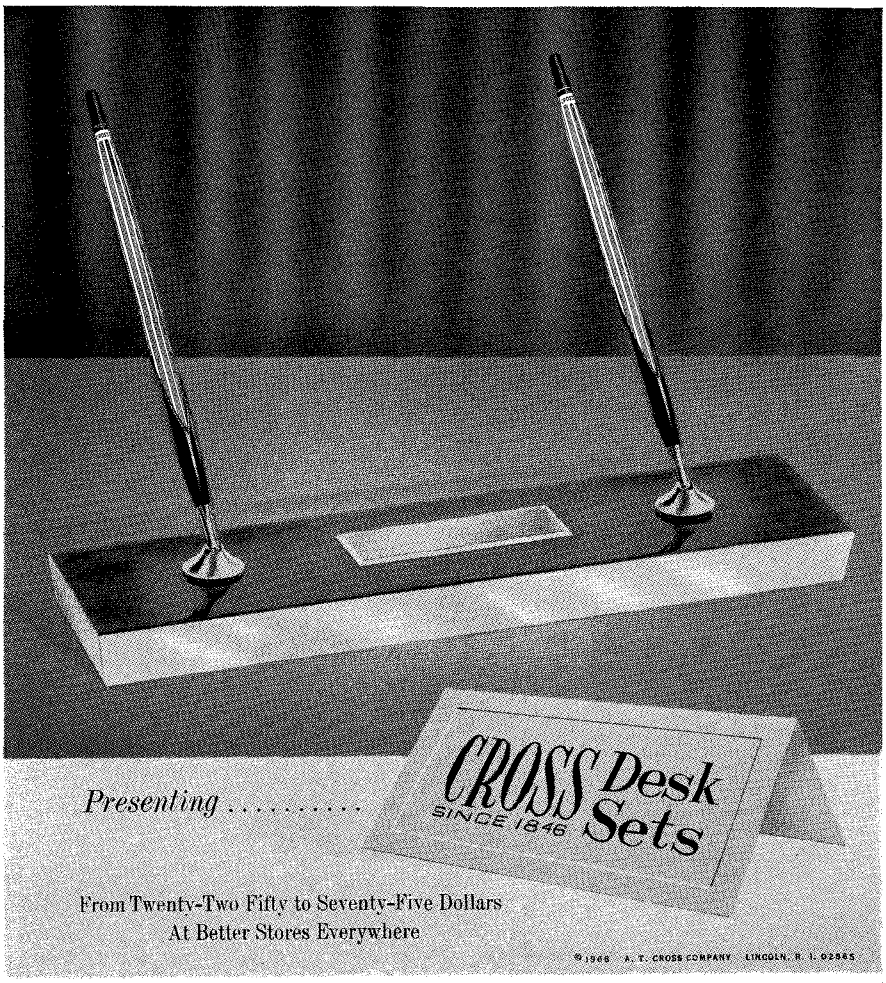
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
Let this seal be your guide to quality



Precisely reproduced on satin-finish stainless steel, a college diploma, a certificate, or any other document will virtually last forever. Lettering and illustrations are fused to the solid stainless steel . . . impervious to moisture, aging, and sunlight. A mere wipe with damp cloth maintains its elegant luster.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel; the plaque maker's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-4872, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)


Presenting . . . .
CROSS Desk Sets
SINCE 1846
From Twenty-Two Fifty to Seventy-Five Dollars
At Better Stores Everywhere
©1968 A. T. CROSS COMPANY LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

as a former pastor of one of the two bombed churches. He said that he himself had left Thanh Phuoc a year and a half before, and had now come to the staging area to help settle the new arrivals. One of the churches had been Catholic and the other Protestant, he explained, and the people of Thanh Phuoc had built both churches themselves, about a decade earlier, under the guidance of missionary groups from Saigon, which had made the materials available.

As we drove away, a helicopter landed and a fatherless family climbed out onto the bare field, each person carrying a small bundle.

ON August 27th, the day before Operation Benton was brought to a close, I flew on one more FAC mission over the Chop Vum area to see what had happened to it during the remainder of the operation. I flew with Captain Reese. As we crossed the 196th Light Brigade's area of operation, Captain Reese pointed out an avenue of brown trees and fields that was about two hundred yards wide and ran for three kilometres down the center of a cultivated valley. He explained that Operation Ranch Hand had sprayed the valley with defoliants three days earlier. As we approached the Chop Vum area, I found that during the nine days since I had last flown over the region about fifty per cent of the houses in the villages just north of the Song Tien had been destroyed. To judge by the appearance of the ruins and the density of the craters, the houses had been destroyed by bombing and artillery. In some places, a single house stood untouched in the center of a scene of devastation; in other places the ruins of a destroyed house lay in the center of an untouched group of houses. On the south side of the Song Tien, where ground troops had been burning houses when I last flew over the area, the houses had been systematically burned in a path that curved around to the eastern side of Chop Vum. Approximately sixty-five per cent of the houses in the Chop Vum area as a whole had been destroyed.

Captain Reese had been assigned to guide two pre-planned strikes during his three-hour mission that day. On our way to the first target, I noticed five or six people on the roads and in the fields. When Captain Reese spotted three people in a rice field, he said to me, "They're down there around their houses, harvesting the rice. They oughta know better'n that. They're liable to get hurt." A minute later, having spotted a lone figure walking along a road, he said, "There's some guy. He probably lives here."

Over our radio, someone on the ground said, addressing someone else on the ground, "I went over, found a couple of people in the open, and took a couple of shots at them. They went away."

Another voice said, "We've got some suspects here. A couple of them look a little *old*, but the others look real good."

"Keep them for us," said an answering voice, with a heavy French accent. Captain Reese explained that the Intelligence Officer of one company was a former Frenchman who had fought with his countrymen in Vietnam before their defeat in 1954.

The first target turned out to be a patch of forest that was bordered on two sides by fields and houses. Someone walked quickly from a yard into a house as our plane approached.

Captain Reese asked a ground commander who was two or three kilometres away which part of the woods to bomb.

"Why don't you pick the best area for exfiltration?" the ground commander suggested.

"I really like that little knoll over to the west where you can see the exfiltration trails in the woods there," Captain Reese said. "I think we can expose it for you."

Just then, another ground commander interrupted to request an immediate strike. That afternoon, he explained, C Company was going to be landed by helicopter on a bare hill that stood among wooded hills and vegetable fields in the Chop Vum area. He gave Captain Reese the coördinates, and we flew to the designated place. Then Captain Reese asked the second ground commander if he wanted to have any particular spot hit.

"Well, C Company is going in there, and we want to give them preparation in any likely areas of enemy troop concentration," the ground commander answered.

"Well, I can see a valley that might be good, and another hill with some trails running up into the woods. Which place do you want?"

"Both of those places sound good to me. Pick the one *you* want."

"O.K. I think I'll put it in on the little hill. There's some trails going up there, and there might be something up there," Captain Reese said. He was looking down at a small, steep hill that was already marked with five or six large bomb craters. After checking for

Sometimes mothers are so worried about keeping your playsuit clean, they forget you're supposed to play in it.

"bits 'n' bytes" playsuits are the kind of playsuits that make you look like a little angel. But that doesn't mean you have to act like one. They're 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber. And they're guaranteed for 1 year's normal wear. (Refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.)

So when your mother puts you into one, she won't automatically put you into a chair right after.

In sizes from 12 months to 12 years And all kinds of colors.

"bits 'n' bytes"® playsuits. You can play in them.

IN DALLAS—NEIMAN-MARCUS

One year guarantee NO-IRON

WEAR DATED®

ACRILAN® acrylic fiber by Monsanto

Is your 16-year old son a better driver than you are?

Did you answer "no" to any of the questions on the opposite page? If you did, your 16-year old may have better driving habits than you do. (Don't be mad. Be happy.)

The chances are good that he learned those good habits in one of the 12,000 cars Chrysler-Plymouth and Dodge dealers are making available to accredited driver education courses this year.

Free cars? Sure. Chrysler Corporation has a vested interest in safe, courteous driving.

Since 1964, our dealers loaned over 33,000 cars to over 4,000 high schools and colleges—free of charge

We send the high-spirited Spurr

1. Do you use safety belts every time you drive? YES ☐ NO ☐

2. Do you check your rearview mirrors every few seconds? YES ☐ NO ☐

3. Do you signal when you're going to change lanes? YES ☐ NO ☐

4. Do you stay a car's length behind the car in front for every ten miles per hour of speed? YES ☐ NO ☐

5. Do you always stay within the posted speed limits? YES ☐ NO ☐

6. Do you always reduce your speed when the pavement is wet? YES ☐ NO ☐

7. Do you stop for a rest when you feel yourself getting tired? YES ☐ NO ☐

8. Do you drive defensively, always assuming the other fellow might do something wrong? YES ☐ NO ☐

9. Do you always lower your headlights for oncoming cars? YES ☐ NO ☐

10. Do you always check your tires before setting out on a long trip? YES ☐ NO ☐

low troupe to high schools all around the country to put on musical safe-driving assemblies.

We supply free teaching materials for driver education courses.

As America's fifth largest industrial corporation, we figure this is only natural.

We build good cars. Why not help build good drivers?

Plymouth · Dodge · Chrysler · Imperial
Dodge Trucks · Simca · Sunbeam

CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

snappy number for spring outings

—Wallachs' new cotton corduroy Norfolk jacket covers the casual scene with great style. Two bellows pockets, button tab side vents and belted, of course. Full rayon satin lining. Color is a mellow whiskey tone. Sizes 36 to 46. 25.00

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores in Greater N.Y. and N.J.

Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. Add 65¢ outside Met. N.Y. motor delivery area.

Value-Packed

Pearson 35

Thrill to the biggest 35′ sailing auxiliary afloat! Sleek, high performance hull. Popular keel-centerboard underbody. 9½′ cockpit. Expansive cruising interior. Spacious galley, dinette, storage. Elegant owner's stateroom. New Pearson 35 is fast, luxurious. 35′ of adventure! Own one? Easier than you think. Write for literature. Pearson Yachts, Dept. Q7, West Shore Rd., Portsmouth, R.I. 02811 or contact your nearest Pearson dealer for full details.

PEARSON YACHTS
GRUMMAN ALLIED INDUSTRIES, INC.

clearance, he waited for the fighter-bombers, and when they arrived he brought our plane into a dive and fired a phosphorus rocket. The puff of white smoke appeared about thirty yards from the summit of the hill.

The target was small, but in the ensuing air strike the fighter-bombers succeeded in sending three loads of bombs and one of napalm almost directly on the phosphorus smoke. Two final loads of napalm landed within fifty yards of the smoke.

When the strike was finished, Captain Reese congratulated the pilots on their unusually excellent aim. Then he made several low passes over the smoking hill, and remarked to me, "There ain't nothin' there."

Captain Reese turned back toward the first of his pre-planned targets but was once again interrupted by a ground commander who wished to request an immediate strike. His company was operating about three kilometres north of the Song Tien and one kilometre north of a small road that ran east and west, parallel to the river. Instead of giving coördinates, the ground commander guided Captain Reese to the target by describing it in relation to landmarks on the ground.

"It's five hundred metres east of that pagoda on the road there. Have you got the pagoda?" the ground commander asked.

Captain Reese flew over the road from west to east for a minute, and answered, "I see a church but no pagoda."

"It's right under you now," the ground commander said.

"I don't see it," Captain Reese said.

"O.K., well, there's *one* hootch down there about a klik south of us that we want you to get," the ground commander said. "Klik" is military slang for a kilometre. "We've got sniper fire out of that tree line."

Captain Reese flew over the area indicated, and found that it was occupied by a village of sixty or seventy houses. Many of the houses that remained standing here and elsewhere along the road now had white flags flying on poles in their front yards. "I see a village down there," he said.

"No, this is just one hootch," said the ground commander, who was apparently unable to see the village from his spot on the ground because of a thick cover of trees.

"Well, I'll put in a marker round," Captain Reese said, and he sent the plane into a dive. He bore down on the village and fired a phosphorus rocket into its center. "How's that?"

he asked the ground commander as he brought the plane out of the dive.

"No, that's not it," the ground commander said. "I'm talking about that *one* hootch in the tree line over to the east a couple of hundred metres."

"I'll put in another rocket," Captain Reese said.

The second rocket exploded to the east of the first rocket but—from the point of view of the ground unit—several hundred yards behind it.

"That's the general area," said the ground commander, apparently tired of trying to pinpoint the one house.

"Do you want us to pretty well cover this general area?" Captain Reese asked.

"Affirmative. Hit the whole area. We've seen activity all through this area."

"The activity I see down there is all Charlie—is that right?"

"Roger. We're the only friendlies around."

"O.K., I'll put in a can of napalm and see what it looks like," Captain Reese said. Addressing the flight commander of three F-4s that had arrived overhead during the conversation with the ground commander, he said, "Would you put your napes on those hootches down there, about a hundred yards from my smoke at ten o'clock."

"Roger," the flight commander answered. "I'll make my dry run now."

Shortly afterward, an F-4 cut through an opening in some large, puffy white clouds that were floating in a clear blue sky, and made a pass over the village.

"O.K., I've found a hole I can come down through onto the target," the pilot said.

On his next pass, the pilot sent two canisters of napalm down onto the western edge of the village. Two houses were immediately incinerated.

"Real fine. A real good hit," said Captain Reese.

The second plane sent its napalm into some vegetable fields next to the village. The napalm burned furiously in the brown earth and belched black smoke for about a half a minute. The napalm from the next pass again landed on the edge of the village, setting another house on fire.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" exclaimed Captain Reese.

"We've got two seven-hundred-fifty-pound bombs for this next run," the flight commander announced.

On the next pass, the two bombs landed in the vegetable fields, with the result that two small fields were eliminated by deep craters, and dirt

NO MISTAKE HERE

BOTH DESERT® BOOT AND DESERT KHAN ARE CRAFTED FOR COMFORT BY CLARKS OF ENGLAND

Surely by now you know all about Clarks Original Desert Boot. A legend for all time. Copied by many, matched by none. But maybe you prefer low cuts for spring and summer casual wear. O.K. Meet Desert Khan. King of comfort. Son of Desert Boot. Same foot-coddling traits because it's made over the same last — by the same skilled British craftsmen. Same simple, supple, weltless construction that gives you an "old shoe" feeling the minute you put them on. If high cuts aren't for you, strut around in comfort in Clarks Desert Khans.

B. ORIGINAL DESERT BOOT IN SAND, LODEN GREEN OR OAKWOOD BROWN SUEDE — GENUINE PLANTATION CREPE SOLES. About $15.00

K. ORIGINAL DESERT KHAN IN SAND, OAKWOOD BROWN OR LODEN GREEN SUEDE — GENUINE PLANTATION CREPE SOLES. About $15.00

BOTH DESERT BOOTS AND DESERT KHANS ARE AVAILABLE FOR WOMEN, TOO, IN SAND SUEDE — About $14.00

CRAFTED FOR COMFORT BY

Clarks OF ENGLAND

Clarks of England, Inc. • Box 528 • Norwalk, Connecticut 06856

®TM of Clarks

She loves her Chemstitch® coat!

So will you, once you feel the lightweight comfort that will take you from season to season, sunshine or not. 24-hour-a-day fashion, in ivory, navy, yellow, lime green; sizes 6 to 16, by **COUTURE SPECIALTIES.** About $50.00 at B. Altman & Co., N.Y. and branches, Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C., Rich's, Atlanta, G. Fox, Hartford, Harzfeld's, Kansas City.

CHEMSTITCH INC., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10001
COUTURE SPECIALTIES, 533 7th AVE., N.Y. 10018

was sprayed over the adjacent fields.

"We sure put some holes in their rice paddies there, didn't we?" Captain Reese remarked to me.

"Where do you want the strafe?" the flight commander asked.

Captain Reese referred the question to the ground commander.

"Try to get that one hootch," said the ground commander, who had not seen the results of the strike so far, because of the trees blocking his view.

"We'll try to get that hootch for you," Captain Reese said. "Shall we pretty much cover the area?"

"That's a roger," the ground commander said. "Any civilians in this area are Charlies, or Charlie sympathizers, so there's no sweat there."

"We'll work around through there with the twenty mike-mike," said Captain Reese. Addressing the flight commander, he said, "We'd like you to work around through this whole area." Then, apparently bringing his attention back to the problem of hitting the specific house that the ground commander was interested in but that the Captain himself had never identified, he seemed to decide, upon seeing a house with an especially large roof, that that was it. He said to the flight commander, "I'd like you to get that one big hootch north of where that first nape went in."

"The one with the big roof?" asked the flight commander.

"That's it," Captain Reese answered, not bothering to specify which of several big-roofed houses he had in mind—perhaps because any of them might have been the one the ground commander wanted destroyed.

The first strafing pass cut a sparkling path across the entire village. Three fairly big holes appeared in the red tile roof of a large stone house on its western edge. In back of this house, a tall palm tree was cut cleanly in half by one of the explosive shells, and its leafy top half slammed violently into a nearby yard.

"That's not the hootch I was thinking of," Captain Reese said. "Try to get the big one with a brown grass roof in the tree line to the right of it."

"Roger," answered the flight commander.

"Did you see that palm tree go down?" Captain Reese asked me. "That's how powerful those shells are."

On the next pass, the strafing fire cut across the entire village once again, this time drawing a flashing line through the large thatch-roofed house that Captain Reese had described to the flight commander. The house burst into flames, and a person ran out. Then two more people ran out, and then they all ran in again, to emerge once more, still at a run, with bundles in their arms. For about a minute, three or four people ran in and out of the house, bringing out bundles. Then the entire house was aflame and the roof fell in. As Captain Reese circled over the house, he watched the running people and remarked, "They're really gettin' it outta there. I don't blame them." Then, as though addressing the people carrying their belongings out of the house, he added, "Git it outta there! Git it outta there!"

When the house had collapsed entirely in the flames, Captain Reese headed away from the village and called the central control desk at Chu Lai. "We destroyed an Enemy Sniper Position. Seven structures were destroyed," he said in his Bomb Damage Assessment Report. After that, he asked the ground commander, "Did we get that hootch you wanted?"

"Well, you pretty much covered that whole area," the ground commander said.

The flight commander radioed to ask, "Did we get any K.B.A.s?"

"There's probably some K.B.A.s there," Captain Reese said. "We hit a hootch that they saw some snipers running into, but the ground unit probably won't go in there to look for bodies. That was real good work. I appreciate it."

"Well, thank you," the flight commander replied. "I enjoyed it."

Before returning to Chu Lai, Captain Reese had to perform a final task—that of observing a "Will Adjust" artillery mission. The target was a patch of forest next to a rice field in which thirty or forty water buffalo stood grazing. A fence near one edge of the field had been intended to restrict the water buffalo to a narrow strip of it, but the buffalo had made a breach in the fence and were feeding on the rows of rice shoots.

"We're gonna scatter some cattle down there," said Captain Reese.

The first round of artillery was a smoke shell, and it landed in a field some three hundred yards short of the target. Captain Reese advised the battery, which was about ten kilometres away, of the degree of its error, and the next round, which was an explosive shell, landed some fifty yards from the

The Permanent Portable.

An Olivetti Underwood Electric Adding Machine. For tax time. Any time. It knows no season.

It also straightens out checkbooks.
Adds up expense accounts.
Checks out grocery bills.
Totals up the family budget.

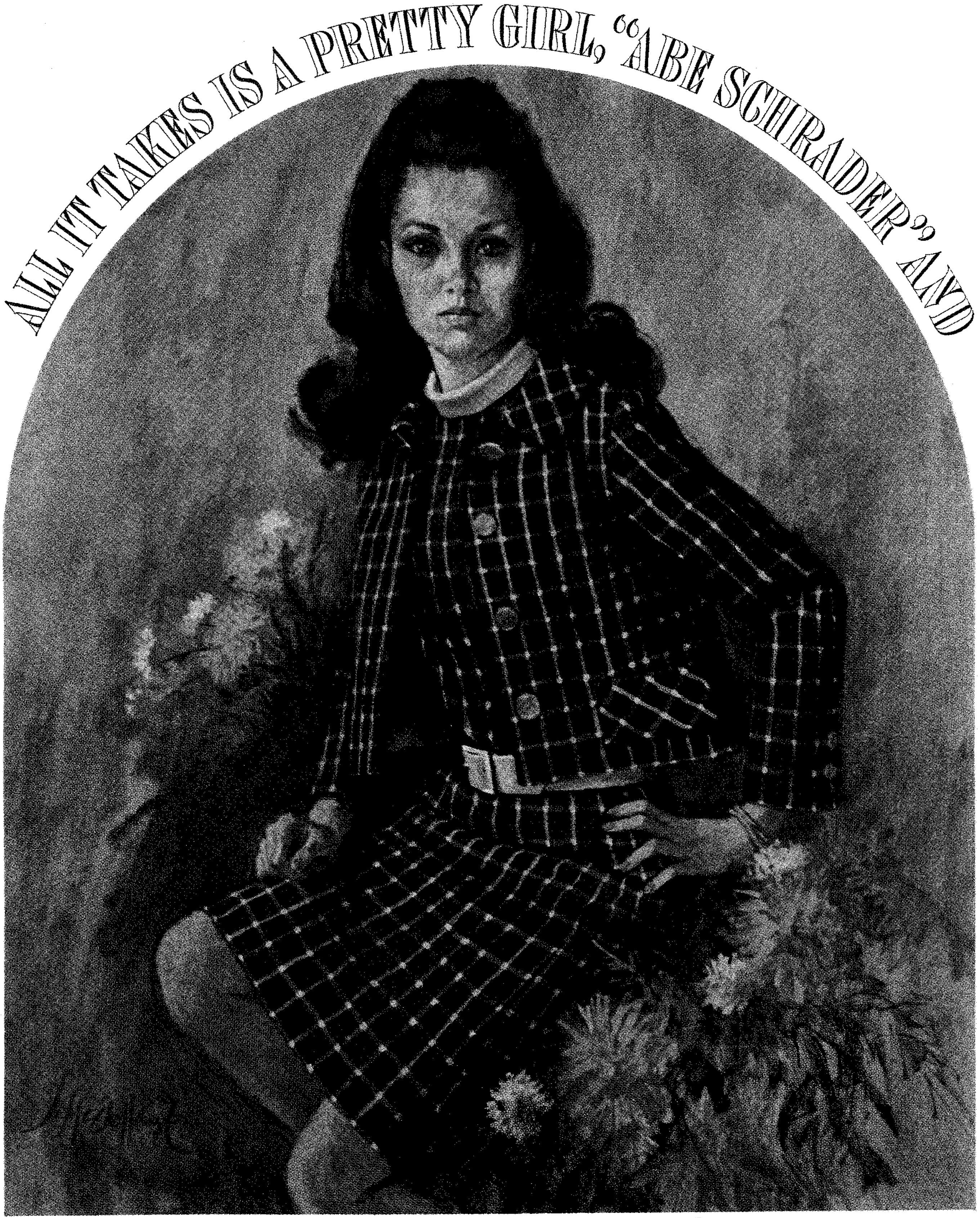
Helps with the kids' homework.
Subtracts and multiplies.
Weighs just over ten pounds.
Prints in two colors.

It works for the whole family.
Year after year.
If you have our Lettera, you know what we mean.

olivetti underwood

olivetti · underwood

Shown: the Quanta R. $119.95
suggested retail price (case extra)
9¼″ wide, 11″ long, 5¼″ high


ALL IT TAKES IS A PRETTY GIRL, "ABE SCHRADER" AND

MOORESVILLE MILLS

Abe Schrader's Belle Saunders creates your Spring suit of Mooresville Mills' Promenade® fabric, a 50/50 blend of Celanese Fortrel® polyester and combed cotton. Sizes 8-16, about $90* at: **Lord &Taylor,** New York City and branches; I. Magnin, all stores; Charles Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.

Mooresville Mills, 1430 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018
A Division of Burlington Industries

*Prices slightly higher in the West.

target. The next salvo, which consisted of several explosive shells, landed in the target area. The water buffalo lifted their heads together to look at the smoke from the explosion, and then moved to the opposite edge of the field. At that point, another FAC plane arrived to guide the rest of the artillery mission, and Captain Reese headed our plane back to Chu Lai.

ON one wall of their quarters, the FAC pilots had pinned a chart listing the K.B.A.s that were credited to missions guided by the various pilots in the past week. Major Billings was credited with four "points," Major Nugent with three, Captain Reese with four, Captain Leroy with two, and Lieutenant Moore with eleven. "Moore's got all the K.B.A.s," Major Billings remarked that evening. At the bottom of the chart, a carefully hand-lettered explanation of the point system read:

Points as follows:

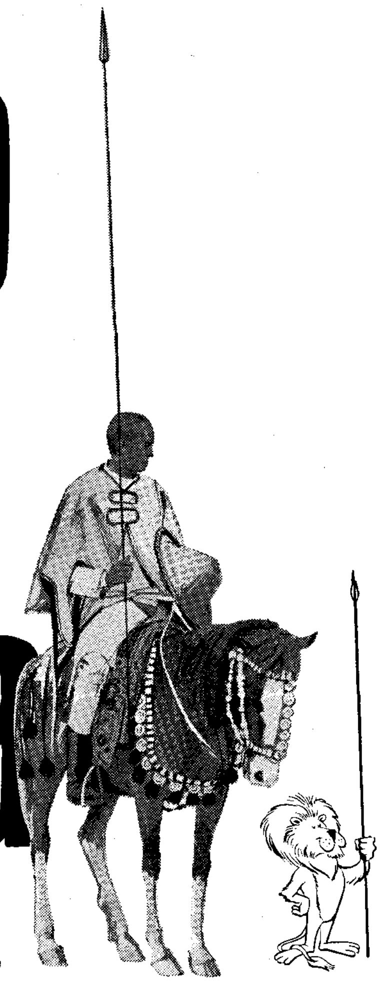
MEN	WOMEN
old 3	old 3
crippled 3	crippled 3
children 3	children 3
military age 1	military age 1
	pregnant 5

Special this month: Combination of two or more may also be counted.

In actuality, of course, the pilots rarely knew the age or sex of the people killed in air strikes, and this chart, like their joking at dinner the week before, seemed intended to ridicule the idea that innocent people were often killed by the bombings.

While I was looking at the chart, Major Nugent approached me with a troubled look and, shaking his head in disgust, said in a low voice, "Yeah, well, you know a couple of days ago a unit on the ground got some sniper fire from a hootch, so they called some phosphorus rockets on it. Then the guys on the ground rushed the place, and when they got there, there was nothing but two women and four kids in the hootch, all messed up real bad with shrapnel and phosphorus, and the V.C. had just plain disappeared. They couldn't find them anywhere, or find out where they went. That's the kind of war it is. That's what we're up against. Maybe those women were shooting. I don't know. It's the civilians who always get it. They get it in every war."

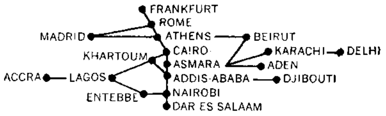
On August 28th, when Operation Benton came to a close, Task Force Oregon announced that the troops taking part in it had killed, and counted the bodies of, three hundred and ninety-seven of the enemy, and that

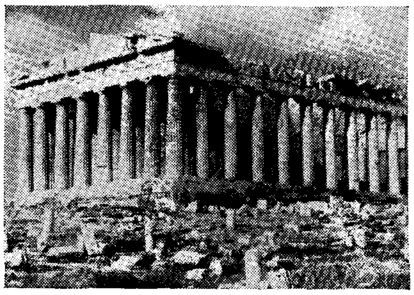


jet to east africa

Get Europe FREE

Jet to Addis Ababa first, where you'll see the fabulous sights of this ancient capital, shop for bargains, and start the popular Historic Tour of Ethiopia. Then on to colorful Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda . . . the vacation spots of exotic East Africa. You can see them all on Ethiopian Airlines and on the way, or on the way back, you can swing through Athens, Rome, and Madrid or Frankfurt, too, at no extra air fare. And you'll fly in luxury all the way.



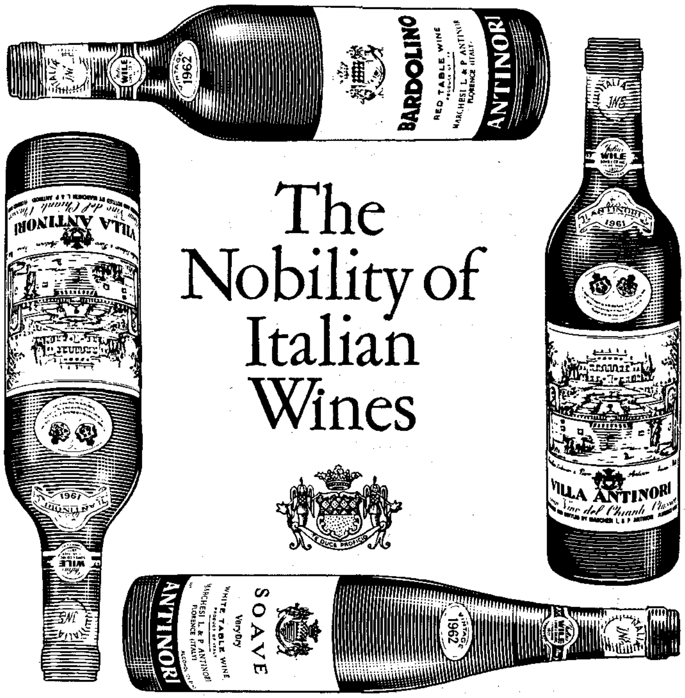


Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
In NEW YORK, 51 E. 42nd St. In HOLLYWOOD, 1800 N. Argyle St.
Visit the nearest TWA Office or your Travel Agent

forty-seven American soldiers had been killed. Into an area of ten by twenty kilometres they had dropped 282 tons of "general-purpose" bombs and 116 tons of napalm; sent 1,005 rockets (not counting rockets fired from helicopters), 132,820 rounds of 20-mm. explosive strafing shells, and 119,350 7.62-mm. rounds of machine-gun fire from Spooky flights; and fired 8,488 artillery rounds. By the end of the operation, the Civil Affairs Office had supervised the evacuation of six hundred and forty of the area's seventeen thousand people, to the vicinity of government camps.

The reports that were sent back to Saigon to form the over-all statistical picture of the war could be divided into two kinds. One kind measured the achievements of the American efforts in Vietnam in terms of materials expended—whether these were bombs dropped, artillery shells fired, Psychological Warfare leaflets dropped, pounds of rice distributed, or gallons of defoliants sprayed. Like the Psychological Warfare Officer for Task Force Oregon at Chu Lai who was encouraged by the fact that his people had stepped up the rate of leaflets dropped over Quang Ngai Province to a million a day, and like the artillery officer in Duc Pho who took pride in the fact that his men had fired sixty-four thousand and forty-four shells into two districts in three and a half months, most American officers and officials found cause for optimism in the sheer scale of the outputs of our efforts. The other kind of statistical report measured American achievements in Vietnam in terms of some of the effects of all this activity. The Bomb Damage Assessment Reports filled out by the FAC pilots were a good example. The terms "Military Structure," "Suspected Enemy Troop Concentration," "Percentage of Target Destroyed," and "Percentage of Bombs on Target," which described the bombing targets and the bomb damage, were devised by higher-ups, and the FAC pilots' only track-keeping duty was to write figures into the blanks. With this system, only results of the kind we intended to bring about were reported to Saigon, and the vast "side effects," such as the destruction of villages in large areas, went unmentioned. It is perhaps not very surprising that the Bomb Damage Assessment Reports supplied no blanks for "Homes Destroyed" or "Civilians Killed."

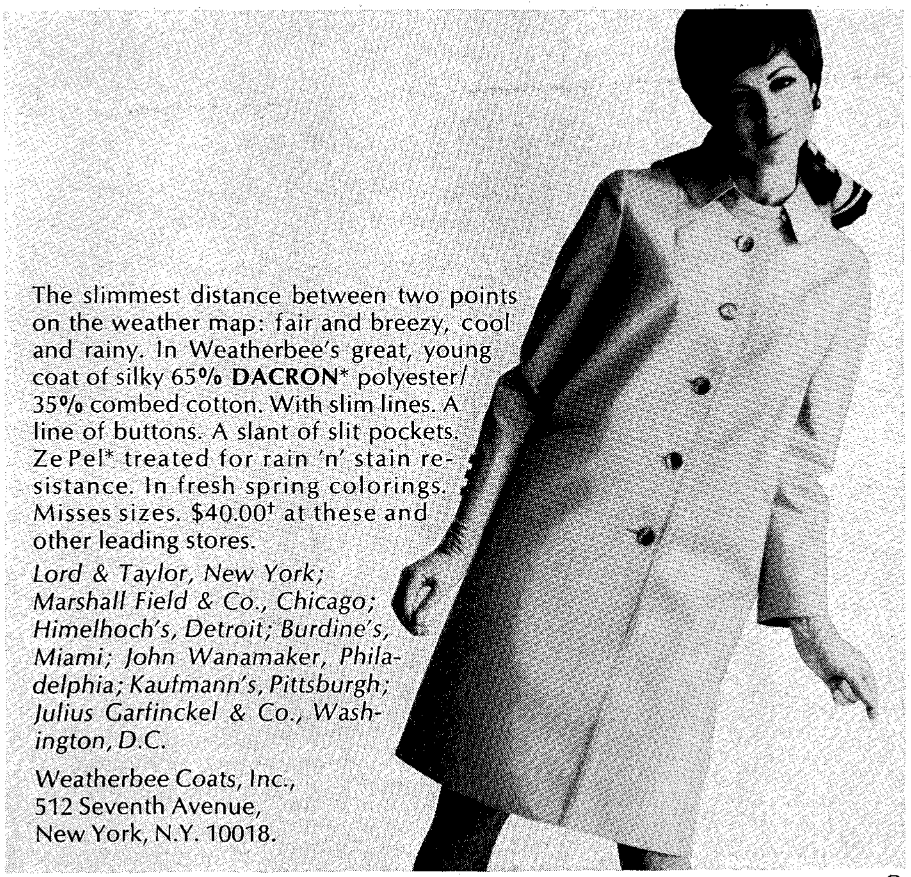
A further problem was that the terms employed in the Bomb Damage Assessment Reports often did not correspond to what the FAC pilots saw on



Villa Antinori • Gran Vino del Chianti Classico • Estate bottled
Bardolino • Valpolicella • Soave • Superb red and white Veronese wines

Marchesi L & P
ANTINORI

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK



The slimmest distance between two points on the weather map: fair and breezy, cool and rainy. In Weatherbee's great, young coat of silky 65% **DACRON*** polyester/ 35% combed cotton. With slim lines. A line of buttons. A slant of slit pockets. Ze Pel* treated for rain 'n' stain resistance. In fresh spring colorings. Misses sizes. $40.00† at these and other leading stores.

Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Burdine's, Miami; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

Weatherbee Coats, Inc.,
512 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10018.

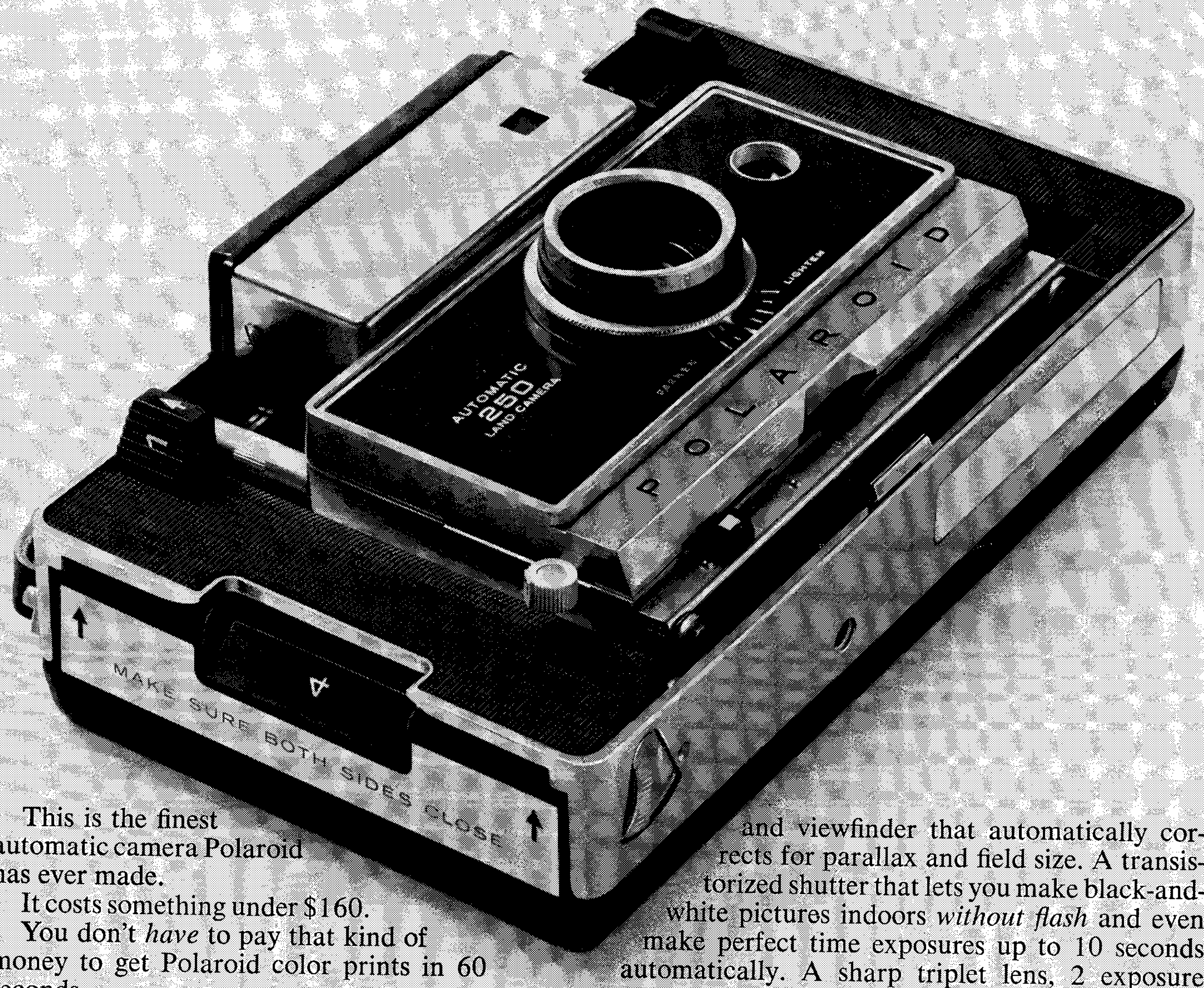
WEATHERBEE®

*DuPont Reg. TM

†Higher Far West

POLAROID®

Cheap it isn't.



This is the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever made.

It costs something under $160.

You don't *have* to pay that kind of money to get Polaroid color prints in 60 seconds.

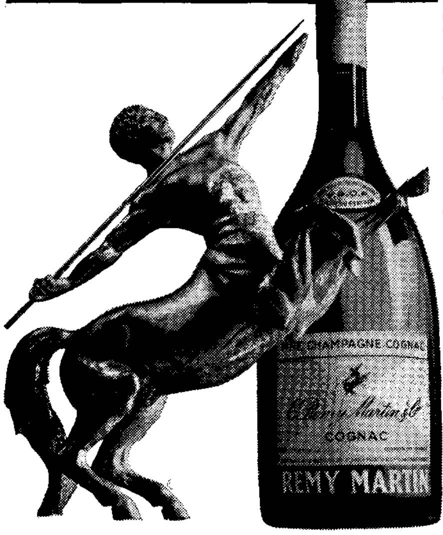
In fact, you can buy a Polaroid Color Pack Camera for under $50.

So what's the point?

There are lots of points. The expensive camera gives you a superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size. A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically. A sharp triplet lens, 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black-and-white. Beautiful portraits and close-ups, with special Polaroid camera accessories you can buy. An all-metal body with brushed chrome finish. And a flashgun.

If you're the kind of person who won't have anything but the best, go ahead. Indulge yourself.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
Rely on French law: only the finest Cognac...
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
May be labeled Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
Only Remy Martin produces Cognac of no lesser quality
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
Remy Martin...one quality, one bottle, world-wide
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.
Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac. Insist on...
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.



80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

the ground. When a FAC pilot guided an air strike onto a target that was defined by his coördinates only as a patch of jungle a hundred metres square, and was termed a "Suspected Enemy Troop Concentration," or guided an air strike onto a village that was described as an "Enemy Sniper Position," there was no meaning in a figure for the "Percentage of Target Destroyed," and little meaning in a figure for the "Percentage of Bombs on Target." Since the pilots could never know how much of the real target—the enemy troops—had been destroyed, they fell back on simply reporting how many houses had been destroyed, or how much of the hundred-metre-square patch of jungle had been torn up, as though this had been the objective of the bombing. Also, since the enemy was fighting primarily a guerrilla war, and built virtually no "military structures," the FAC pilots came to apply this term to any building that the planes happened to bomb. (Some of the bunkers and caves used by both the N.L.F. and the civilians might accurately have been called "military structures," but the Bomb Damage Assessment Reports listed these in a separate category.) Most of the terms used in the Bomb Damage Assessment Reports seemed to have been devised for something like a bombing raid on a large, clearly visible, stationary military base, and not for the bombing of guerrilla forces in the setting of fields, villages, and jungles which the FAC pilots actually guided. Finding himself having to guide air strikes with the aid of a set of instructions that had little relevance to his actual task, each FAC pilot had to improvise his own ways of trying to tell where the enemy was operating. This was how Captain Reese came to think that he could spot, on the trails, grass that had been freshly bent by the passage of enemy troops, and that he could distinguish enemy houses from civilian houses by whether they were in the tree lines or not; how one pilot came to think that he could tell a farmer from a soldier by the way he walked; and how Major Billings came to believe that he could tell enemy soldiers from civilians by making a low pass over the fields and seeing who ran for cover, and that he could judge whether a wisp of smoke hanging over the woods was rising from the fire of a Montagnard or from the fire of a Vietcong soldier.

WHILE some units of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade were helping the 101st Airborne in Opera-

Come swing with us.

Is your idea of a "swinging" vacation lazing in a hammock on an idyllic tropic island? Then you'll love the Cayman Islands, probably the only unspoiled vacation isles left in the Caribbean. A fisherman's paradise, a skin diver's dream come true—and only 75 minutes non-stop by jet from Miami. No passports needed by U.S. and Canadian citizens.

See your travel agent
CAYMAN ISLANDS TOURIST BOARD
#20 Arcade, 125 S.E. Third Avenue
Miami, Florida 33131

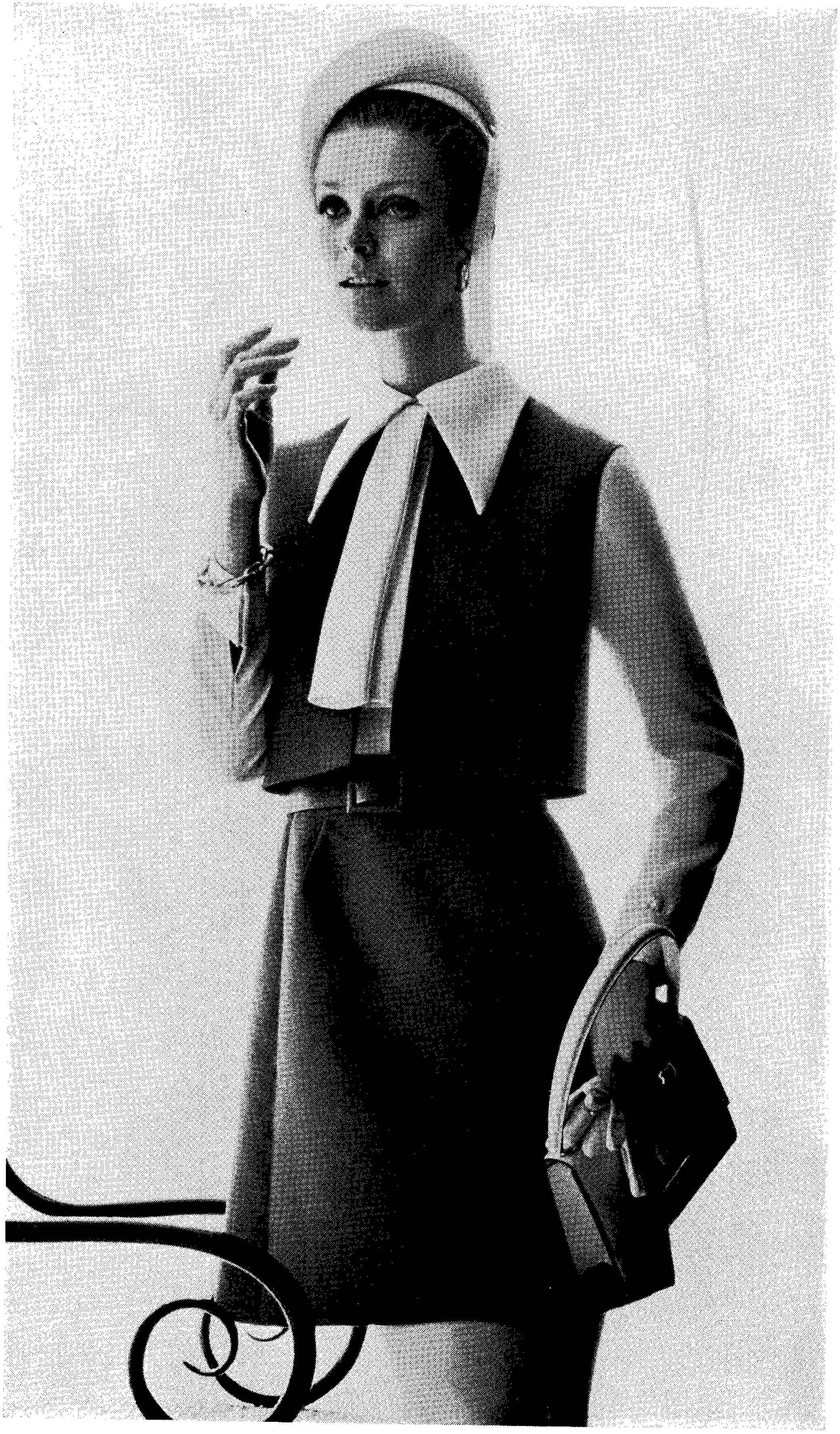
Cayman Islands B.W.I.

GRAND CAYMAN • LITTLE CAYMAN
CAYMAN BRAC

Not a better bag around to handle a full schedule. All sleek and brief case-like in a shiny vinyl patent. Inside it's all organization with a zippered section dividing deep pockets on either side. Take it away in black, white, bone, brown or navy (12" x 10"), and $17. From our Handbag Collections. Glad to fill mail or phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers.

80
PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
THE WORLD RENOWNED AFTER DINNER LIQUEUR
Straight, on the rocks, cocktails, fruit salads etc.
Manufactured in U. S. A. under formula supplied by COINTREAU, Angers, France. The original orange liqueur enjoyed in the 4 corners of the world.
COINTREAU LTD., Pennington, N. J.

THE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT
COINTREAU
TALENTED MIXER
COINTREAU
AFTER-DINNER COMPANION
COINTREAU
AID TO GOURMET COOKS
COINTREAU
PARTY PUNCH-MAKER
COINTREAU
EXCITING ON THE ROCKS

You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know. We did. A 20-page recipe book of easy-to-make drinks and foods featuring Cointreau. Some new. Some old. All delicious. Pick up a copy wherever fine spirits are sold. Or write, P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

80 PROOF • PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

tion Benton, other units of the 196th launched a separate, nameless operation along the northernmost five kilometres of coastline in Quang Ngai Province. Because American troops had been fired on almost every time they entered this coastal area, the 196th Light Brigade had decided that the best course of action would be to evacuate its inhabitants, who were thought to number five thousand; to destroy their villages; and to convert the area into a free-strike zone. The first stage of the operation was planned for the morning of August 21st, when elements of the 196th would make a surprise landing in amphibious tractors (usually called Amtracs) at Tuyet Diem, a fishing village on a small peninsula. During the next three hours, the population of the village, estimated at six hundred, would dismantle their houses and take the beams and roof thatching, and also all their possessions and animals, down to the beach and aboard two landing craft that were to be brought near the shore in front of the village. Then, according to the plan, the landing craft—making as many trips as necessary—would sail down the coast to a lot that had been cleared in preparation for the operation, and the villagers would set up their village in the new spot. The newly cleared lot had formerly been the site of a large village called Son Tra, which had been shelled by the Marines about two years before. At that time, its people had been evacuated to a roadside a few kilometres away, where they erected huts to live in. A week before the operation that was to destroy Tuyet Diem was launched, the Army arranged to employ the villagers of Son Tra to level the ruins of their old village in preparation for the arrival of the villagers of Tuyet Diem. The villagers of Son Tra were given hints that they were clearing their old village in preparation for their own return. By conveying these hints, the Army hoped to prevent the National Liberation Front from guessing that the site was being cleared in preparation for a new military operation. The Americans who planned the evacuation of Tuyet Diem and the other coastal villages were much gratified by the neatness and simplicity of their plan, especially when they compared it with other evacuation projects that had been carried out in the province. As they saw it, the evacuation would not create "refugees" of the kind that had proved such a burden in the government camps. One colonel said of it, "We're just going to interrupt the

CHARLES DEMUTH
"Many Brave Hearts Are Asleep in the Deep"
watercolor and pencil, 13x8 in.

1900-1960
AMERICAN MASTERS
Exhibition
March 15 to April 6

Described and illustrated in current
Kennedy Quarterly, available at $1

KENNEDY
GALLERIES, INC.
Founded in 1874 by H. Wunderlich

20 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK
Open Tues. through Sat.

"First in French Crystal
...since 1666"

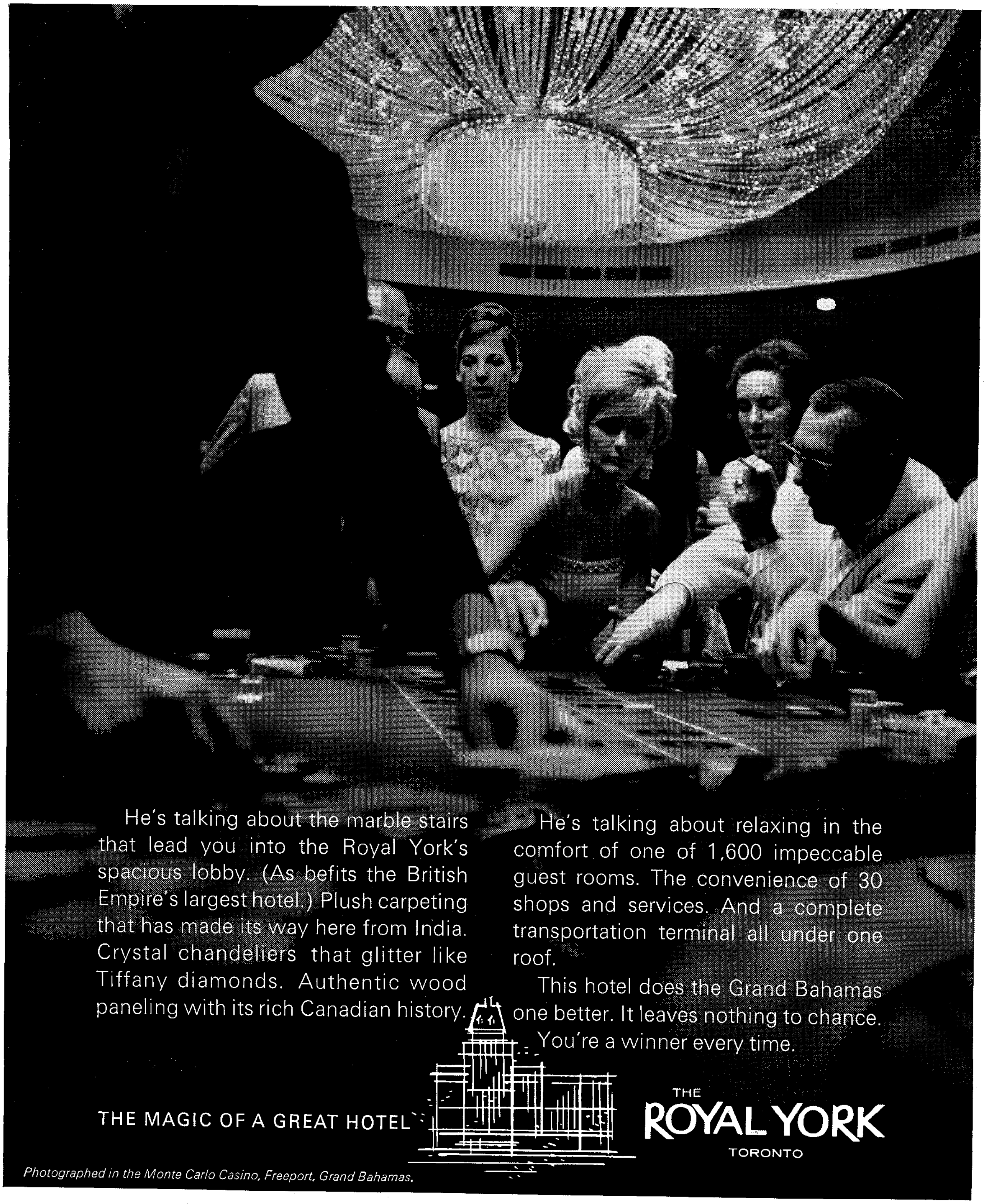
Bacchante by BAYEL
...$3.50 per glass

Bayel
Cristal
SINCE 1666

Send for FREE illustrated Bayel brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B2, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

You're at the tables in the Grand Bahamas. Someone mentions the Royal York in Toronto.

Do you know what he's talking about?



He's talking about the marble stairs that lead you into the Royal York's spacious lobby. (As befits the British Empire's largest hotel.) Plush carpeting that has made its way here from India. Crystal chandeliers that glitter like Tiffany diamonds. Authentic wood paneling with its rich Canadian history.

He's talking about relaxing in the comfort of one of 1,600 impeccable guest rooms. The convenience of 30 shops and services. And a complete transportation terminal all under one roof.

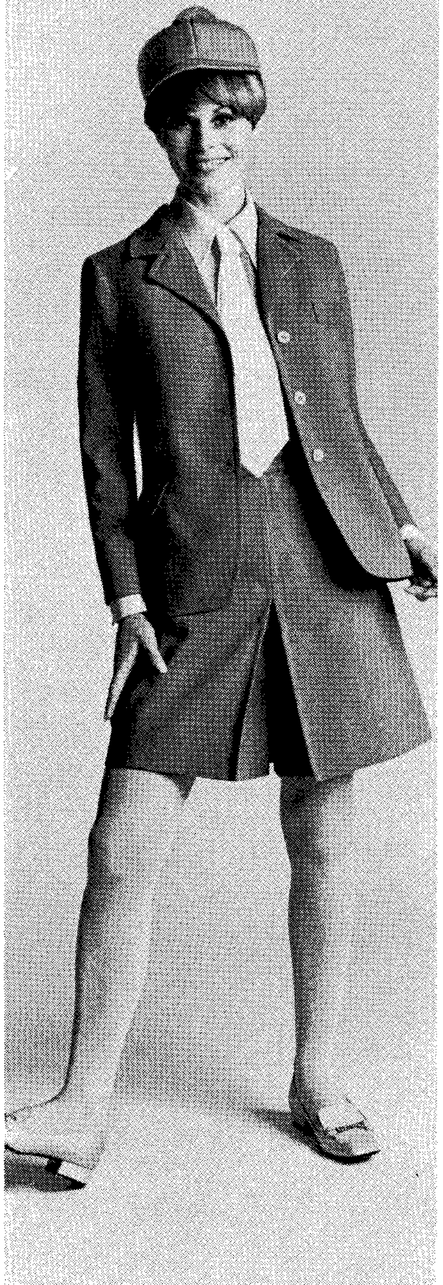
This hotel does the Grand Bahamas one better. It leaves nothing to chance. You're a winner every time.

THE MAGIC OF A GREAT HOTEL

THE
ROYAL YORK
TORONTO

Photographed in the Monte Carlo Casino, Freeport, Grand Bahamas.

JUNIOR HOUSE®
does the freshest things



From the Newport Collection:
Blazer, $19. Culotte skirt, $12. Jockey cap, $5. In Ceylon blue, 75% cotton/25% rayon. Sizes 3-15. Matching 65% Dacron®/35% cotton striped blouse with white tie, $10.
Available at Peck & Peck, Fifth Avenue and all branches or write to Junior House, Inc., 1407 Broadway, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

villagers' work for six hours. They're not going to lose their chance to work, like the other refugees we've got. They can just bring their boats down the coast and start right up again with the new village. The real beauty of this is that all we have to supply is one day's food. They're going to bring their houses right along with them, so we won't need to bring any extra supplies for houses. This isn't going to be like those operations where five thousand people come into a camp with nothing to eat and nowhere to stay. This is going to be the best Civil Affairs operation we've run yet. The refugee people have been preparing for it for a full week." Mr. Ernest Hobson, the American provincial adviser for refugees in Quang Ngai, under U.S. AID, was far from happy about any operation that would increase the number of displaced people in the province, but, he, too, said that the evacuation of Tuyet Diem was much the most carefully planned operation of the sort so far.

The American planners were particularly pleased with the arrival of a three-man Vietnamese Cultural Drama Team—a troupe of actors organized by the South Vietnamese government and sent on tour throughout the country—which would perform for the villagers during their first evening at the new site. The evening before the evacuation, the Cultural Drama Team performed for an audience of about a hundred G.I.s in an open movie theatre at one of the base camps of the 196th Light Brigade. Standing under floodlights on a low stage, two youths dressed in the black garments of farmers sang several rock-and-roll songs in Vietnamese, accompanying themselves on electric guitars. They then switched to Vietnamese songs for a time, and wound up with "When the Saints Go Marching In," which they sang in English, in high, reedy voices. The second half of the performance was a magic show. Whereas the singers had remained perfectly deadpan throughout their concert, the magician, who couldn't have been more than eighteen, never once relaxed a wide, tense smile as he moved through his routine, and he moved through it as though every step and every flourish of his hands had been mapped out in advance. Among other tricks, he made a glass of water disappear; folded up a dollar bill in a piece of paper, burned the paper, and pulled the bill, intact, from the ashes; made three scarves tie themselves together in midair; and produced a bouquet of paper flowers from his assistant's ear. At the beginning of the magic show, the G.I.s clapped politely, but their interest soon waned, and then, the audience having suddenly been attacked by a swarm of large, bumbling insects that resembled fat dragonflies, the magician lost its attention completely. After the show, a colonel who was involved in the planning of the evacuation made a sour face and said to a fellow-officer, "Are *they* going to play tomorrow night? I don't think *I'd* want to watch them if *I'd* just been moved out of *my* village."

The next morning, I accompanied the soldiers of the 196th Light Brigade that landed in Tuyet Diem. The troops assembled at four-thirty at the top of a gently rising field in front of the base camp, and at five o'clock the men started walking down a dirt road to the beach in two single lines, each man keeping ten yards between himself and the man in front of him. A three-quarter moon faintly illumined the road from behind a high cover of thin, milky clouds. A deep thumping of artillery shells landing in rapid series, which had begun at about one o'clock, continued well into the morning at a stepped-up pace, and to the east, over the peninsula where the troops were to land, the sky periodically flashed a dull yellow. The morning was warm and muggy, and the troops, in their battle gear, began to sweat freely. The double column descended from the high ground in front of the camp and approached the clusters of tiny huts that the villagers of Son Tra had built themselves. Single candles burned in several huts as people rose for the day. A low sound of talking in the houses ceased as our presence became known; a dog barked and was silenced with a sharp word. A small girl stood in a low doorway and watched the troops pass, and a woman at a well paused with her hands on the well rope. An old man stood naked in a small dirt yard in the dim moonlight. When the troops had been walking for fifteen or twenty minutes, a single line of ARVN soldiers passed wordlessly between the two American lines, heading in the opposite direction. A rooster crowed, although dawn had not yet broken. The column halted.

Abruptly, someone called out, "Where the hell are we?" The voice

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKIES
Grant's®
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
PROOF
THE GIRVAN DISTILLERY
THE
DISTILLERIES DUFFTOWN
SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
FOR U.S.A. AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
CONTENTS

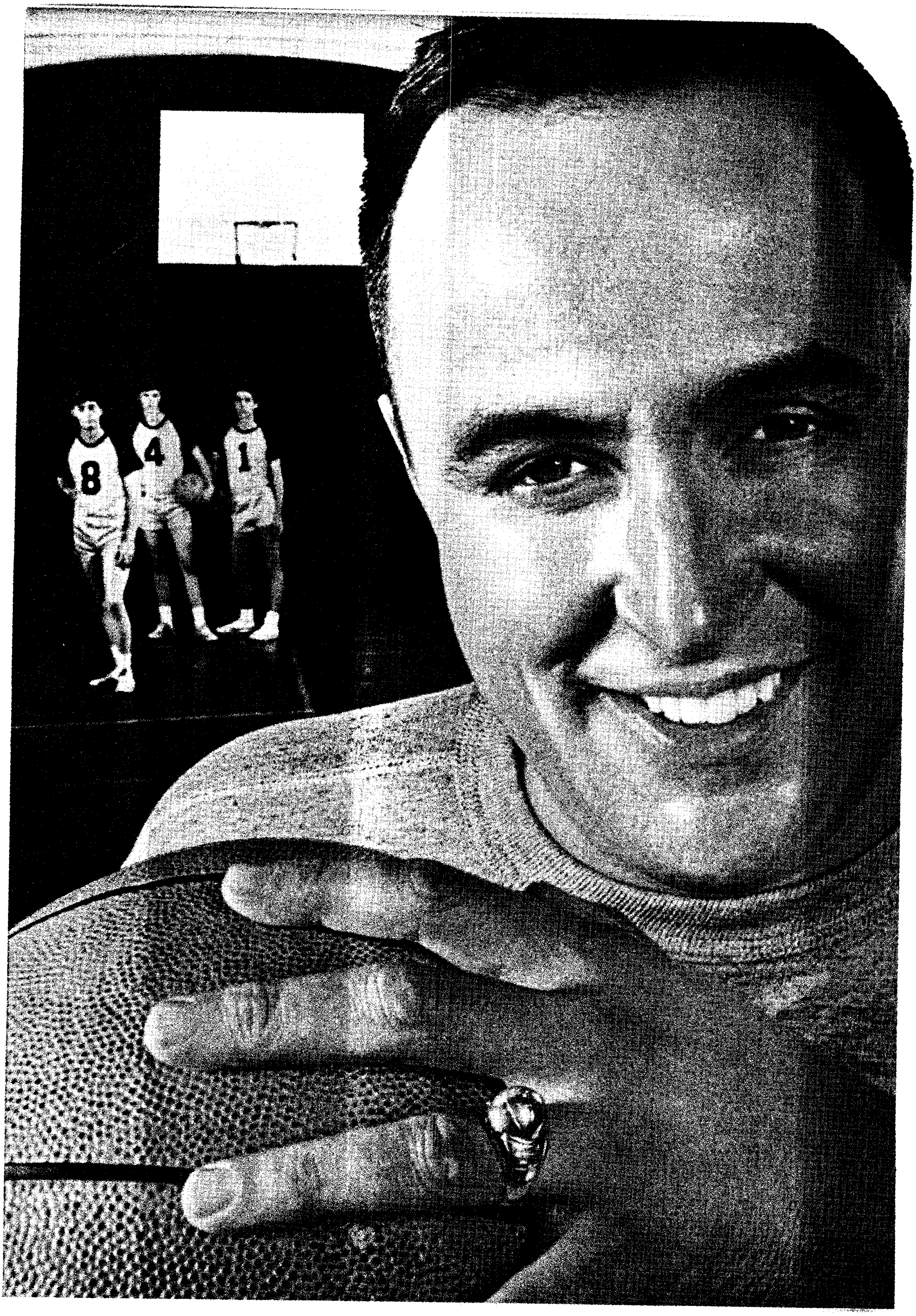
Sorry, not for beginners

You're likely to like the taste of Grant's only after you've had a few. A few dozen bottles of other brands...over a few years. Grant's tastes like Scotch...a taste you've often got to learn to like. That's because Grant's is a tastier blend of smoother 8-year-olds, like Balvenie, Glenfiddich and other superb Scotches. As long as you're up: Grant's—the blend that never lets you forget you're drinking Scotch.

Grant's drinkers think Scotch tastes wonderful.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © IMPORTED BY AUSTI
NICHOLS & COMPANY, N.Y. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTL

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



8
4
1

This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

His competitors aren't seven feet tall anymore, but the challenge is just as tough. "That's why I chose the computer business," says Arizin. "When I retired from pro ball, I simply couldn't take a routine job.

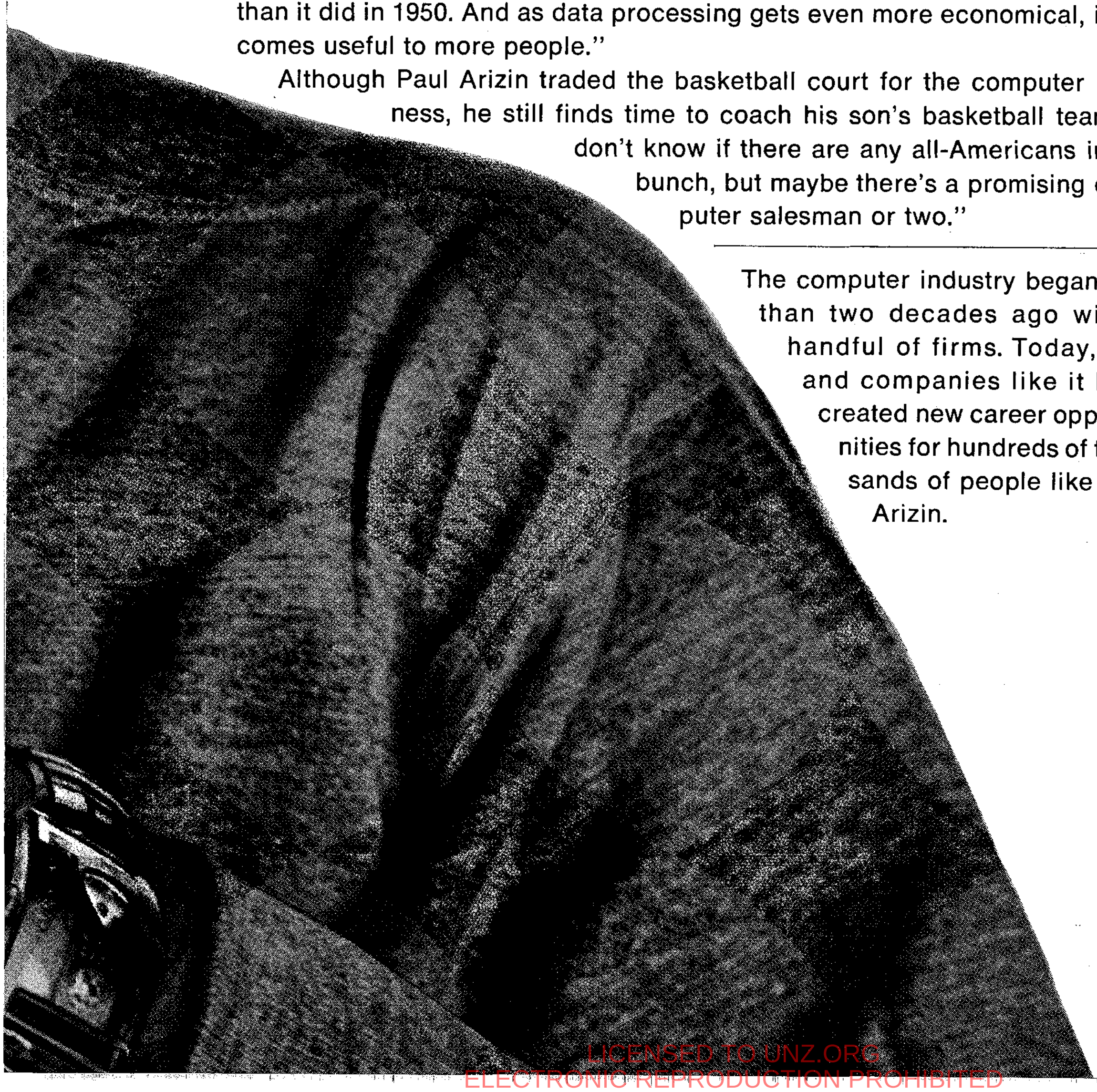
"The computer industry is intriguing. Each of my customers has a different problem, ranging from routing trucks to unscrambling inventory. And with many computer companies working on the same problem, you have to hammer out the best possible solution, or it's no sale.

"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."

The computer industry began less than two decades ago with a handful of firms. Today, IBM and companies like it have created new career opportunities for hundreds of thousands of people like Paul Arizin.

IBM®



The only 21-day European travel plan that's "on the level."

Eye level that is. And at an eye opener price. $110 for 21 days of unlimited first class travel aboard Europe's finest trains.

One pass. One price. And over 100,000 miles of eye popping sights and scenery are yours to choose from through Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland. All waiting to look you straight in the eye and bid you welcome.

No time wasted waiting to buy a ticket, or spent traveling to and from distant terminals, because you land right in the heart of town. Surrounded by market places, shops, hotels and restaurants. No need to bring your weather eye either, because our trains arrive and depart punctually, no matter.

Between stops you'll feel like you're traveling on a cloud (instead of over one), in a state of wide eyed wonderment, as you watch the real Europe pass by through the great glass windows of your luxurious compartment.

But watch out! There may be an eyeful or two that will put you in a wanderful mood and whisper "stay awhile."

So stay.

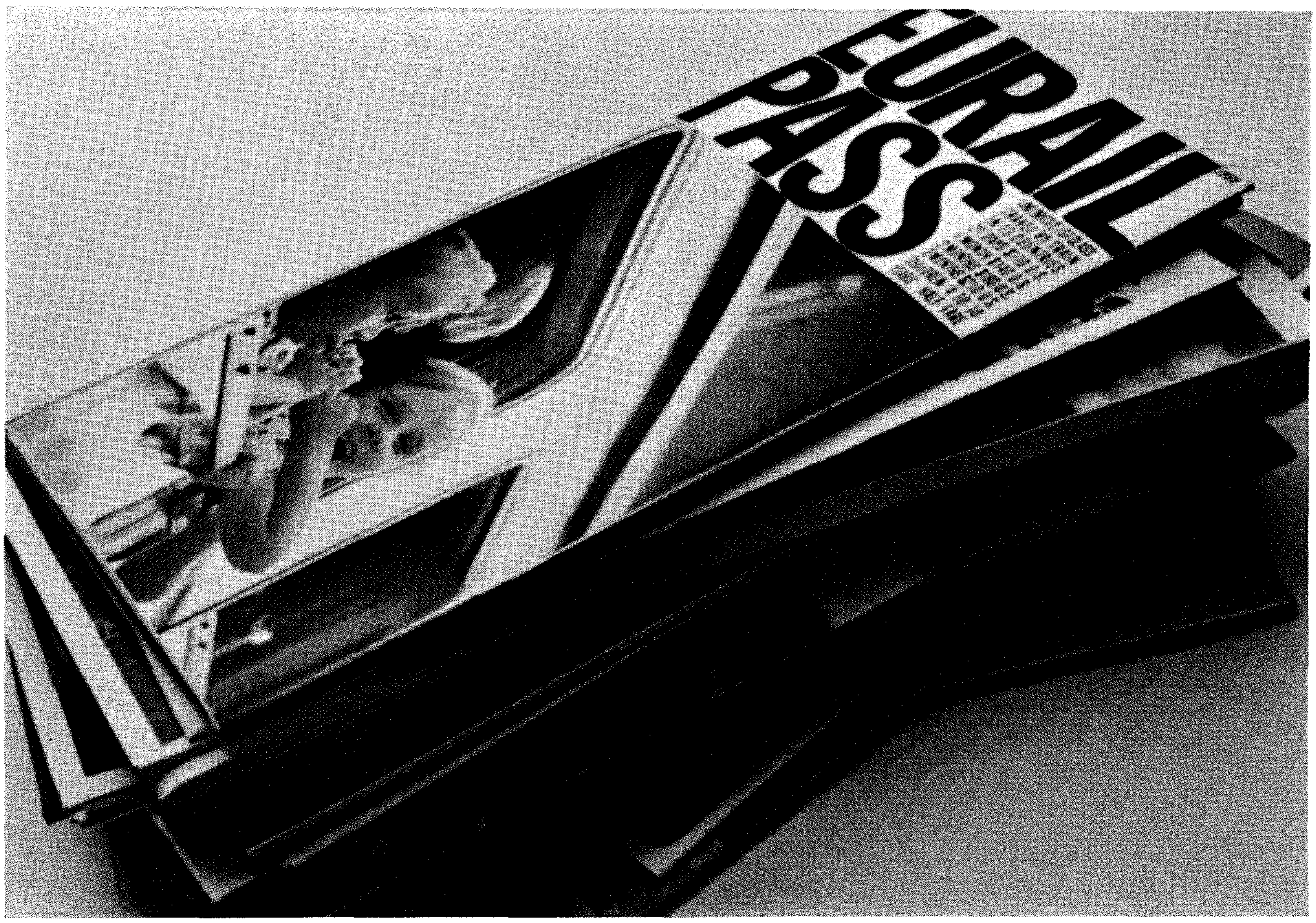
There's always the next train and the next and the next and...

Ask your travel agent how to get in on the ground floor of Europe with Eurailpass. 21 days just $110, one month $140, 2 months $180, 3 months $210. Children under 10 half fare. Children under 4 free.

Or ask about Eurailgroup (reduced rates for groups of 10 or more).

And Eurailtariff (especially designed for individual travel where a Eurailpass is not beneficial).

For free map and folder: Eurailpass, Dept. A4, Box 191, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.



was shockingly loud in the silence of the dark road.

"Ah, Christ, we're lost," someone else said angrily.

An officer walked up to the head of the column, and after a minute the column started to move again. The two lines, observed by four silent young Vietnamese men who were squatting in a row on a stone wall, passed through a wooden gate onto the beach. An elderly fisherman in black stood motionless by his boat, smoking a cigarette, as the soldiers filed past him. Apparently, the leaders had taken a wrong path, for, after another halt, they led the column through a brambly field to the road they had just left. Ten minutes later, the soldiers arrived on the beach again, at a point where two Amtracs were waiting on the sand. The men had a brief rest, and most of them got out cigarettes and began smoking. When the order came, they climbed eight-foot ladders running up the sides of the Amtracs, and sat down on their metal decks.

In one Amtrac, a platoon sergeant grumbled loudly as the men were seating themselves, "Everyone around here is a goddam Yankee. All Ah see is goddam Yankees everywhere Ah go." To a G.I. near him he said, "You're a Yankee, aren't you, soldier?"

The soldier did not answer.

"Ah ain't no Yankee, Sarge," another soldier said.

Presently, the ponderous, box-shaped Amtracs rolled off the beach into the water. The point of departure was just inside the mouth of a river, the Song Tra Bong, and the square-bowed Amtracs had to buck a heavy incoming tide to get out to sea. Then, after a twenty-minute voyage across calm water, we came in sight of Tuyet Diem. It was almost full daylight. From the water, only ten or twelve of the houses in the village could be seen. As the invasion force approached, a woman on a front porch who was gathering something into her arms went on with her task, and a man standing up to his knees in the water next to a fishing boat and working with its rigging kept on doing so, and glanced up only briefly, as though the arrival at Tuyet Diem of two Amtracs bearing American soldiers were an everyday occurrence. The Amtracs rolled up on the beach, and the soldiers jumped quickly to the sand, a few of them falling over backward under the weight of their ammunition belts, heavy packs, and weapons. One squad walked quickly up a rough pasture, with their M-16s in

Hams and loin roasts to make sausage? We've never learned another way.

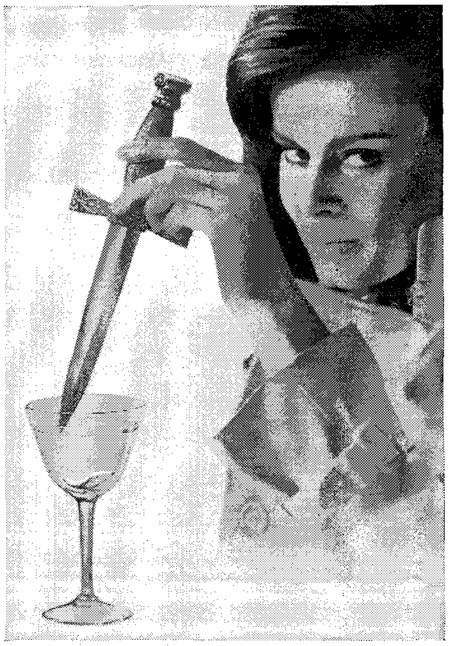
Some folks are surprised to learn that we make our sausage with generous portions of the same good pork many families have for Sunday dinner. Like hams. The same quality hams as those we hickory smoke. And loin roasts. And shoulders. But that's what our over-a-century-old family recipe calls for and that's what we do. We believe these choice cuts of young pork are one of the reasons Jones sausage has its own special good taste you can't find in other kinds. Try some soon. Real farm sausage from a real Wisconsin farm. It's right there in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
Little
Sausages

Naturally,
it has to cost more.

JONES DAIRY FARM • Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



Mix with
BOISSIERE
(Say "Bwa-See-Air")
LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle...extra dry...the connoisseur's vermouth. It does make a difference.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK

firing position at their hips. Another filed north along the beach. Rounding a rocky promontory, the men of this squad arrived at the edge of the village, which fronted on a crescent of white sand and was protected at each end by several giant gray boulders—some as large as two-story houses—extending into the sea. At the north end of the cove, a stony island no more than fifty feet across, which was topped with a stand of straggling pine trees, helped provide a lee for the beach. Out at sea, a fleet of half a dozen fishing boats under full sail was visible on the horizon. (These fishing boats drew only two feet of water, were about six feet wide and thirty feet long, had long, heavy bowsprits, and sailed under a gaff rig.) Facing the water were half a dozen stone houses of two or three rooms. Some had porches whose roofs were supported by gaily painted stone pillars. The walls of these houses were decorated with molding, and the cornices, windowsills, and door frames were painted with patterns in bright blues, reds, oranges, and greens. Palm trees and bamboos arched above the houses, casting a mottled shade.

Several families stood watching silently as the troops filed into the village. The soldiers, too, were silent. Each of the Vietnamese, male or female, wore a simple black collarless garment with three-quarter-length trousers. Each of the women and the little girls wore her hair long down her back, held in place with a silver oval clasp. Most of the villagers had bare feet, and children under three wore no pants. A few soldiers poked their heads briefly in at doorways, but most of them simply walked along the pathways between the houses, intently scanning the scene around them as they proceeded; they were on the lookout for signs of the enemy. Only the sergeant who had been complaining about Yankees on the Amtrac was more aggressive in his search. He walked directly up to a neatly-groomed, wiry middle-aged man who, with his wife and son, was standing in front of one of the most prosperous-looking houses, and, pointing inside, demanded, "What's in here?" Getting no answer, he went inside, pointed to a large ornate chest, and said, "Open this."

The Vietnamese man looked at him questioningly.

"*Dammit, Ah said open this!*" the sergeant shouted, striking the chest with his gun butt.

The man opened it, revealing a pile of folded clothes. The sergeant poked

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

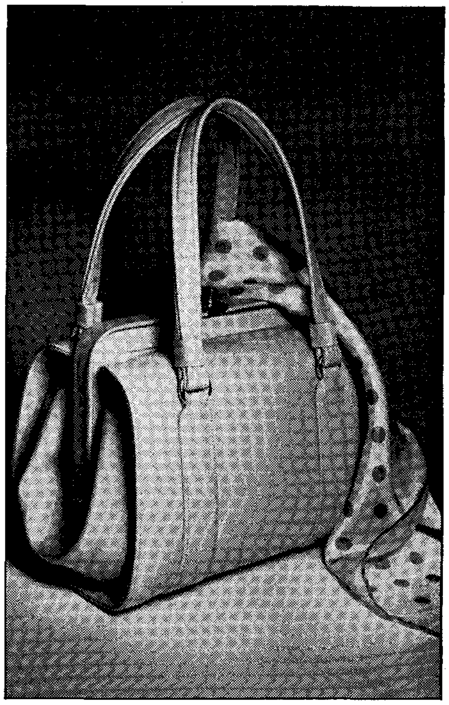
M

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great
European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
"Washington's Correct Address"
15th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
in New York ask operator for
ENterprise 6402
or see your travel agent.

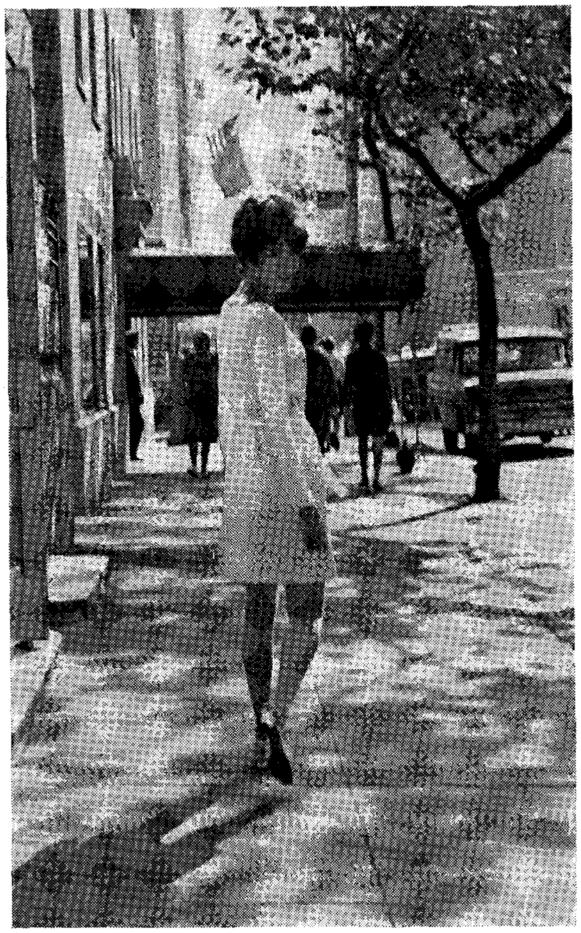
Marshall B. Coyne, President



This handsome patent handbag is so deceptively roomy that it might be fun just to see how much will fit in it! Bone, black, yellow. 16.00 The pure silk scarf is polka dotted with about any color you can name. Oblong or square sizes, 3.50 to 5.00. Fifth Avenue and all branches.

Peck & Peck

Our people are paid to be girl watchers.



After all, fashion is our business. Coming up with products that team up with the new dress styles. Like color-matched Nylaire zippers; plus snaps, hooks and ingenious fasteners for everything from lingerie to minks.

And when it comes to cosmetics, we also keep a close watch on what goes on. Scovill, you see, makes high-fashion containers for lipsticks, powder, eye mascara and other beauty aids.

And to give the girls more time to be watched, Scovill helps lessen their work with Hamilton Beach appliances and Dritz sewing aids.

Finding new ways to make life easier, safer and more pleasant is the business we're in. Everything from electric scissors to built-in music systems.

For a company on the move with original product ideas, get to know Scovill, a company that's paid continuous dividends for 113 years. Write Scovill, Waterbury, Conn.

SCOVILL

...the Originators

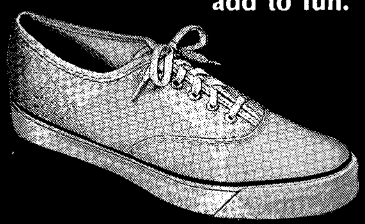
Scovill Product Groups: Hamilton Beach electric housewares; Nutone built-ins and electronics; Lightcraft lighting fixtures; Gripper and Nylaire apparel fasteners; Clinton notions and Dritz sewing aids; Schrader tire valves and automation systems; brass, copper and aluminum mill products; cosmetic containers; automotive products; custom parts and assemblies; aerosol products; metal stationery supplies.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

can become
a way
of life

There's many a Top-Sider shanghaied to the office, doubled for bedroom slippers, donned for shindigs, or gambolling on the green.

What they're really for is deck or court, or wherever anti-slip protection and easy flexing comfort can add to fun.



CORDURA* NYLON OXFORD

Extra cool, lightweight, longer wearing. Fast drying. Men's and women's $12.00

*Du Pont trademark

LEATHER MOCCASIN

Hand shaped cowhide, dries soft. Barefoot flexibility. Men's and women's $22.00

CANVAS OXFORD

Cool, comfort classic. Separate non-chafe lining eases your walk. Men's and women's $11.00. Junior's $10.00

Send for a complete catalog to:
SPERRY TOP-SIDER
18 Rubber Avenue
Naugatuck, Conn. 06770

inside with the barrel of his gun and then left.

Outside again, the sergeant demanded, "Where V.C.? *Beaucoup* V.C., hunh?" ("*Beaucoup*" is a standard word in G.I. pidgin Vietnamese.) No one replied. As he passed another house, he noticed that the shutters on a side window were wired closed, and he bashed at them with his gun butt, but they did not break open, and he continued on his way without bothering to enter the house, whose front door stood ajar.

A few moments later, the sergeant pushed aside a curtain over the front entrance to a third house, and found himself facing an old man who was sitting on the floor just inside, bobbing his head and saying something that sounded like "Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow."

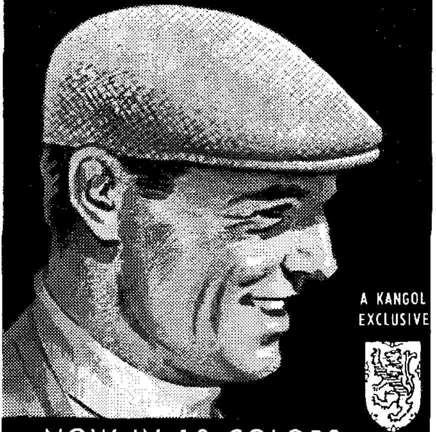
"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow," mimicked the sergeant. "You're goddam crazy, that's what. Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow."

A central path wound back through the village, which was spread out on a hill. Directly behind one of the shorefront houses, a pile of rubble lay on a house foundation, and a palm tree about ten inches thick had been snapped in two halfway up, so that its leafy head—still green—was bowed into a neighbor's yard. "Artillery," a soldier remarked when he came upon the scene. Farther up the hill, the houses were poorer and were crowded closer together. Most had one or two rooms, were built of clay packed into woven bamboo frames, and were roofed with thatch. At the crest of the hill, the landscape opened out onto about two acres of flat rice fields. The troops who had headed up through the pasture when they debarked from the Amtracs were sitting on a steep, sandy hill that rose immediately behind the rice fields and gave them a view of the entire village. A dozen houses that were as large and well made as those on the shore surrounded the fields. Two other houses bordering the fields were in ruins. Recent artillery fire had made several big craters in a young crop of rice, and had sprayed mud over what remained of the rice shoots and onto the grassy embankments dividing the fields. The central path that led up the hill from the sea ran along its crest, parallel to the shore, for a few hundred yards, and then descended the hill to the shore farther north, at a place where treeless dunes covered with beach grass swept back from a long white beach.

Half an hour after the troops arrived, a Psychological Warfare Team consisting of an American and a Viet-

You don't have to settle for a "look-alike" when you select the original, authentic

TROPICAP®
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



NOW IN 18 COLORS to match your leisure wear. Light, airy open-weave, snug fit, shape retention, washable. Sizes 6⅝ to 7⅝.

about $3.95

Dept. N at your favorite store, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

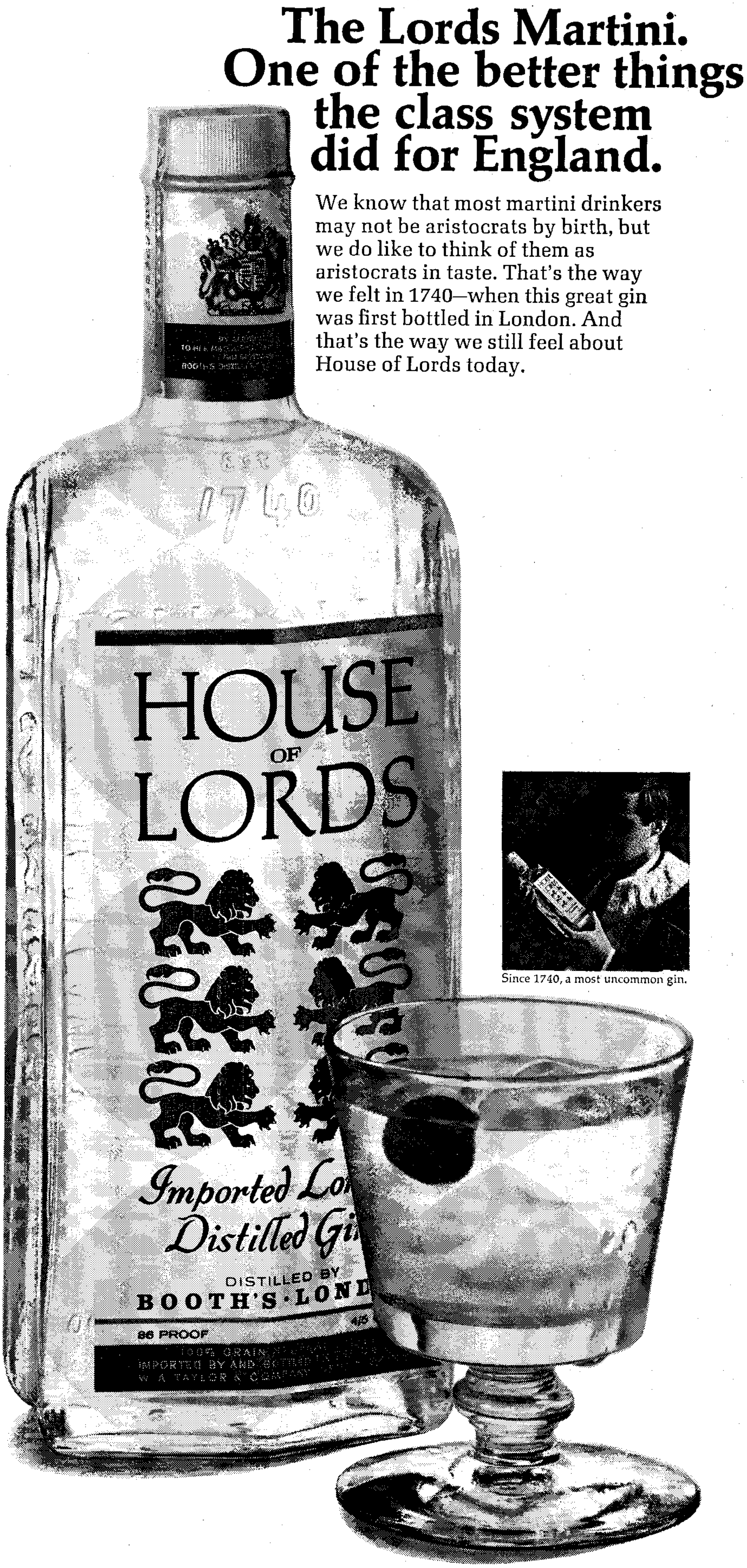
For a traditional roast beef dinner, and Yorkshire pop-over, fly to London. Or, take a cab to

Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W. 36, N.Y.—WI7-3636
Open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

namese began making announcements with a tape recorder and a loudspeaker. They announced that American troops had arrived to free the villagers from Vietcong domination, and ordered them to dismantle their houses and load the building materials, their possessions, and their animals on the landing craft (which had not yet arrived) within the next three hours. They also announced that the soldiers would help the people carry their possessions down to the boats. The commanding officer did not issue an order to this effect to his soldiers but allowed each man to decide for himself whether he would carry anything. The two landing craft arrived shortly after the announcements, one pulling up in the cove in front of the center of the village and the other at the long stretch of sand to the north. The villagers began to work as soon as they understood the nature of the situation. American troops that had entered other villages in Quang Ngai had usually found few able men, but at Tuyet Diem they found that a third of the families had men at home. Everyone, from the very old down to children of five or six, began carrying bundles to the beach. The villagers kept their stores of rice in waist-high pottery jars, and these were the most difficult objects to carry. Little girls and old women who were not accompanied by men importuned the American soldiers for help by tugging at their sleeves and attempting to pull them along to their houses. Four or five soldiers consented to help, and at once three or four little girls and a few old women gathered around them and tugged at their sleeves, trying to pull them in different directions, and smiling coaxingly or making sad faces. Neither the young men nor the young women ever smiled or asked for help. Most of the villagers set about carrying their belongings down the hill with a cold, fierce determination. Working against the three-hour deadline, they balanced huge loads at the ends of bamboo poles and made for the beach at a rapid, smooth, dancing jog. One old woman wept freely and loudly as she walked down the hill with a load. Other women wept soundlessly. One young woman's eyes streamed, even though her features were tightly composed, as she bent her energies to the work. All the children over five or six worked silently and hard, without any urging from their parents. Children of nine or ten carried two- and three-year-old brothers and sisters to the beach, leaving the heavier burdens of food, cooking utensils, and furniture to their parents. On the long open



The Lords Martini. One of the better things the class system did for England.

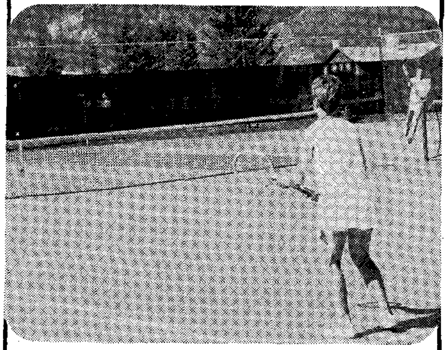
We know that most martini drinkers may not be aristocrats by birth, but we do like to think of them as aristocrats in taste. That's the way we felt in 1740—when this great gin was first bottled in London. And that's the way we still feel about House of Lords today.

Since 1740, a most uncommon gin.

HOUSE OF LORDS. IMPORTED LONDON DISTILLED GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.

Where else can you hike in a wilderness area...

and play Tennis that afternoon?



Sun Valley summer

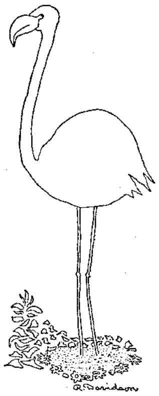
does everything!

Golf, outdoor ice skating, dinner dancing, trap and skeet, swimming, repertory theatre, concerts, shopping mall, tennis, horseback riding, hiking, trout fishing and a Young Summer Program, with professionally coached sports activities plus tennis, music, skating and back-packing camps and schools... all in America's only self-contained resort at the gateway to Idaho's awesome Sawtooth Primitive Area.

Sun Valley, Idaho 83353
Reservations, section Q1
Please send information on:
☐ Rooms (from $7.00 to $45 twin)
☐ Activities and Young Summer
☐ Honeymoon Special

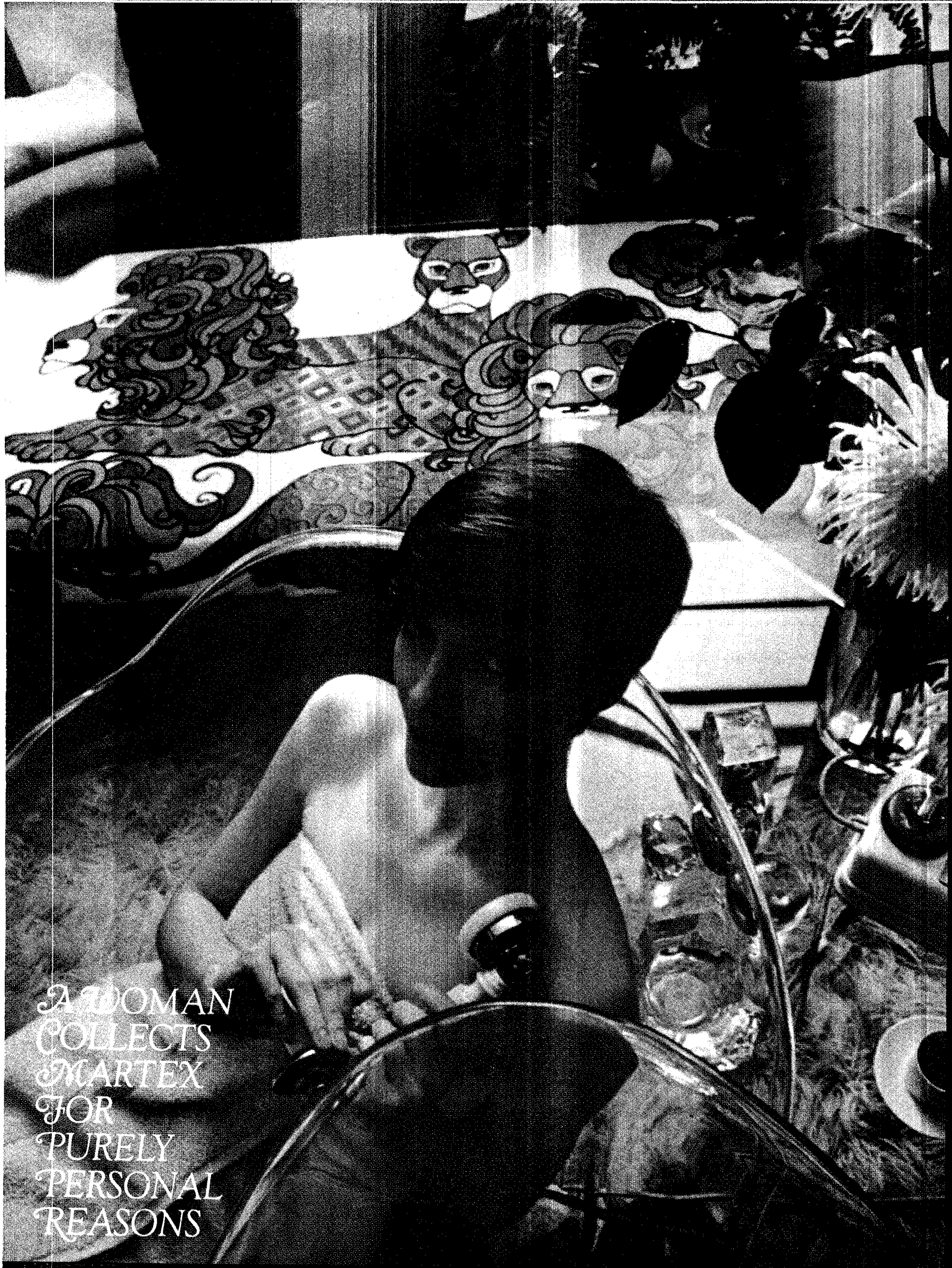
Name________________
Address________________
City________**State**______**Zip**______

beach, the smallest children stood crying in groups of two and three next to their families' furniture and bundles of belongings. The four or five Americans who had taken up shoulder poles smiled and winked at one another with embarrassment as they passed on the path, in the manner of adults who have good-naturedly consented to take part in a children's game. To most of the soldiers, the villagers' possessions looked hardly worth carrying anywhere. Besides their jars of rice, the villagers wished to bring down large jars of *nuoc mam*—a major food staple for them, made of fermented fish, which gives off an odor that is usually disagreeable to Americans smelling it for the first time. They also carried bundles of twigs and reeds for firewood. When one American soldier was asked whether he intended to carry any of the villagers' belongings to the boats, he looked around him at the bundles on the beach and said, "What? *Me* carry *this crap*?" The villagers were wiry and strong, and even the women carried loads sufficient to tax a young G.I. (When a G.I. relieved one old woman of two bundles of firewood, he lifted them to his shoulder, and then set them down again and handed one to another soldier to carry and, looking at the frail old woman, put on an expression of amazement for the benefit of the other soldiers.) The combat soldiers in Vietnam are unusually big men, even by American standards, and at Tuyet Diem they loomed over most of the village men by more than a head. Some of the village women, apparently equating size with strength, led American soldiers to absurdly heavy loads and motioned to them to carry these to the beach. One old woman led an American at a half run to her hut, where she began desperately digging with her hands into the packed sandy earth of its floor. At length, she uncovered two huge jars of rice, each weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds. She secured one jar to each end of a shoulder pole with a wire hook and motioned impatiently to the American to take it away. Later, he and a man from the village together carried a jar at a time, with difficulty, down the path, one of them at each end of a shoulder pole.



Around eleven o'clock, the sun began to burn through the clouds, and the Americans who had been carrying belongings sat down and stopped work for the day, almost overcome by the heat. At eleven-fifteen, a sudden burst of machine-gun fire sent up a line of small geysers in the cove, about fifty feet from the shore. The commanding officer sent a patrol out along the beach, but the source of the fire was never ascertained. These were the only shots fired that day. (The Tuyet Diem operation was unusual in its lack of contact with the enemy. The military can almost never predict when the enemy will choose to resist in force, but most operations encounter sniper fire, at least, or small-unit fighting that results in both American and enemy casualties.)

The landing craft had been able to pull up to within ten yards of the shore, where the water was waist-deep. Each time a landing craft departed, many of the villagers, believing that the last boatload of belongings was leaving, waded deep into the water with bundles in their arms, and the soldiers on board shouted at them, "No more! That's all!," and attempted to prevent them from pushing their bundles onto the lip of the craft. Once, as a landing craft pulled away from the shore, a man ignored the protests of a soldier who stood at the rear of the craft, and, wading out up to his shoulders, tried repeatedly to shove a bundle of cooking utensils aboard. The soldier, becoming angry, pushed the man's bundle into the water. Some two dozen ARVN troops arrived late in the morning on one of the landing craft. They did not carry anything to the beach. One of them had brought a transistor radio, and a group of Americans persuaded him to tune it to the American armed-forces radio network. Light music, of the kind usually heard in restaurants or elevators in the United States, issued across the crowded beach. Another group of American soldiers sat on a poncho eating combat rations and drinking the milk of coconuts they had taken from nearby trees. Several soldiers had brought cameras, and they took pictures of the villagers carrying loads to the beach, and also of the landing craft jammed with firewood, furniture, bundles, jars of food, hobbled animals, and villagers. (The military in Vietnam apparently encourage the men to take snapshots of the war to send home. In the photographic department of the Danang PX, there hung a poster showing a picture of houses and palm trees silhouetted against a conflagration that filled most of the poster with red-and-orange flame


A WOMAN
COLLECTS
MARTEX
FOR
PURELY
PERSONAL
REASONS

If "what's happening" on the contemporary scene excites you, you'd enjoy the fun of blanketing your bed in the new Lions Pride pattern. And coloring your bathroom with Luxor® towels in any of the vibrant solid colors of the blanket. But whatever kind of woman you are, you can find Martex® colors and textures and patterns to suit your personality and express your approach to life. Martex towels of course, and now sheets and blankets, too.

West Point Pepperell

Seagram's
Crown Royal

Maybe you should start out buying it by the ounce.

Crown Royal isn't going to be everybody's cup of Canadian. And we suspect we know the reason.

It costs about $9 a fifth.

Of course we could tell you that Crown Royal is worth every penny. That it's made from the finest collection of rare whiskies Canada has to offer.

And we would be telling you the truth.

But unless you try it, it's doubtful that you're ever going to believe us.

So we have an idea.

If you won't spend the $9, try it by the ounce.

Any bartender will be glad to lend a hand.

If we can get you to do that, we know you'll go on to bigger things.

Our fifth.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. About $9 a fifth.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

and black smoke. In the foreground was a larger-than-life-size profile, in black silhouette, of the helmeted head of a G.I.; he was holding a camera to his eye and pressing the shutter. A caption at the bottom read, "SEND HOME A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE WAR IN VIETNAM.")

To get their belongings from the beach to the landing craft, some villagers made use of large, shallow baskets woven of reeds and waterproofed with a coating of tar or resin. (The fishing villages along the coast in Quang Ngai use baskets of this type as small boats. It was in these simple craft that the villagers had first launched out on the water as children; in front of other coastal villages I often saw the water dotted with children in baskets, who propelled themselves about at a surprising speed with a sculling stroke of a single paddle.) During the morning, men who had been out in their fishing boats returned to Tuyet Diem, and helped carry belongings to the landing craft. By noon, it was apparent that the population of the village was not six hundred, as had been thought, but about fifteen hundred, so the deadline for the dismantling of the village was extended until late afternoon.

At Son Tra, where the villagers were being landed after their journey down the coast, a team of American soldiers had been detailed to help them carry their possessions ashore. Around the newly cleared lot that was to be the villagers' new home, a barbed-wire fence had been erected to insure that everyone checked in through a registration tent, for fingerprinting and questioning, and through a Red Cross tent, for a brief medical checkup. Perhaps because the number of people so far exceeded expectations, rendering the medical and security facilities inadequate for even the most cursory checking, someone had cut a large breach in the fence, and several hundred villagers had poured through to claim spots on the lot. On the lot, three stone buildings, including a roofless church, remained standing. Children's line drawings of helicopters, cattle, pigs, and gunboats had been scratched into the paint on the inside walls of one building. At one end of the lot was a little rocky hill that had been reduced to a blackened knob dotted with shattered stumps of trees during the Marines' bombing and shelling about two years before. Because of the delay in the schedule, American officers at Son Tra decided to postpone the destruction of the village of Tuyet

What makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel?

Paul Anka, Milton Berle, Pat Collins, Bobby Darin, Sammy Davis, Doodletown Pipers, Eddie Fisher, Aliza Kashi, Lainie Kazan, Abbe Lane, Jane Morgan, Tony Sandler & Ralph Young, Jerry Vale and Caterina Valente

They're all appearing during this show-stopping super-season at El San Juan Hotel's new Club Tropicoro, home of the stars and largest, most spectacular night club in Puerto Rico. For the time of your life—for days of sun and nights of fun—spend your vacation at El San Juan Hotel. Make your room reservations now! See your Travel Agent or write or call El San Juan Hotel, 850 Third Avenue, New York City, (212) MU 8-8815
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board/Sam Schweitzer, President
David C. Botbol, General Manager.

...and in a different mood, a different location: our El Conquistador Hotel and Club, in Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVISCO RAYON

SUSAN THOMAS does.

The shift gets colorful stripes for Spring. This is a versatile fashion that stays fresh and crisp and colorful all season because it's made from Avisco rayon.

fmc® AVISCO FIBERS

Reltex's linen-like fabric is 100% Avisco® rayon. In lemon/green/pimento, vanilla/coffee/black, white/azalea/navy. Sizes 6 to 16. About $23. Slightly higher in the West. Available at Plymouth Shops, New York; R. H. Stearns, Boston; L. S. Ayers, Indianapolis.

Diem until the next day, and to blow up only the wells that night, to keep the Vietcong from getting water there. The officer detailed to the task said that because they were good, deep wells, with stone shafts part way down, he would need several hundred pounds of explosives to destroy them all.

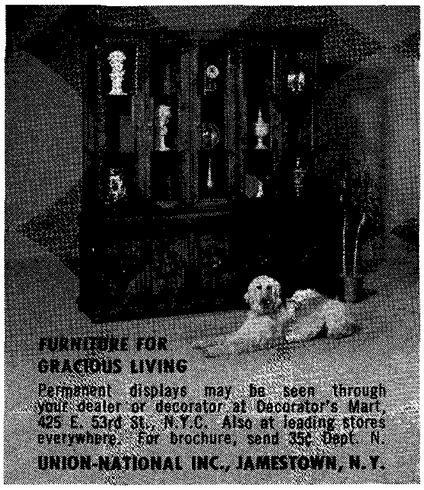
An ARVN sergeant had been appointed "village chief," to control and organize the Tuyet Diem villagers at their new site. The Americans present always referred to him by his new title and spoke to him with the same humble deference that I had seen accorded to Lieutenant Colonel Tho in Quang Tin. The village chief was a tall, thin young man with a tight-lipped, impatient air, who wore a freshly pressed khaki uniform, stiff and glistening with starch, and French-style glasses with rims of clear plastic that extended only across the top of the lenses. At about two o'clock, when I arrived at the beach in front of the lot, he was in a state of fury because the gap in the barbed-wire fence had rendered the registration procedure meaningless. He paced up and down just inside the barbed-wire fence shouting through an electric bullhorn, telling the villagers they should remain on the beach, but his order came much too late; about half the new arrivals had already entered the empty lot. At one point, nine middle-aged and elderly men approached him, with their conical straw hats in their hands, and a spokesman for the group told him that the villagers were afraid the Vietcong would come to Son Tra to kill them in the night, because they had not resisted evacuation from their homes in Tuyet Diem. The newly appointed village chief interrupted the spokesman in mid-sentence and, shaking with anger, shouted that he would listen to no demands of any kind at that moment, because no one was supposed to have even come through to his side of the fence yet. The spokesman started to say something more, and the village chief rushed at him and, in swift succession, struck him on the face with the front and then the back of his hand and kicked him on the hip. The spokesman fell back as he was beaten, and said nothing more. Several American officers were sitting nearby in a jeep talking, and one of them—an adviser to the new village chief—remarked to me, "Looks like they're having a little row." At my request, he went over to the chief with his interpreter to ask what had happened, and after returning and explaining the situation to me he observed, "The village chief believes

THE RICE HOTEL

You'll like Houston's traditional host

We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in . . . and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111



FURNITURE FOR GRACIOUS LIVING

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN OUR

Victorian Suite

& VERSAILLES ROOM

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE

MADISON AVE. AT 76th ST.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,903,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,622,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,970,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

Oscar Kolin

"I believe The News is very factual."

"Ah, Helena Rubinstein. She started the cosmetic business," said the gentleman in his English suit and French shirt with the big silver cufflinks from Texas as he sat in his Fifth Avenue office. "I have always worked for Helena Rubinstein. I started as a chemist in Paris," said President Oscar Kolin, the late Helena Rubinstein's nephew.

"Everyday I receive about a half dozen newspapers and magazines from all over the world. I read The News, sometimes first. I believe it gives information in capsule form," said the cosmetics chief.

"For me there are only two cities in the world. Paris and New York. And The News is a New York newspaper. Even when I am in the Middle East my secretary sends me copies."

"My wife and I collect contemporary art for our apartment in N.Y. and our house in East Hampton. The News is part of the scene —like a girl with good legs in a mini-skirt." And he smiled.

"The News is a very productive paper for advertising," he said without a smile.

It certainly should be. Nearly half the women in New York in families with incomes of $10,000 or more read The News.

That's a lot of lipstick. For one thing.

The News is what's happening.

N.Y. people like the N.Y. News.

Where's the most sophisticated night-club in Greece? Tonight it's in Mykonos

(Tomorrow, come and see . . .)

It'll be in Piraeus then, ready for another swing round the Greek Islands. A night-club on board one of the three Sun Line ships, Stella Solaris, Stella Maris II and Stella Oceanis, luxury hotels that go to sea. Luxury hotels with restaurants serving the finest European cuisine, spacious lounges, intimate bars and heated swimming pools.

And they change their address every day, from March to November. Leaving Piraeus every Monday and Friday, they call at places like Hydra, Crete, Rhodes, Delos, Mykonos, Santorini, Ephessus and Istanbul . . . places whose very names breathe myth and legend.

Prices for these one-class luxury cruises range from $75 on the three-day cruises to $450 in a luxury suite for seven days.

All the Sun Line ships are fully air-conditioned and stabilized for your comfort and they're the first Greek cruise ships in the Mediterranean to be converted under the Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

This year see Greece with the Sun Line . . . and see it all!

For folders and further information contact your travel agent or write to Dept. NY-3, HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, General Agents for Sun Line, 609 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The Stella Oceanis and the Stella Maris II, registered in Greece, fully meet, and the Stella Solaris, registered in Greece, substantially meets, international safety standards for new ships developed in 1960; and all three ships meet the 1966 fire safety requirements.

SUN LINE

that you have to be tough at first to gain their respect in order to control them."

Because the villagers had had neither the time nor the manpower to dismantle their houses and load the materials on the landing craft, as the Army had originally planned, and no building supplies had been made available, the villagers slept for the next few weeks under pieces of cloth propped up on sticks, or under their tarred basket boats. During that time, they began constructing makeshift dwellings of poles that they cut for themselves in a patch of woods nearby. The first night, they camped here and there all over the lot, but the next day they learned that theirs was only the first of a number of villages to be moved into the enclosure, and they were made to squeeze into one corner at the back. That day, the village chief performed his first administrative act, which was to take everyone's identification card away, so that no one could leave the enclosure. The same day, the Army decided to evacuate another village right away, and consequently a thousand more people arrived on the lot, bringing the official estimate of its population up to twenty-five hundred. Even then, only half the lot could be used, for more villages were scheduled for evacuation in the near future. Later that week, troops of the 196th Light Brigade destroyed the empty village of Tuyet Diem. The Army put off the evacuation and destruction of the other villages until after the Presidential election, on September 3rd, because the troops of the 196th were needed to provide security around the polls.

Like most of the American military in Vietnam, the Army men who evacuated the villagers from Tuyet Diem and then destroyed the village saw what they were doing as only the first stage of a long-range benevolent plan for all of South Vietnam, in which the country would be rebuilt and then would develop a free and democratic government. This first stage of the plan—the destruction of the villages—usually went very smoothly, and gave rise to considerable optimism among the Americans who carried it out, but the second stage—the stage in which the Vietnamese and their American civil-affairs advisers were to rebuild and reorganize villages like Tuyet Diem, and were to stitch the whole society back together again—turned out to be infinitely more difficult than anyone had expected, and the people who were to carry it out could not even begin to match the scale of destruction

Which Greece will you bring home with you?

The marble perfection of the Acropolis where each footstep brings you closer to Athens' heroic past.

The breathtaking view from a modern road high above the shimmering sea.

The Aegean as your ship drops anchor and you reign over the fabled islands of Ulysses.

The thrill of racing over the sun-dappled waters of Poseidon.

Greece, home of a thousand memories . . . which ones will *you* bring back?

GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
601 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Phone: 212 HA 1-5777 • Write to: Dept. NY-3

Please send free information, maps and folders on travel throughout Greece.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State .... Zip Code ....

© Copyright 1968 American Express Company

If your credit card doesn't give you free protection if you lose it— you're not carrying American Express.

Some people still don't have an American Express Card because they're afraid of losing it.

They're afraid some stranger will run up a whopping bill at their expense.

That might happen to people with *other* credit cards.

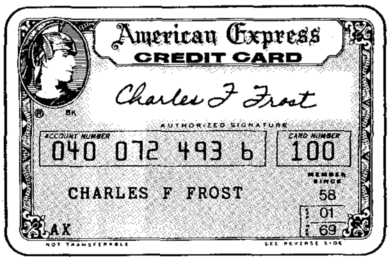
We protect our cardholders.

If you *do* lose your American Express Card—simply call or wire the nearest American Express Office. We cover your losses the minute we hear from you.

Even if you *don't* miss your American Express Card—and someone goes charging around with it—we've got you covered, whether you call us or not.

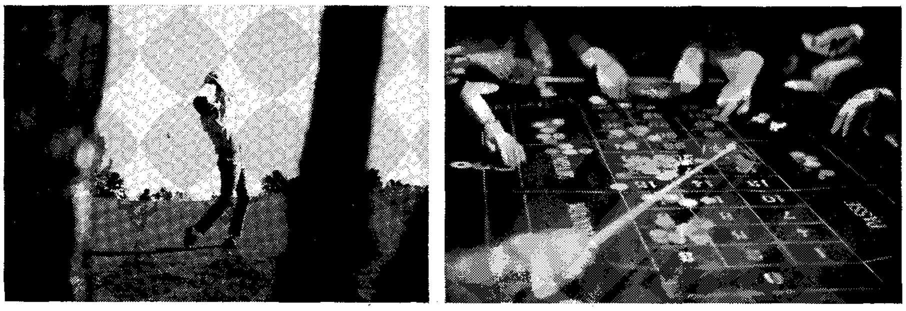
We cover you with liability protection for *all losses over $100*. Free!

So relax. Chances are you'll never lose your American Express Card anyway.


American Express
CREDIT CARD
Charles F Frost
BK
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
ACCOUNT NUMBER
040 072 493 6
CARD NUMBER
100
MEMBER SINCE
CHARLES F FROST
58
01
69
AX
NOT TRANSFERABLE
SEE REVERSE SIDE

Applications at airlines, hotels, motels, restaurants. Or write: American Express, Credit Card Division, Box 599, New York, N.Y. 10008.

with their construction. More often than not, the reality of the villagers' new life under the South Vietnamese government turned out to be a crowded tent in a government camp or a bare lot like the one in Son Tra. Many optimistic Americans, including reporters as well as military men and civilian officials, tended to set off the destruction caused by the military effort against the construction resulting from the civil-affairs effort, seeing the two results as separate but balanced "sides" of the war; and, looking at our commitment of men and materials, they were often favorably impressed with the size of the constructive effort, almost as though it were being carried out in one country while the military effort was being carried out in another. But, of course, the two programs were being carried out in the same provinces and the same villages, and the people who received the allotments of rice were the same people whose villages had been destroyed by bombs. The Vietnamese civilians felt the effects of the two programs not as two abstract "sides" of the war but as a continuing experience in the single reality of their daily lives, and, from their point of view, the aid given them by the Americans and the South Vietnamese government amounted to only a tiny measure of compensation (although extravagant promises were made in the leaflets and in other propaganda) for enormous losses and suffering. Many Americans, both civilian and military, tended not to see beyond the particular program they were involved in. Civil-affairs officials, forgetting that it was American firepower that had been the original direct cause of the destitution of the vast majority of the people in the camps, were puzzled when these hungry, tired people showed little gratitude for the help that the Americans and the G.V.N. were giving them. Many of the civil-affairs officials were working exhaustingly long hours and doing the best job they could with their limited time and resources, and they could not see why the people should complain and expect more than they were getting. Many military men, for their part, were loyal only to *their* duty—that of conducting military operations. Having efficiently carried out the "military half," they saw it as the responsibility of the Vietnamese government and of the American civil-affairs advisers to carry out the "civilian half" by taking care of the people who had been hurt or dispossessed in the "military half." (Thus, although, in the two weeks of Operation Benton, Task Force



Sinfully Luxurious

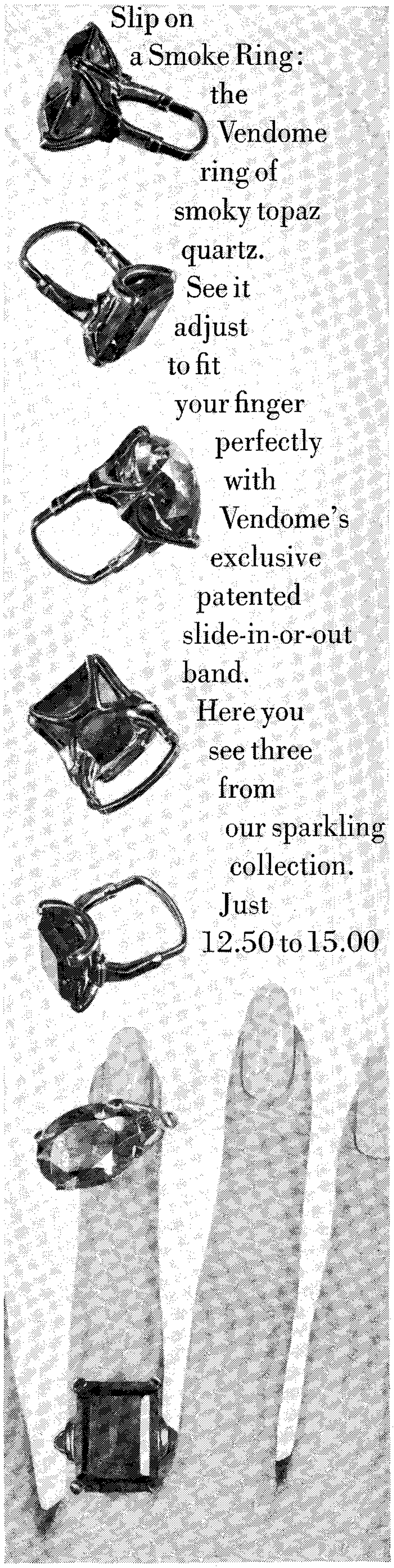
No matter how many fabulous hotels, beautiful resorts and fascinating islands you've been to, Paradise Island Hotel & Villas is the place you wanted them all to be.

Paradise Island Hotel & Villas is a world in itself. On the fabled millionaire island hideaway that's just a quick bridge-crossing from Bay Street on the Nassau mainland, where Free Port shopping prices prevail.

Here, you'll find everything: 500 rooms with balconies facing the sea. Separate duplex villas. Tennis courts, pool, water sports, unexcelled golf nearby. Four exciting gourmet dining spots. Great gaming and headliner entertainment in the adjacent Casino and night club.

Come now. For the first time. To the new place for people who are used to great vacations.

Paradise Island Hotel & Villas
Paradise Island, Nassau in the Bahamas
A Loew's Hotel • Preston Robert Tisch, President
For immediate, confirmed reservations, see your travel agent or call us: New York: 586-6105; Boston: 542-0103; Philadelphia: 563-6353; Baltimore: 539-0414; Washington: 737-1002; Chicago: 664-9335; Miami: 865-7511. (All phones open Sundays)



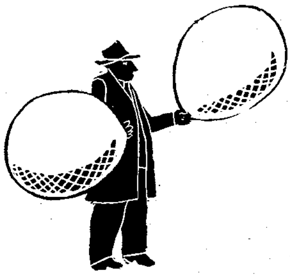
Slip on a Smoke Ring: the Vendome ring of smoky topaz quartz. See it adjust to fit your finger perfectly with Vendome's exclusive patented slide-in-or-out band. Here you see three from our sparkling collection. Just 12.50 to 15.00

Vendôme

Vendome, couturier division of Coro, Inc., 47 W. 34 St., N.Y.C.

Oregon destroyed about sixty-five per cent of the houses of an estimated seventeen thousand people, the officer in charge of the 101st's Civil Affairs Office had been able to answer my question about the future of the area's population by saying, "*We* don't have any plans for the immediate future. It's the responsibility of the G.V.N. and the ARVN to carry out Pacification and Revolutionary Development." He did not know that the G.V.N. had no plan for these people.) But because, along with the destruction of villages, American military operations brought death to many civilians, American civil-affairs workers, no matter how well intentioned they might be, and no matter how well supplied they might someday become, could never, from the point of view of the villagers, "balance" the sufferings caused by the military, or undo what they had done, which was often absolute and irreversible.

ON August 30th, in a wing of the province chief's office in Quang Ngai City, I was granted an interview with Mr. James A. May, a civilian, who was the Senior Adviser for Quang Ngai Province. Mr. May, who is from California, is forty-seven years old, stands several inches over six feet, and has a long, bushy mustache. On the job in Quang Ngai, he often wore a Mexican sombrero and Western-style leather boots. Mr. May is a voluble talker, and when I asked for his view of the condition of the Pacification Program in Quang Ngai, on which he is the chief adviser, he warmed to the subject quickly, and delivered an impromptu talk that began with a description of the activities of the Marines. "The Marines came in May of 1965," he said. "Task Force Oregon came into a situation where, although the friendlies had made progress for two years, it was only moderate progress. There was quite a bit of forward and back, but, on balance, we nibbled ahead. The problem was that Charlie had occupied large portions of the province since the Japs. As far as Charlie was concerned, until the Marines arrived he had hardly been touched by the war. In many areas, it was easy for him to believe he was winning, and the people were illiterate, so they didn't know what was happening. When the Marines came, the friendly operations could go into an area, but they'd retreat soon, so it was easy for Charlie to say, 'We ran them out.' But since Task Force Oregon arrived, there have been a number of changes that have been very visible to Charlie. Task Force Oregon has had three big advantages over the Marines. First, they have had the manpower to do the job. Second, they have had the firepower, which is also very important, for shock effect. Third, they have had more mobility, with their helicopters. The main thing they've been able to do is to drive Charlie out of his strongholds, keeping a kill ratio of ten to one. They have kept Charlie on the run. Their reaction speed and firepower were unbelievable. Charlie started out by following his usual pattern of shooting down choppers, but this time five more would come along and go after him. And the artillery was always there, and we could throw in an armored unit with tremendous speed. Charlie got everything *and* the kitchen sink thrown at him so hard that he didn't know what hit him. Before Task Force Oregon came, Mo Duc and Duc Pho"—two districts in the south of Quang Ngai Province—"were Charlie's. But now he's had so many casualties that he's had to revise all his plans. One big thing we've done is to repair Route 1 for transportation. Now Charlie can still snipe and harass, but he cannot effectively overrun a large village or overrun an outpost. Now he's all off balance. He's got communication problems, and his food supply and labor force are drying up. Aside from what he brings in on infiltration routes, he's had a tough time."



I asked Mr. May if he meant that by destroying the villages the Army had deprived the Vietcong of their use.

"In a few areas, the villages have been destroyed," Mr. May said. "This is a necessary side effect if you're going to fight hard. We've invited the people to come on out of the V.C. villages to secure areas where it's safe. The V.C. use villages as protection, the way a gangster uses a hostage. So in the process of getting at Charlie it's inevitable that the village gets it. You'll notice that the undestroyed areas are the ones that have not seen a G.V.N.-and-Allied Forces-versus-V.C. confrontation. That's the way war is. To me, it's just like the Second World War in places in France and Italy, where the villages were wiped out as far as you could see. You just can't get at the enemy unless you get at them

“Have I got an ugly friend for you!

“Have you got a *dry skin* that won’t quit? Me too. Not enough time to take care of it? Me too. A total distaste for rigamarole that doesn’t work? Uh huh.

“That is why *Oil of the Turtle,* my ugly friend, was born. Oil of the Turtle was that once-in-a-lifetime ‘find’ for me. A real answer to dry, flaky, crinkly skin. It’s a rare *natural* lubricant, that comes from the depths of the sea. Your skin laps it up so easily there’s none of that greasy effect afterwards. And it’s surprisingly long-lasting. No soft look now, parched look later.

“I formulated Oil of the Turtle for my kind of life—and yours. In a Foam or Cream Moisturizer, a Night Concentrate, a Cleansing Cream, a non-drying Freshener, a Bath Treatment and Soap, a Scrub for those occasional problems even dry-skinned people have. Simple. Anti-rigamarole. Fun. And most of all, effective. What more could a friend do than to help you where you need it most?”

POLLY BERGEN

Oil of the Turtle

© The Polly Bergen Company 1968

3 UNCOMMON LINDBLAD EXPEDITIONS

AMAZON SAFARI

For the adventurous. Visit a world which is known only to a handful of men. Highlight: 11-day cruise of the Araguaia River in specially-built "Safari Boatel." Fishing, bartering with Indian tribes. 20 days. Departures May through Oct.

ON THE INCA ROAD

Unique and meticulously planned exploration of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Argentina. Visit descendants of the Incas, participate in their fiestas, observe religious ceremonies and colorful pageants, 26 days. Departures: from New York. Two in Spring, two in the Fall.

LANDS OF THE SUNSET

Unusual expedition to North Africa...Tunisia and Morocco, led by Lord Kinross, versatile journalist noted on both sides of the Atlantic. We will explore Tunis, Rabat, Marrakech, Fez, and ancient North African sites. Departs April 23, returns May 14, 1968. $1,350 including round trip air fare from New York.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th Street
New York, New York 10022

Please rush brochures:
☐ On The Inca Road
☐ Amazon Safari
☐ Lands of The Sunset

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________Zip______
NY 31668

where they're at. There isn't any way to get them but level the villages they are located in. You know, some of these villages have never known any kind of government other than the V.C. But we give them an opportunity to get out and go. Also, these mud houses with thatched roofs can be built up overnight. You send some people back into an area, and in a week the place is all built up again. So I expect to see a lot more destruction. But the destruction works both ways. Just two weeks ago, the V.C. attacked a village on Route 1 in Son Tinh District that was protected by the Popular Forces, and blew up about twenty houses, with a lot of civilian casualties. Gradually, we're depriving the V.C. of his labor force and food. Now we've got about fifty thousand people in camps and about seventy-five thousand people who have built their own houses or are living with friends. Little by little, the people are realizing that security lies in the secure zones. They're beginning to see that the business opportunities are here in the cities, and they're coming in by the thousand now."

I asked about the operation I had just seen carried out in the village of Tuyet Diem.

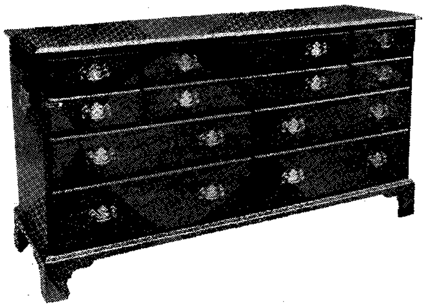
"Well, technically they are not counted as refugees, because they were resettled right there," Mr. May said. "They brought the parts of their houses down and can set them up again. It's amazing with these Vietnamese houses. They can take them down and then put them right back up again, like an Erector set."

I asked him how the Pacification of villages was proceeding.

To answer this, Mr. May pulled out of his desk a map of the province as big as an unfolded newspaper. Along Route 1 and around the town of Duc Pho, the map was washed over in light blue. In the northern part of the province, the blue area along Route 1 was from one to five kilometres wide. "This shows the pacified areas when the Marines got here in 1965," he said. "We could hardly go outside Quang Ngai City. Now the area is much bigger." With one finger he delineated a blue area that bulged out about ten kilometres from the road in Son Tinh District and around Quang Ngai City.

Then Mr. May took me into a conference room down a hall, where a much larger map hung on the wall. It was dotted with black-headed pins, which indicated the presence of Revolutionary Development Teams—groups of young Vietnamese men sent out to win rural people over to the Saigon government's side. "We've got

MULE CHEST



TEN DRAWER CHEST SOLVES THE EVERLASTING STORAGE PROBLEM

From Lloyds collection of unusual Chests, Highboys and Lowboys. Adapted from the antique English original — of solid old mahogany in a rich tawny brown color. A distinguished piece for use in bedroom, dining room or entrance foyer. Solid brass batwing drawer pulls. Note the side pulls for carrying and the unusually roomy drawer arrangement. Length 66", Depth 20", Height 35".

OUTSTANDING VALUE AT $345

F.O.B., N.Y.C. Crating $25 beyond delivery area.

GET TO KNOW LLOYDS. Our immense stock includes an ever changing collection of Antique and Reproduction Furniture and Decorations for every room in your home. You will find the antique, or just old, or fabulous reproductions. Lloyds is really a paradise of treasures. The character, the quality and modest prices will delight you. Come in, browse leisurely and discover Lloyds for yourself. You'll be very glad you did.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

THE MODERN ART OF FRENCH CUISINE
L'ETOILE
Dinner from six. Supper late.
Every night.
Fifth Avenue at 59th St.
PL 1-7025

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

forty-seven Revolutionary Development Teams," he told me.

Looking at the map, I saw that all but three or four of them were stationed along Route 1 or in the undestroyed region around Quang Ngai City.

"The R.D. Program has proved itself many times over by now," he said. "We have plans to expand Pacification considerably. Even in the worst days, it has been successful. The program has grown steadily."

I asked him what, in his view, it meant to say that a village was "pacified" or had been made "secure."

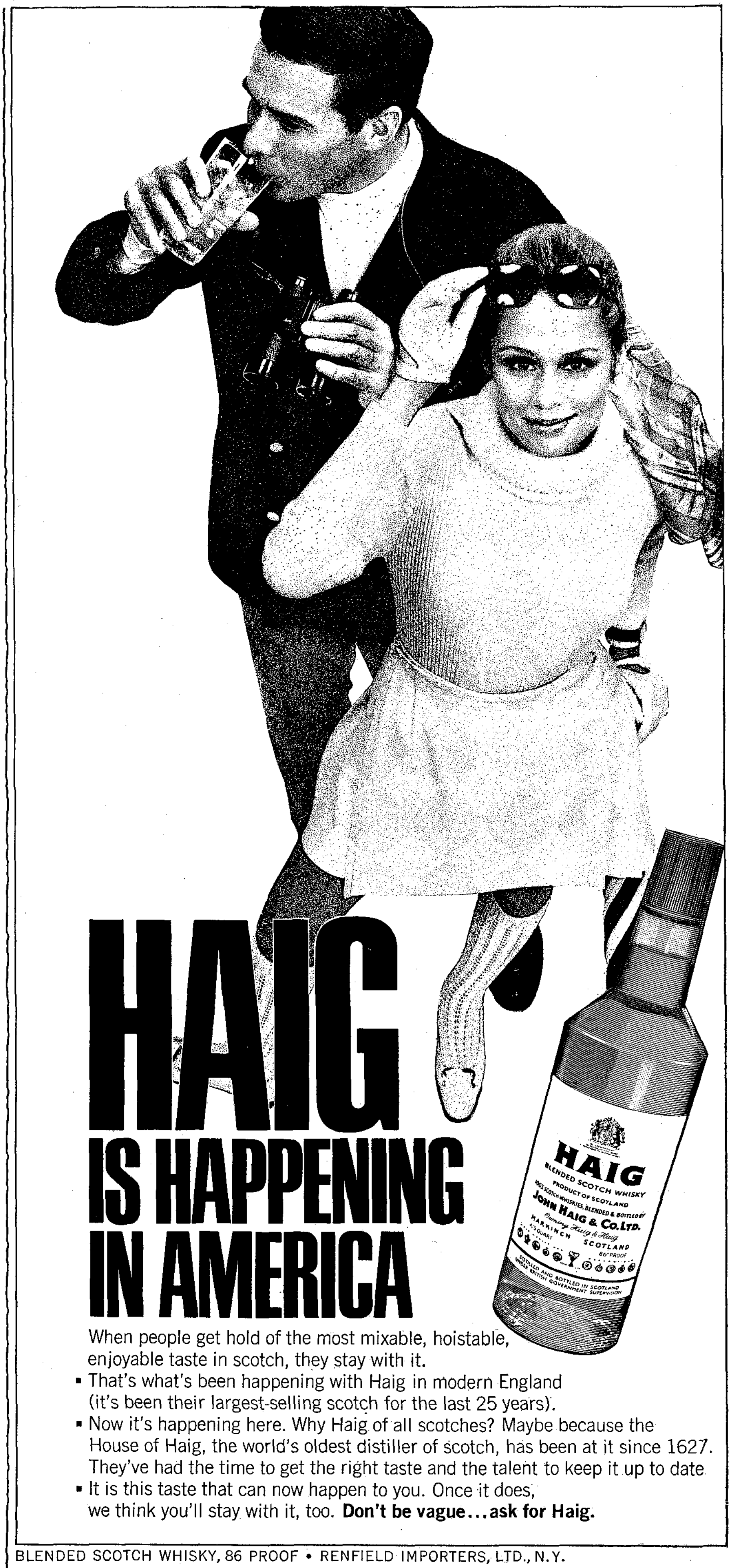
"Well, it means that it's highly improbable that the V.C. would dare infiltrate into it in the daytime," Mr. May said. "Of course, this is hard to determine, because sometimes the V.C. run out of no place, like Indians attacking a fort on the frontier at night."

I mentioned that in Son Tinh District, where a large number of Revolutionary Development Teams were working along Route 1, an American lieutenant colonel had advised an observer from Saigon against sleeping in any village in the province.

"I heard about that, and I jumped the colonel on that," Mr. May said. "I mean, for an American to be able to sleep in a village would be a very special situation, quite different from a regular Vietnamese sleeping there. It would be more like a village chief trying to sleep in the village. The village is secure for most Vietnamese, but the village chief can't sleep there, because the V.C. have got it in for him in particular. So I'd say that's not a very good measurement. You might say that a pacified area is an area that is more secure than before but not yet completely secure. The villages are not perfect everywhere. What the V.C. have to face is: How much will they pay for a victory? Will they lose more than they gain if they take a city? For instance, the V.C. might be able to come right into the province capital—I'm not saying they couldn't—but it's a question of how much it would cost them."

I asked Mr. May whether he considered the physical destruction of villages in wide areas of the province an impediment to the Pacification Program.

"I don't think it makes a tremendous amount of difference," he replied. "Once we provide security for an area, the people flock right back out and build the place up themselves again in no time. For instance, Charlie took over one village in '64, and we ran him out in '65, and the village got pret-



When people get hold of the most mixable, hoistable, enjoyable taste in scotch, they stay with it.

- That's what's been happening with Haig in modern England (it's been their largest-selling scotch for the last 25 years).
- Now it's happening here. Why Haig of all scotches? Maybe because the House of Haig, the world's oldest distiller of scotch, has been at it since 1627. They've had the time to get the right taste and the talent to keep it up to date
- It is this taste that can now happen to you. Once it does, we think you'll stay with it, too. **Don't be vague...ask for Haig.**

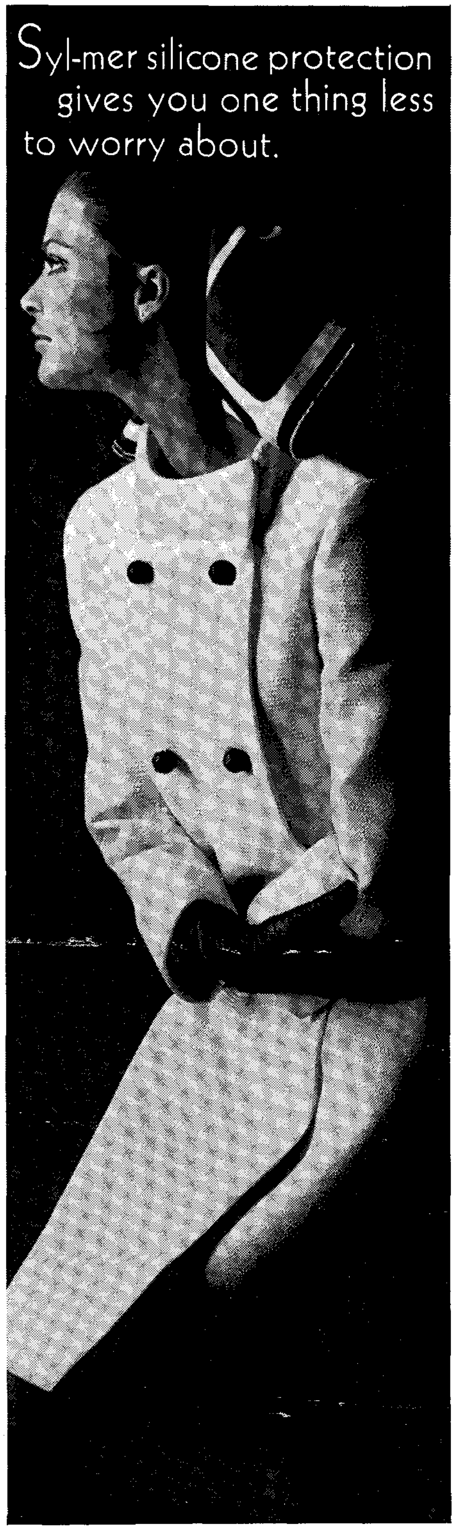
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

ty damaged, but when we designated the place a secure area, the people came flocking back by the thousand. Then Charlie overran it again and the people left again. Then, when we took it again, the people came right back again. Then Charlie took the place again, and this time some of the people stayed there, but the point is that if we secure an area the people will come right back in again and build the place right up again in no time. Soon we plan to provide real and lasting security for that village. We keep a record of how the Pacification of each village is going. It's a document with a lot of questions on it, and we feed all the questions into a computer."

Later, I saw a Pacification "point sheet" that had been used by the Marines. It, too, was of a standardized type. The record for one village was as follows:

OBJECTIVE	MAX POINTS	POINTS
I. *Destruction of Organized V.C. Military Forces*		
A. V.C. local/main force units destroyed or driven out	15	6
B. G.V.N. forces capable of defending area	5	2
Total	20	8
II. *Destruction of V.C. Infrastructure*		
A. Census completed	2	1
B. V.C. infrastructure discovered, destroyed, or neutralized	8	2
C. G.V.N. intelligence network established	5	1
D. Census Grievance Teams completed interviewing each family	2	1
E. Principal grievance completely processed	3	1
Total	20	6
III. *Establishment of Local Security*		
A. Defense plans completed	2	1
B. Defense construction completed	3	2
C. Permanent local defense forces trained and in place	12	5
D. Communications established with military supporting unit	3	3
Total	20	11
IV. *Establishment of local government*		
A. Village chief and council appointed and functioning	2	2
B. Village chief and council elected	2	0
C. Village chief lives in village and is able to sleep there	3	3
D. Hamlet chief's appointed councils functioning	2	0
E. Hamlet chiefs, councils elected	4	0
F. Hamlet chiefs live in hamlets and are able to sleep there	4	1
G. Permanent Psy Ops and Public Information services established	1	1
H. Village statutes enacted	1	0
I. Social and administrative organization of villages completed to meet immediate needs of villagers	1	0
Total	20	7
V. *Completion of Initial New Life Programs*		
A. Public health	4	2
B. Education	4	3
C. Agricultural	4	3
D. Markets	4	3
E. Transportation	4	2
Total	20	13
Final Total	100	45

High officials who received standardized reports like this one talked of the G.V.N.'s Pacification Program only in terms of progress, trying to judge whether the progress was slow or fast, and when one program (such as the G.V.N.'s Strategic Hamlet Program) failed, and a new, improved program (such as the G.V.N.'s New Life Hamlet Program) was instituted in its place, they always spoke in terms of the G.V.N.'s having a chance to make a fresh start at "winning the hearts and minds of the people," as though the earlier failures had had no effect on the countryside and the situation in 1967 were the same as the situation in 1964 or 1965. But at the lower level, in provinces like Quang Ngai, American civil-affairs officials and workers faced a situation in which the cumulative effect of the many abortive programs—all of them accompanied, from



Syl-mer silicone protection gives you one thing less to worry about.

You don't have to worry about how this striking rain-shine coat will stay spot-free. The Aquagard* finish, made with SYL-MER® brand silicones, makes it resistant to water-borne stains. Rain, too, of course. And this protection lasts. So button up. And smile.

Travelcoat by Naman—a back belted all-weather coat in Hargro's 60% acetate/40% rayon matelasse. White, black. Sizes 6-16. About $45. At **Peck & Peck**, Fifth Avenue, New York and all branches.

Syl-mer silicones are a product of **Dow Corning Corporation, Midland, Michigan.**

Fabric protected with SYL-MER® SILICONE FINISH

*T.M. Soluol Chemical Co., Inc.

Hertz offers an alternative to the "perfect" guided tour of Europe.

The "perfect" unguided tour.

The best way to see Europe would be to live there for a while. That way you could go where you wanted, with whomever you wanted.

Compared to this the guided tour of Europe is a compromise.

You start with a calendar, bankbook and a list of must-see spots in one hand and stacks of travel guides and tour itineraries in the other. That's when you find that no guided tour goes everywhere you'd like to go.

But you're about to travel over 3,000 miles to get to see a part of the world you may not get back to see. And we don't think the fact that a tour doesn't go to a particular place is a good enough reason for you not to go there.

Especially when we're prepared to offer you a practical alternative.

We call it the unguided tour of Europe and here's how it works.

Unguided not misguided.

Your hotel room is assured in each of the towns and cities you've selected. When you land in Europe you pick up a Ford Cortina or another good car from Hertz. From then on the route you take from place to place, where you stop and what you see is up to you.

But this is not to say that we let you wander around aimlessly getting lost and confused. We provide you with maps, advice on places you might like to see and mark the roads to help you get there.

And since Hertz has offices in most major cities in Europe and in many cities that aren't so major you can stop in anytime for help or advice.

Stick to a budget without sticking to an itinerary.

Perhaps the most perfect part of the unguided tour is that you pick the price you'd like to pay before you leave and you pick the stops you'd like to make while you're there.

A 21-day OpenRoad International, Inc. tour including your Hertz car, round-trip air fare on BOAC, Pan American or Air France, and your hotel room can cost you as little as $280 per person. And if you have a little more money to spend, you can get a little more tour for the money. These $635 and up tours include stops in baronial castles. And for a grand per person you get the grand tour, including an English-speaking guide if you like.

So if you're on your way to Europe, ask your travel agent for the complete story on unguided tours, or fill in the coupon and drop it in the mail and Hertz will mail you a complete Motoring Guide to Europe and fill you in on the specifics.

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1968

Write to Hertz, Box 2588, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

I'd like more information on some unguided OpenRoad International, Inc. tours of Europe. Send me a motoring guide, and the brochures indicated:

☐ EuRoad® Tours from $280
☐ EuRoad® Adventures from $525
☐ OpenRoadtours® from $635
☐ RoyalRoadtours® from $1000

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City_______________________________
State_________________Zip Code_________
NY-3

®Reg. T.M. of OpenRoad International, Inc.

1965 on, by the full force of the Americans' overwhelming firepower—had been to bring disruption, destruction, and death to the countryside on an immense scale, and to leave among the people an indelible bitterness that no new program—unless it were a program to raise the dead—could hope to overcome. Before American civil-affairs workers in Quang Ngai became optimistic about any new programs for the G.V.N., they had to ask themselves whether the G.V.N. had any presence whatever in most of the villages, and, what was more to the point, whether there were many villages left in Quang Ngai in which anyone could have a presence.

I asked Mr. May about the official policy toward the people who continued to live in the zones of harassment-and-interdiction artillery fire.

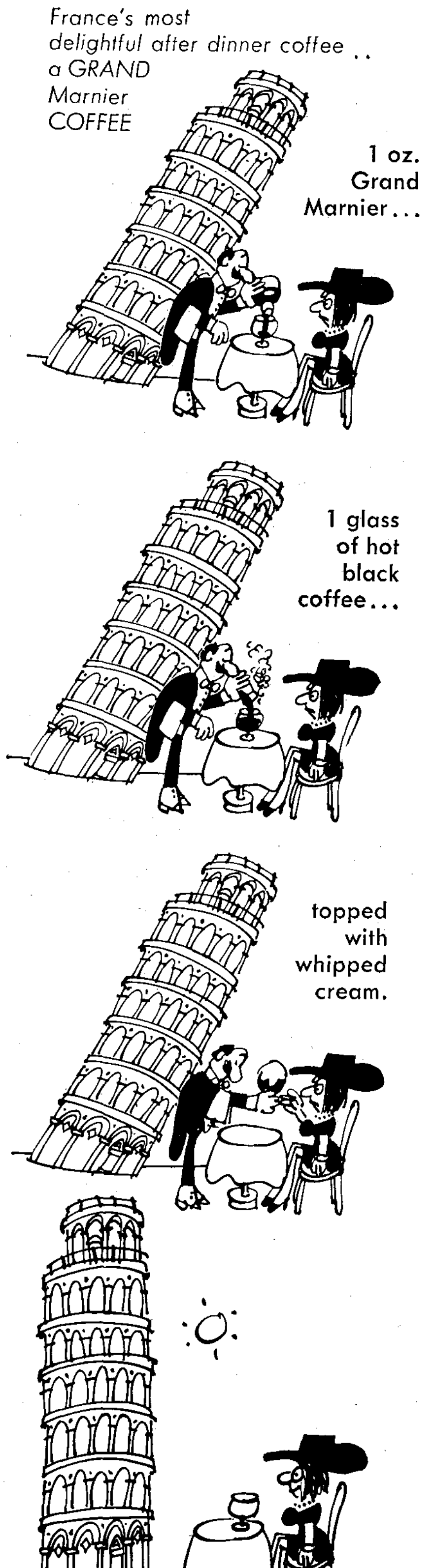
"These people have had a choice," Mr. May said. "They still think Charlie's going to win. We've plastered the place with Chieu Hoi leaflets. And when we bring them into secured areas we try to get them to stay, but the pull of the land is very strong. But all the people have to do to keep their village from being destroyed is make sure that their hamlet isn't a fort for Charlie. But, for instance, down in Duc Pho they're not even trying, because Charlie *is* their government right now. Still, we've been encouraged by the number of people who have come to live along the highway, and also by the number who have started living on the beaches. We know they're not dangerous out there, because they haven't got any cover, and they can't dig underground so well there."

I asked if he thought it was a good idea to hold all the villagers responsible when the Vietcong chose to fire at our troops from their village.

"If you let him in your village, you're an accomplice, aren't you?" Mr. May said. "If you're feeding him and working for him, aren't you an accomplice?"

I asked about conditions in the camps.

"There's always plenty to eat, and a roof over their head," Mr. May said. "It does get a little overcrowded. It's not like a first-class hotel, with someone giving you a big welcome. I don't maintain that the refugee performance is like that. But we give them a free choice about whether to come or not. Usually, some want to come and some don't. Some people look and see that everyone else is getting aboard a chopper, so they get aboard, too. And when they go back, sometimes someone



Grand Marnier
Liqueur

The Spirit of
Grand Marnier

For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD. DEPT.NY-9,730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Dacron® polyester and cotton
for this snappy turtle . . .
sporting new shirt
in white with black, blue or
gold stripes. Small,
medium, large sizes 20.00

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

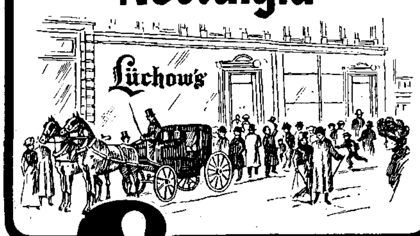
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

Barrie Ltd.®
CHUKKA
BOOT

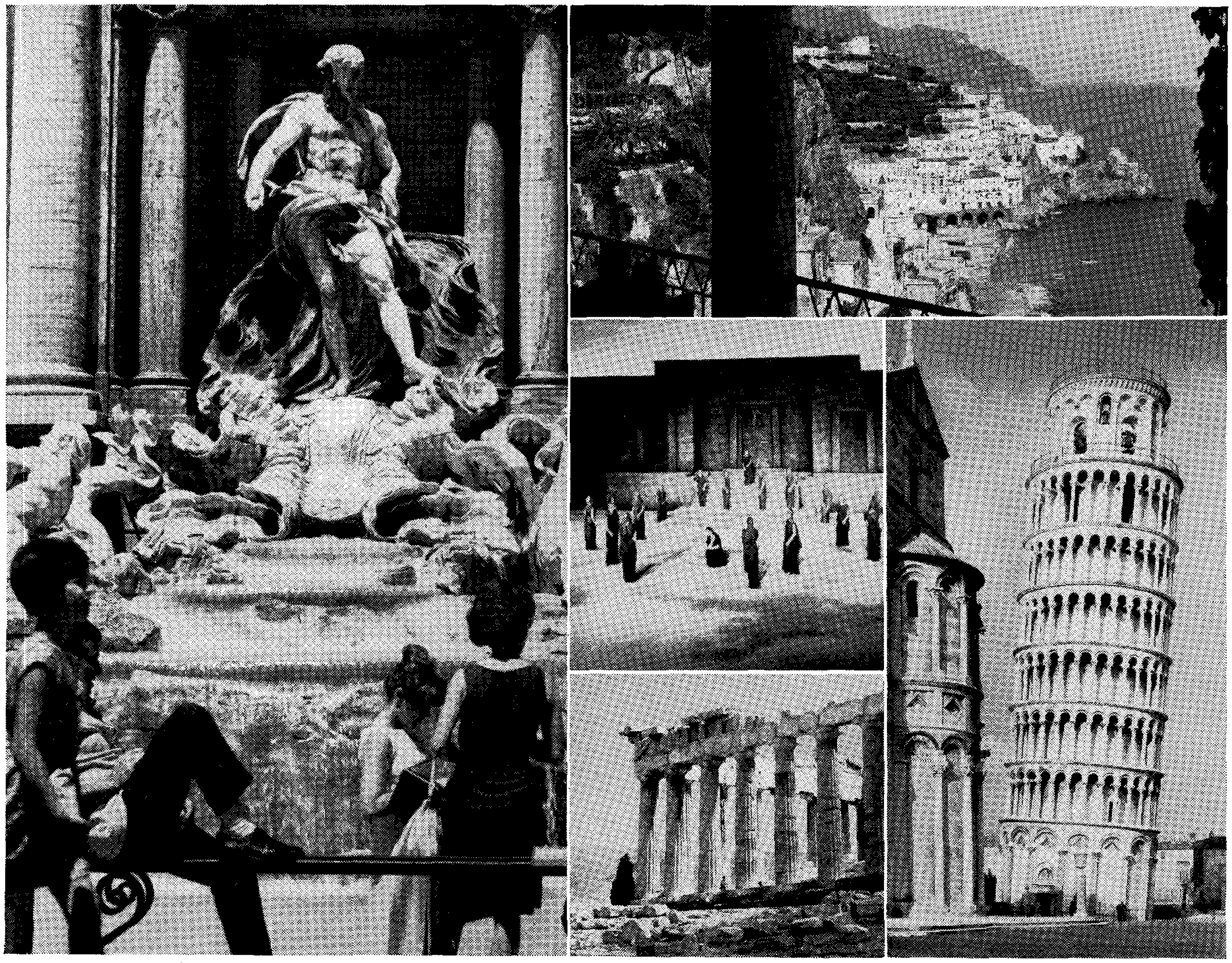
A traditional two-eyelet chukka boot of antiqued brown grained calf. Detailed with glove leather-lined forepart, prestitched storm welt around heel and double leather soles. **$23.95 postpaid.**

Order by Mail, state shoe size—
BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.
OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
AND WASHINGTON, D.C. FALL 1968

Nice Nourishing
Nostalgia



Since 1882
Lüchow's
The Gourmets' Rendezvous
110 EAST 14th STREET, N.Y.C. • GR. 7-4860
Serving 'til midnight • We park your car at dinner



If you think 21 days in Europe plus car, plus accommodation will cost you a little bit of money, you're right!

$400 is a little bit of money.

That's all it takes to get started...and you're on your way with Lufthansa's EUROPACAR Tours.

The Italian Tour is only $400. And, that's even more inexpensive considering you get round-trip jet, New York-Rome, 20 nights accommodation and a rented Maggiore Fiat 850 with the first 500 kilometers free.

Or, for just a few dollars more, you have two choices on the Hellenic Tours...(A) includes round-trip jet, New York-Athens, 20 nights accommodation near Athens and a rented car with the first 50 kilometers free—costing $490; or (B) for $529—features 20 nights accommodation in 7 hotels with breakfasts, located in the important classical sites of Greece as well as round-trip jet, New York-Athens and a rented Volkswagen.

What more could you ask for? Just pick the country of your choice and call your Lufthansa Travel Agent. Or mail in this coupon for more information.

Air fares based on 14-21 day, 15 passenger GIT, Economy fare from NYC when applicable. Land arrangements based on each of two people traveling together.

Lufthansa German Airlines, Dept. S-316
410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen: Please send me more information on the
☐ EUROPACAR Italian Tour
☐ EUROPACAR Hellenic Tours

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

Zip__________ Phone__________

My Travel Agent is____________________

Lufthansa

Joy
is an all-function
4 Season coat

Day coat, date coat, best travel coat
going! Rain and stain repellent
because the fabric* of Antron® nylon
is protected by DuPont **ZE PEL**®.
Black, white, greige, yellow.
Sizes 6 to 16. About $50.
At Lord & Taylor, all branches;
Dayton's, Minneapolis;
Neiman-Marcus, Texas;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

*DACRON FILLED
® REG. T.M.

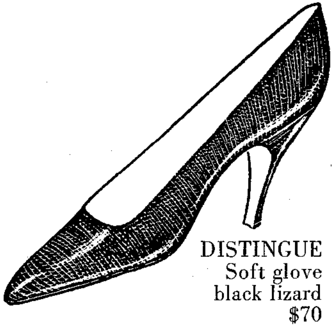
COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

just says, 'There's been no fightin' in the village, so let's go back.' But we don't encourage them to go back until their native area is completely liberated. Some people want to know, 'Aren't we going to create a nation of refugees living on the dole?' This has been proved totally without foundation. The refugees have a better standard of living than they did in their villages. Look at the tin on their roofs. It's better than the old thatched roofs—it doesn't leak. And the refugee camps bring the people in closer to the urban centers, where they can have modern experiences and learn modern practices. It's a modernizing experience. The peasant is ignorant, but he isn't stupid. He knows business opportunities when he sees them. But I'll say one thing: You never have any trouble getting them to go back to their villages!" He laughed. Summing matters up, he added, "This is a tough, new kind of war. It's kind of like the Indian wars. There's no fast and easy way to finish it. There are so many places for the V.C. to hide—just like the Indians did. But I'd expect this province to be pacified in three or four years. And if we can pacify Quang Ngai, we can pacify any province. In three or four years, we may not have wiped out all the Charlies, but we will have cut him off from the people and restricted him to the mountains, where he'll be nothing more than a nuisance, like tigers—not a serious threat. Already, Quang Ngai is a bustling beehive of activity. Things are going well. I decided two years ago that I didn't come out here to lose. But if I thought our practice or theory was wrong, I'd get out."

In October, I received a report on the subject of civilian war casualties from a British civilian physician who had been working in Quang Ngai for over three years. In the report, he said that as of October, 1967, the number of patients in the province's only civilian hospital was between five hundred and fifty and six hundred and fifty a day. Of these, about fifty per cent were surgical cases. For example, on October 6th, three hundred and five of five hundred and sixty patients were in the surgical wards. Since the arrival of Task Force Oregon, the average number of war casualties admitted to the hospital each day had been thirty, although there were sometimes only ten admissions and sometimes forty.

They come by Lambretta, hammock, motorcycle, bicycle, and about twenty

De Busschere
Belgian
Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



DISTINGUE
Soft glove
black lizard
$70
Other colors to order.

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

EMILY SHAW'S
POUND RIDGE, N. Y. INN
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

> per cent by helicopter [the doctor wrote]. The latter [helicopter] presents a great problem, as they bring patients from far away to us that should be going to a hospital closer by—for example, we have patients from Quang Tin Province. To get them back home is nearly impossible. Of our surgical patients, ninety-five per cent are war casualties. War casualties break down: 1. Cannon—fifty-five per cent (and higher). 2. Bullet—fifteen per cent. 3. Bomb—fifteen per cent. 4. Grenade—three per cent. 5. Mine—two per cent. 6. War burns—eight to ten per cent.

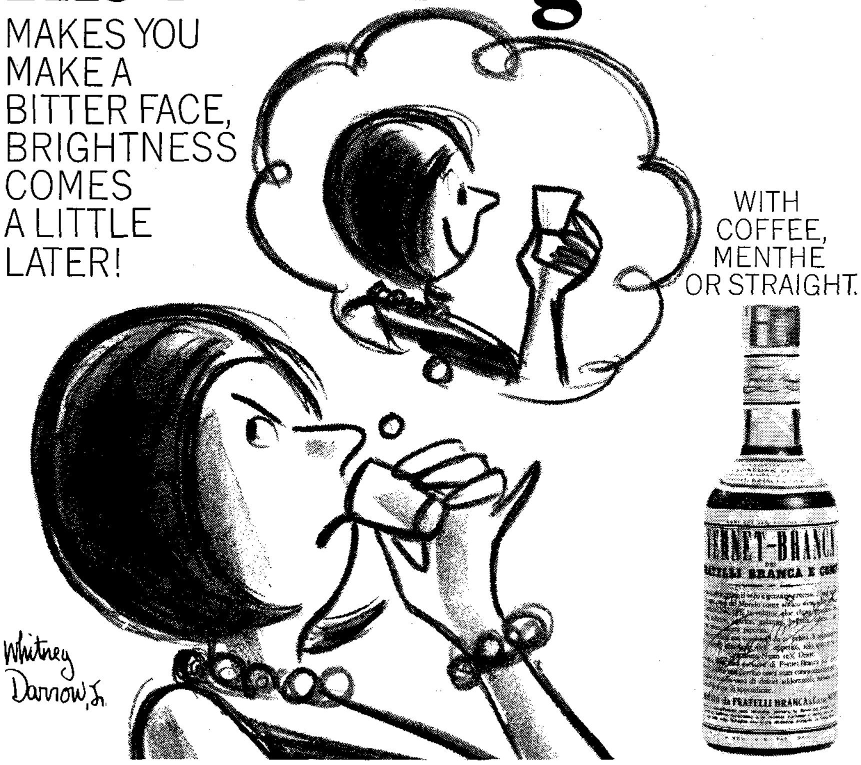
The report explained that war burns were caused by napalm, phosphorus, flamethrowers, and jettisoned gasoline tanks, and continued:

> We frequently have patients admitted with blast syndrome from bombing (air displacement) or gas poisoning from tunnels. Ten per cent of the latter usually die in hospital. There are very few home burns—less than one in twenty. We also get cases that have been tortured by ARVN or security police. The following illustrates how many casualties arrive at the province hospital. When shelling occurs, there are those slightly wounded. They stay home, probably five in ten. Of the remaining five, two die at home or on the way to the hamlet aid station or village dispensary. The latter is staffed by a technician, midwife, etc. One is treated at the dispensary and kept till he is well. The other two are taken to the province hospital by the relatives. When the relatives acknowledge the seriousness of the situation, they may take him at once instead of going to the dispensary. This is true for coastal areas. From the other areas very few reach the hospital. Situations in which injury occurs: 1. Innocently at home, working, eating, or sleeping—being shelled or bombed not aware of impending danger. 2. Bunkers, infrequently. 3. Bullet wounds from ground troops caught in the crossfire, or deliberately inflicted by the military.

If the doctor's estimate of the ratio of the number of civilian casualties who reached the hospital to the number who did not was correct, this would mean that there had been about fifty thousand civilian war casualties a year in Quang Ngai since American troops first arrived.

ON the night of my interview with Mr. May, the Vietcong overran Quang Ngai City. They freed twelve hundred prisoners from the province jail, blew up two gas stations that served American vehicles, and fired mortar shells into the American military advisory compound, causing thirteen casualties. I spent that night in one of several American compounds in the city, and in the evening, before the attack, I sat talking with Mr. Hobson, the American provincial adviser for refugees, and several doctors and

Fernet-Branca
The Bitter Brightener
MAKES YOU MAKE A BITTER FACE, BRIGHTNESS COMES A LITTLE LATER!
WITH COFFEE, MENTHE OR STRAIGHT.



Fratelli Branca & Co., 12 Desbrosses St., N.Y., N.Y.

Want to get the feel of Europe?

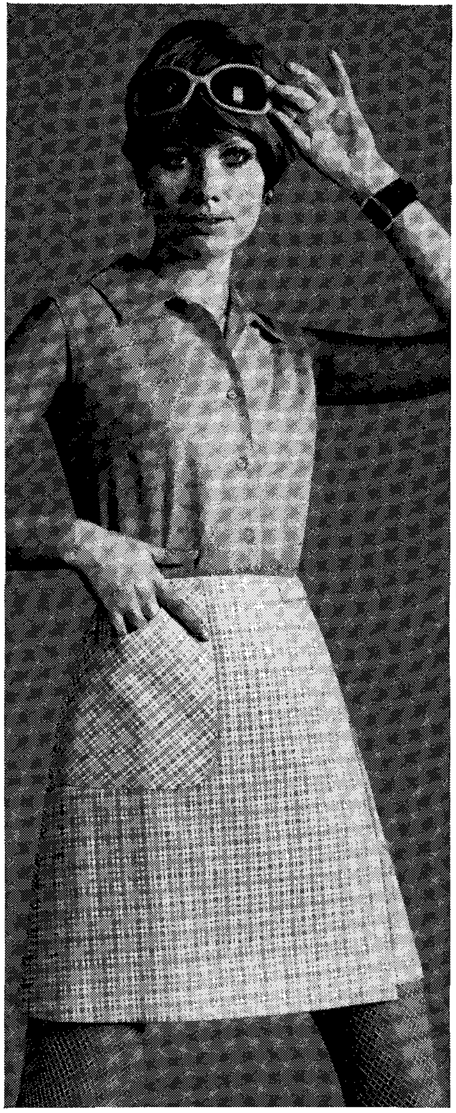
DS-21 Pallas

Take the wheel of a Citroën.

Order your Citroen now for delivery upon arrival. Place your order through your authorized Citroen Dealer or through Citroen Cars Corporation. Either way your car is delivered to you directly from the Factory. It's your assurance of getting the most reliable European Delivery plan, and the biggest Factory-direct, tax-free savings. For information, write for free European Delivery brochure.

Citroen Cars Corporation Dept. NY316
East: 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90211
Please send me free brochures on Factory-direct European Delivery of Citroen cars.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

**There is only one Arnel.
It lets a golf skirt
take the wrap.**



Gordon Ford does a classic twosome for the fairway. The wrap-skirt is Richelieu Fabrics' Arnel triacetate and cotton. A snap to care for, it washes wonderfully, needs little or no ironing. Blue checked with yellow or mint with orange. 6 to 18. About $14.
The Activair shirt, in the same colors, of Fortrel polyester and rayon. 8 to 18. About $7.
At fine stores everywhere.

Celanese® Arnel® Sunglasses by Rayex.

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

nurses who worked at the province hospital and lived in the compound. Americans all over the city had been informed that there was a strong probability that the Vietcong would attack the city that night. Mr. Hobson, who had spent several years as a parole officer in the United States, passed out guns and taught the doctors how to use them, but he had little confidence that an effective resistance could be put up if the Vietcong chose to attack their compound. "I don't think they're going to attack here, but they can go anywhere they want," he said. "And if they want you, they can get you." The compound was always guarded by four or five ARVN soldiers. At night, these guards had been falling asleep on the job more often than not, and the Americans in the compound had devised a system whereby each American stayed awake for three hours a night, in rotating shifts, in order to keep the ARVN guards awake.

At about nine o'clock, an elderly Red Cross nurse with white hair and a prim, kindly face came into Mr. Hobson's part of the compound to ask his advice about what to do in the event of an attack.

Mr. Hobson advised her to lock herself and the nurses she shared quarters with in their room. Then he asked, "Do you want a gun?"

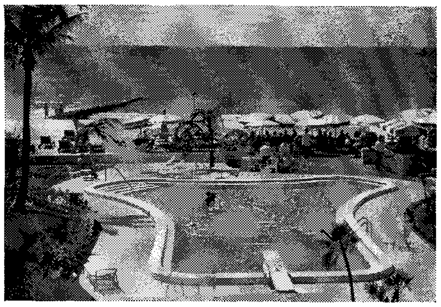
"Oh, my, no! I wouldn't know how to use a gun!" the elderly nurse replied, in a tone of mixed shock and amusement and delight.

"Well, then, shall I get you my knife?" Mr. Hobson asked, and his joke seemed to catch the mood of this group of reluctant soldiers, for everyone, including the nurse, burst out laughing.

At two o'clock, after most of the group had gone to bed in their rooms in the compound, heavy machine-gun fire sounded from the direction of the prison, which was perhaps two hundred yards down the road, and then came the thumping of incoming mortar shells. Everyone got out of bed and looked out into the darkness. Soon there was the sharp crack of artillery, followed by the faint whistle of the shells going overhead. Mr. Hobson explained that whenever the Vietcong attacked, artillery began to fire all over the countryside at "suspected enemy troop concentrations." The firing down the road continued for an hour and then subsided, and the people in the compound returned to bed.

In the morning, large crowds of the townspeople appeared on the streets and stood around in groups, talking.

Florida



IS SUPERB IN APRIL
Enjoy the warm blue waters of the Gulf during April when the weather is perfect. Safe private beach with snow white sands. Beautiful new swimming pool. 18-hole golf course, tennis, fishing. Superb food. Smart, friendly club-like setting.

For rates, reservations, color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. Tel. LT 1-3462.

Lido Biltmore CLUB
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES & GEN. MGR
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
BOBBY DARIN
RAY HASTINGS
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

The city authorities had let the body of one youthful Vietcong, dressed only in a loincloth and sandals, lie in his blood on the street outside the liberated prison, as though to prove an ARVN and American victory. A Vietcong flag remained flying in a schoolyard until ten o'clock, however. When the schoolmaster was questioned by the authorities, he explained that he had been afraid to take the flag down by himself.

In the military advisory compound, several barracks had been damaged, and six jeeps in the central yard were immobilized, their tires punctured with mortar shrapnel. I found two officers surveying the scene.

"Do you think the girls'll come?" one officer asked the other.

"What girls?" the second officer asked.

"The *girls*," the first officer said. "The whores. On the picnic."

"Oh. I don't know. A lot of our Vietnamese workers in the offices don't show up after these attacks."

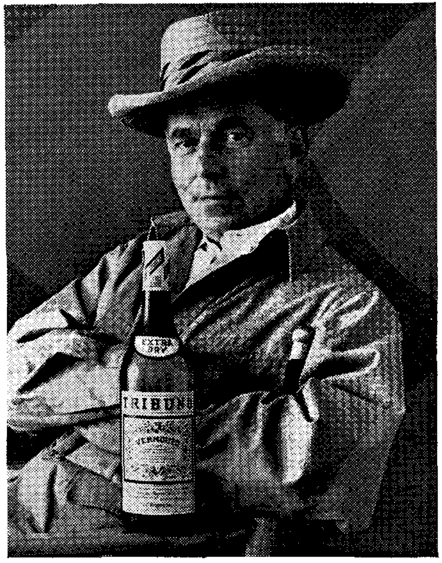
"Maybe some of the girls will show. Maybe I'll have to settle for No. 5 instead of the one I like—you know, No. 2."

I learned that one young American soldier had been killed as he ran in his pajamas from his barracks in the compound toward a bunker, and that twelve others had been wounded on their way to bunkers, or in their beds. No helicopters had been able to take off to suppress the enemy fire, because the mortar shells had landed right next to the helicopter pad from the first minute of the attack.

LATER that day, I left for Saigon, and, by chance, I arrived there just in time to catch the last few minutes of a press conference that was being held by a high American official in the Pacification Program. He was speaking to an audience of over a hundred correspondents in an air-conditioned auditorium. Toward the end of the conference, a Japanese newsman asked him if there were any provinces that could be held up as models of progress in the Pacification Program. The official mentioned Binh Dinh Province, and added, "Another place where clear-and-hold has been proceeding remarkably well is in Quang Ngai. I think that Quang Ngai is going to turn out to be one of the success stories of 1967."

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



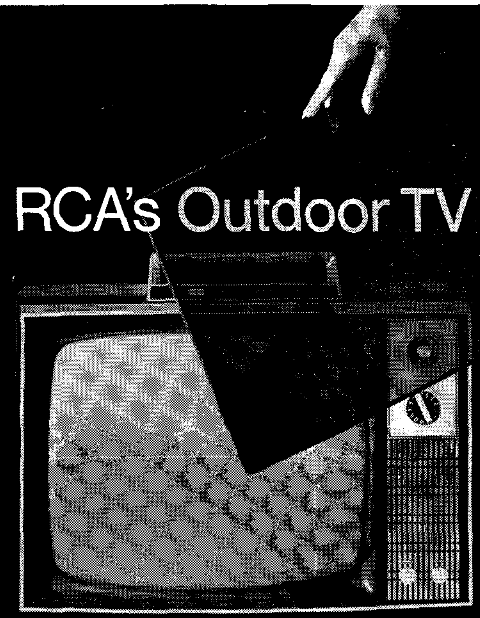
VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Only one man knows Tribuno's secret

...and he keeps it under his hat!

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making one of the world's great vermouths . . . and he keeps it under his Knox Planter! The secret is in the blending of 30 rare botanicals into a smooth, delicate vermouth that imparts a unique flavor to your cocktails. Tribuno Vermouth never overpowers. Get Tribuno, the vermouth blended for American tastes. Extra-Dry for frosty martinis. Sweet for crisp manhattans. And for a special taste treat, try Tribuno Extra-Dry or Tribuno Sweet on the rocks.

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A. TRIBUNO VERMOUTH



RCA's Outdoor TV

with snap-on sunshield

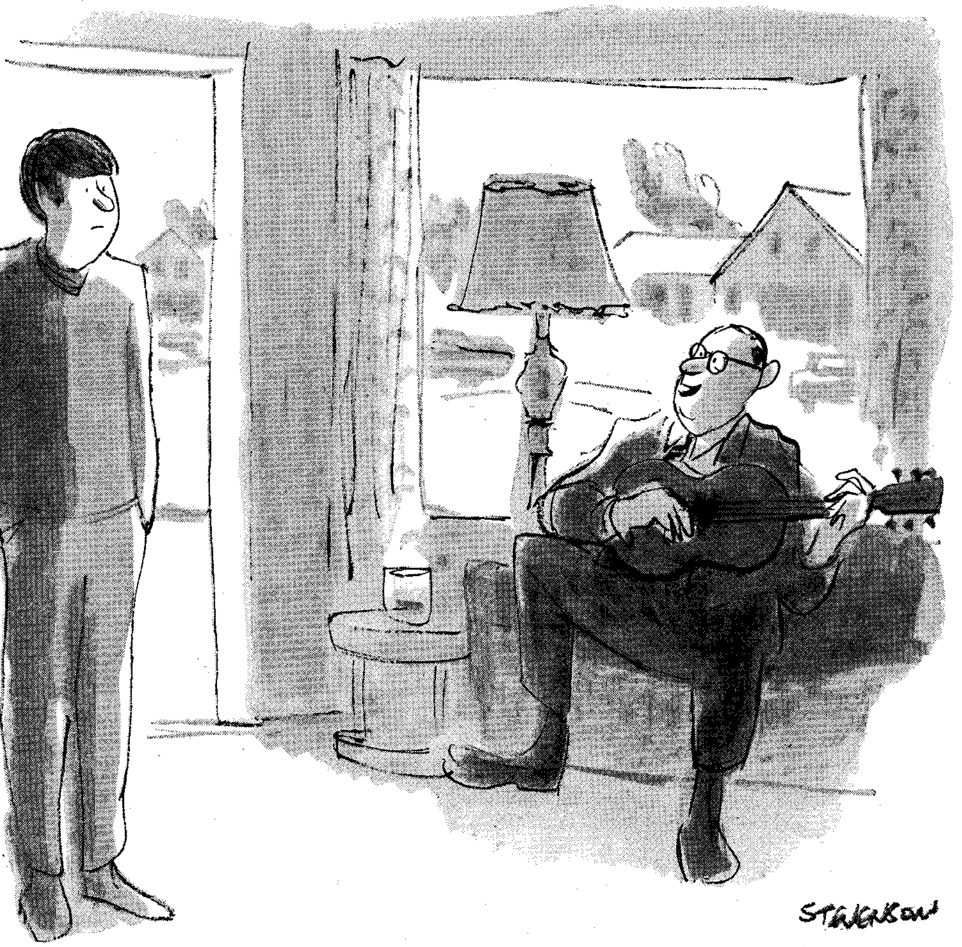
The *Sport* is a personal-size black-and-white portable with 15" diag., 125-sq. in. rect. picture. Daylight Picture Booster is a removable black plastic sun filter for better daylight viewing, indoors or out.

RCA

THE THEATRE

HOW TO BE A SAINT WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

A PLAY called "The Guide" opened and closed with woeful celerity at the Hudson Theatre last week. It was an ingratiating work, adapted by Harvey Breit and Patricia Rinehart from a novel by the Indian writer R. K. Narayan, and I am sorry that this production of it enjoyed so short a life—perhaps in a theatre half as big as the Hudson (over a thousand seats) it would have seemed twice as appealing and so would have survived long enough to attract a naturally small but interested audience. The hero of "The Guide" is a young Indian scalawag named Raju, who is accustomed to doing evil on so modest a scale that it is scarcely to be distinguished from doing good. His trickeries consist of investing local landmarks with false histories for the delectation of tourists and bringing off an occasional adroit feat of pimping, and since the lives of his supposed victims are greatly enhanced by his imagination in the first case and by his resourcefulness in the second, who can be said to have suffered any injury? If no one, then why begrudge an exceptional guide his exceptional fees, which allow him, as Raju later boasts, to spend three hundred rupees a month on coffee alone and to slap familiarly the backs of at least two prominent politicians? Nevertheless, through bad faith on the part of one of the beneficiaries of his cunning, Raju winds up in jail. He is accompanied there by a robust companion named Bhabani, whose usual line of work is driving a taxi and who has no relish for jail or, after they escape from it, for unlimited vagabondage. (Hackies the world over hate going anywhere on foot.) As the play begins, the two tattered and rupeeless fugitives are hiding out in an abandoned temple near a village somewhere in southern India. They are tired and hungry and weary of eluding the law, and it is an extraordinary stroke of good fortune when the headman of the village mistakes Raju for a wandering holy man. Reverently, he begs Raju for advice concerning a young half sister of his, who has rejected the wise marriage planned for her by her family and wishes instead to wait and marry for love, like the girls in American movies. Raju, practiced liar and inveterate womanizer, cannot resist trying on, if only for a moment, the mask of a swami. It fits all too well; his first tentative fabrication is hailed as the profoundest of truths, and his fate is sealed—struggle against it as he may, he will henceforth be pitched headlong toward an intolerable sainthood.



"It's a protest song I just made up: 'My son says I'm stupid and funny,/ But he uses my car and my money./ He . . .'"

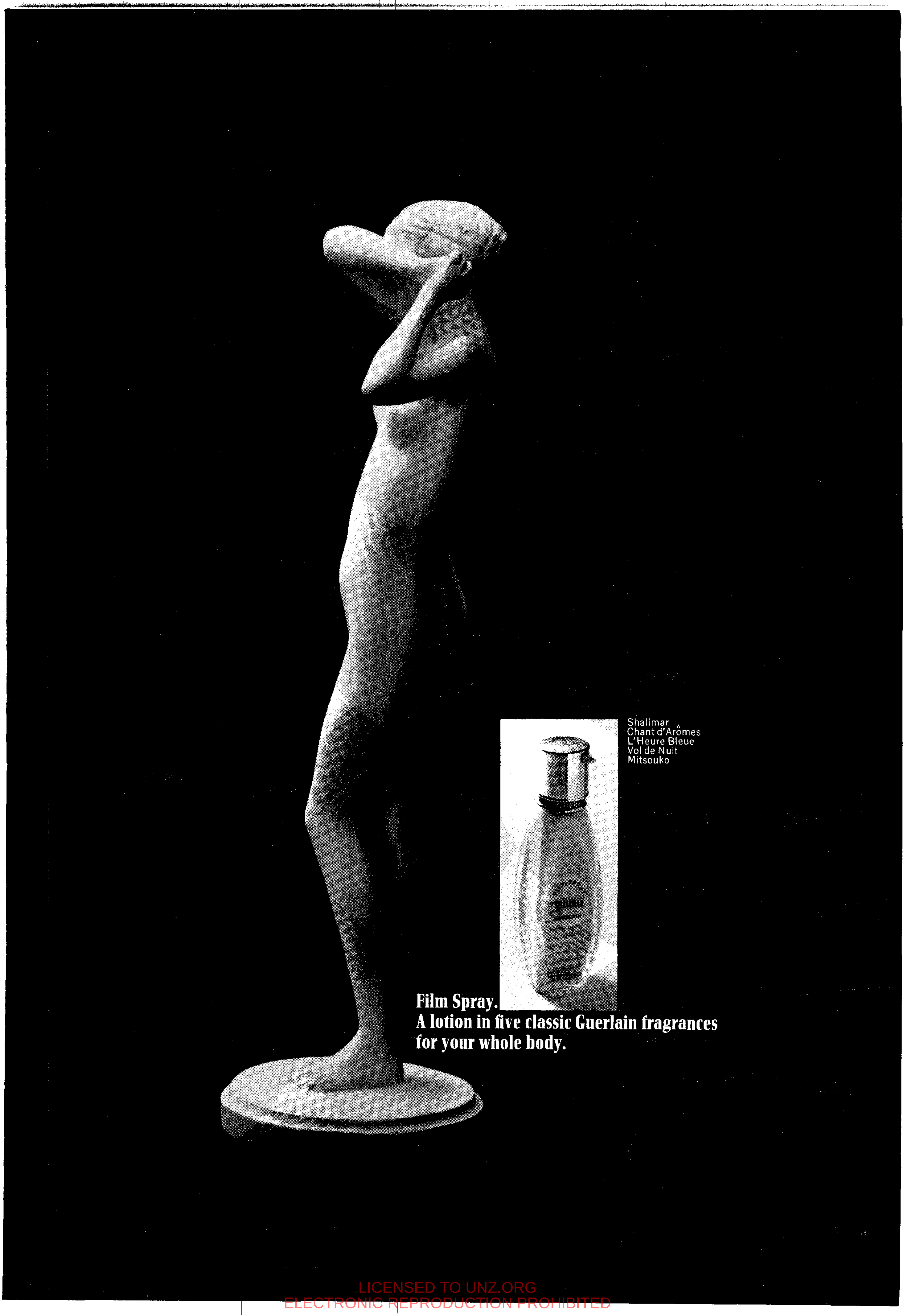
The old-fashioned neatness of the unfolding of the ironic plot of "The Guide" and the no less old-fashioned epigrammatic neatness of the writing (not unwelcome to me because it is old-fashioned; I prefer people onstage to say wittier things than they would be capable of saying in real life) provided the means for an excellent performance in the title role by the well-known Pakistani actor Zia Mohyeddin. Mr. Mohyeddin is a slender, graceful, ugly-handsome man with a voice of remarkable range and delicacy, and in the course of the play he transformed himself by credible stages from a ramshackle, self-mocking immoralist into a sad, holy scapegoat, ready to die for a superstition that, though contemptible in itself, might serve to sustain life among a handful of starving peasants. His high-strung skitteringness was well foiled by the bluff heartiness of the Greek actor Titos Vandis, as Bhabani, and by the austerity of Michael Kermoyan, as the at first devout and finally corrupt headman of the village. Madhur Jaffrey, that tiny, beautiful creature, lent her radiance to the role of Devi, the girl with Western notions of love and marriage. The one set of "The Guide" was designed by William Pitkin and lighted by Martin Aronstein. The production was directed by George L. Sherman.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Off and Running

"SUMMERTREE," at the Forum, is a quiet, unpretentious first play by a twenty-two-year-old writer named Ron Cowen. In scenes that shuttle


Shalimar
Chant d'Arômes
L'Heure Bleue
Vol de Nuit
Mitsouko
Film Spray.
A lotion in five classic Guerlain fragrances
for your whole body.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

PANEL SHOW.

Did you know that BUSINESS WEEK produces a quiz show in cities throughout the U.S.? It's BW's Visiting Panel of Editors, who put their knowledge on the firing line before businessmen eager for the chance to ask tough, timely, and topical questions.

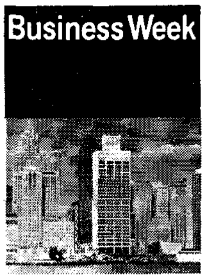
Since 1956, the Panel has been invited to Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and nineteen other cities. The last show was staged in San Francisco, where the Panel faced 400 members of the Commonwealth Club of California. More than half-a-dozen appearances will be held in 1968, both here and abroad.

But the favor isn't all one-sided. Sure, the Panel members supply the answers. But BW editors feel that the *questions* help them learn about the interests and concerns of businessmen in America and the rest of the world. What they're learning on the platform is reflected in the editorial pages of BUSINESS WEEK.

To date, the Panel estimates that they've been asked almost one *thousand* difficult questions. Is it hard work? Don't ask.

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



back and forth in time, it reviews the life of a young man killed in Vietnam, beginning and ending with the young man dying as he leans against the large, branchy tree that is the background for the simple setting and that becomes, from time to time, the tree in his back yard at home. The scenes are played with his father, his mother, his girl, another soldier on the battlefield, and a little boy in town, and all along the way Mr. Cowen has been able to catch the elusive feelings of a particular young man—and, by extension, of many young men—trapped in the tragic, bewildering nineteen-sixties. Moreover, he does so without any mechanical tricks or mechanical glee or mechanical anger, or any of the other prefabricated attitudes that prevail in so many plays and movies on the subject; by making his hero human and specific, he has given him a universality that many more experienced (and inferior) writers try for and miss. Perhaps the most important point to be made about "Summertree" is that it is written by a writer, as you can tell three minutes into the show. There is a lot of humor and wit as well as an inevitable sadness in the lines.

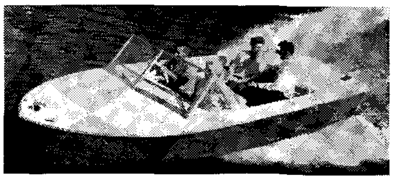
The hero is a gentle fellow who wants to go to graduate school and become a pianist, and whose father, a travelling salesman, wants him in a kind of work that promises more security, feeling that even Army discipline might do him some good. The father, thank heaven, is not the American Travelling Salesman or this year's Willy Loman. For all his misunderstanding of his son (to say nothing of the effects of Army discipline), he is a nice, loving man, and long before his son is killed, he realizes that his victory is a Pyrrhic one.

Under David Pressman's firm direction, almost every scene is clear, maintaining its mood and making its point. The weakest scenes are those between the parents after the young man's death; their effect, at any rate, seems to derive more from the performances than from the writing. It is here, dealing with emotions he cannot possibly have experienced, that the dramatist exposes his youth. There is one perfectly awful soliloquy by the mother, in which, shortly after she has received the telegram from the Defense Department, she reminisces tearfully about the death long ago of the family dog—the only spot in the play that I can think of where sentimentality is substituted for emotion. And Mr. Pressman doesn't rate one hundred per cent, either; there is a brief game that

There's room service, night maid service, cleaning and pressing service, valet parking, airline reservation and show ticket service, two swimming pools, famous restaurants and lounges with nightly entertainment, color television and ice maker refrigerators in all 700 rooms and a host of other extras found only in a really great luxury hotel. We are new enough to have the latest conveniences and old enough to know how to care for our guests. On your next Los Angeles visit, come stay with us.

We really know how to treat a guy*!

THE BEVERLY HILTON
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA • (213) 274-7777
FOR RESERVATIONS AT ALL HILTON, STATLER HILTON AND OTHER LEADING HOTELS, PHONE HILTON RESERVATION SERVICE. IN NEW YORK—567-6900
And gals too with our special Lady Hilton program.



Discover
Old Town's DV 1780

Fast and powerful! Take it where the fish are biting or where the family fun abounds. Deep-V hull makes for easy handling and a softer, smoother ride. Great stability at high speeds. Learn what you've been missing! See the DV 1780 at your Old Town dealer's or write for a FREE CATALOG.

Old Town Canoe Company
613 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine 04468

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56th Street JU 2-6153

Takeda's IRORI
Authentic
HIBACHI STEAK
& SEA FOOD
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

TWA announces the Atlantic River.

O R T H
Québec
St. Lawrence
Montreal
Lake Superior
Lake Michigan
Lake Huron
Toronto
L. Ontario
Boston
Hartford
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Pittsburgh
Detroit
Lake Erie
Cleveland
Chicago
Columbus
Dayton
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
Louisville
Ohio
E R I C A
STATES
Nashville
Atlanta
New Orleans
Tampa
Gulf of Mexico
ATLANTIC RIVER
Glasgow
Shannon
North Sea
Copenhagen
Hamburg
London
Amsterdam
English Channel
Paris
Rhine
Frankfurt
Elbe
Danube
Zurich
Geneva
Milan
E U R O
Madrid
Lisbon
Tagus
Mediterranean
Algiers
Tunis
Naples

Changing the Atlantic from an ocean to a river means more than getting people to and from Europe fast on a jet. We know. For TWA, it's a two-way street. We get more and more Europeans wanting to visit America. And we see more and more Europeans wanting you to visit them. Europe is like it's never been before. Almost everyone's speaking English. U.S. credit cards are being accepted. The gap is closing. Europe is ready.

TWA is ready, too. If you've planned a vacation, we have more ways to get you there than you could believe. Group tours, non-group tours, special rates, buying tips and a Worldwide Jet Credit Card that lets you charge it all. Everything's designed to show you a great time while keeping dollar expenses down.

Or if you're travelling on business, you'll need fast information on accommodations. Conference arrangements. Inter-city connections. TWA will get it for you. We're the only airline in the world that flies from 39 major cities across the USA to major capitals in Europe.

Like we said, the gap is closing. This year, with tour rates, we'll bring a record number of Europeans over to vacation in the USA. What we can do for them, we can do for you. So if you're flying to Europe this year, take the airline that can do more for you. After all, for us, it's just across the River. Ask Mr. Information (your travel agent) or call your nearest TWA office.

TWA, Dept. 236, P.O. Box 25
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

I'd like to cross the Atlantic River.
Please send me free brochures.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Telephone

My travel agent is

*Service mark owned exclusively by Trans World Airlines, Inc.

up up and away* TWA

Our brother and sister act goes on in perky prints of cotton knit. Shirts are white with blue or melon print trim, sizes 4 to 6x, priced at $5. Lined, matching print shorts, 3 to 6x, $3. Elfish hooded zip jacket comes in rosebud, green, blue, or melon in infant sizes M-L-XL and toddlers' 2-3-4, at $8. Lined, matching slacks M-L-XL, $4; 2-3-4, 4.50. For sizes 4 to 6x, melon or blue only, jacket, $9; slacks, 4.50. From our Children's Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

the young man and little boy play with a toy rifle that has a false theatricality. But the strong scenes are the ones that matter—the tender, funny, wistful gaiety of the young man and his girl when both are nineteen and in college, the teasing ones between the young man and his mother, and the fights that blow up and blow over between the young man and his father. Mr. Cowen displays a rare and unfashionable understanding of family affection that persists through family abrasions and run-ins. "Summertree" is by no means perfect, but it is direct, honest, funny, and human—all those old-fashioned adjectives to describe a play by a writer of twenty-two! David Birney is the young man to the life, performing with understanding and deft touches of comedy; Blythe Danner is delightful as his girl; and Philip Sterling and Priscilla Pointer are good as his parents. Barry Symonds does well, too, as the little boy. Even the tiny open stage of that nasty pit the Forum seems just right.

IF you can ignore the play, there is some entertainment to be had at "Ergo," Joseph Papp's third production at his Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street. Ming Cho Lee's setting on the backstage skeleton of the house, with its grids and ladders exposed, is imaginative and stunning; all the actors, under Gerald Freedman's direction, perform very well—especially considering the requirements of their parts—and a few of the monkeyshines of which the production is composed are kind of funny, if revolting. At one point, a man paints himself white from stem to stern in full view of the audience, and when he gets to his hair the response from the women ticket holders is all that any actor could hope for. There is a good deal of scrambling up and down the ladders, and electric signs flash on and off. John Morris's music and sound effects are awfully noisy but always appropriate for this kind of enterprise.

This kind of enterprise is post-Brechtian expressionist drama, decorated with all kinds of irrelevant flapdoodle to keep us peasants amused and hold our attention while we learn our lesson. "Ergo" was written by a Viennese dramatist named Jakov Lind, and can be classified as "stale-experimental." At any rate, I'm sick to death of the leering, obscene comedy of German (in this case, Austrian) self-disgust, with its tedious whimsicalities and its underlying message of aren't-we-all-awful, as displayed via the same old stock robots. Here the antagonists

Rabbits run rings around
BUNNYKINS WARE

Who wouldn't eat up every last bite to get to these enchanting scenes from the small domestic world of the rabbit family? Children will love this famous English earthenware set—mug, plate, cereal bowl—all 3 pieces only $6.95.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #10 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. NY-3-16-8 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Presenting
"PLAY IS THE THING"
(*with apologies to Wm. Shakespeare*)
In the "play" at Hotel Hershey YOU are the star. Just be yourself (no previous experience needed). All you need do is relax. "Discover yourself" why Hotel Hershey is
"Incomparable"
Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
For reservations: *ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.
New York: 586-4500 • Wash., D.C.: 737-2440
Chicago, Ill.: 939-1040 • Boston, Mass.: 523-4497

Visit a magnificent Greek Island . . . in Manhattan
MYKONOS
LUNCHEON • DINNER • COCKTAILS • SUPPER
MUSIC UNBELIEVABLE
349 West 46th Street Tel. 265-1590

(to go back to freshman English) are the antiseptic domestic tyrant and the fat, ranting slob, both of them ex-Nazis. The others include the fat, humming, doting housewife; the fat, officious woman official; the corrupt young male whore wearing lipstick; and the insanely elaborate political theoretician. You've met them all before. The best of the good performances are those by Miriam Lehmann-Haupt, Tom Aldredge, and Maxine Greene. If even the acting, along with the considerable technical proficiency of the production, does not offset for you the dreadful, self-indulgent humor of the script, you can always look up at those beautiful skylights in that beautiful white-and-gold ceiling of what must be the most beautiful theatre in town.

FOR the record: "The Bench," which opened last week at the Gramercy Arts after a couple of postponements and closed immediately, was about a group of human leftovers, all of them in bad repair, from a moment in civilization long past. At first, I thought they were meant to be ghosts, but then I decided not. At any rate, all of them had flourished, or made do, in the world of the arts when painters had lady patronesses, when a woman poet could be courted for years by a rich businessman, when a Rumanian count in exile could sell bogus pictures to millionaires, and when Nijinsky languished in an insane asylum. The play had an idea, but the playwright just wasn't up to it. As a matter of fact, a passing mention of autographed first editions summoned up more of the requisite atmosphere of a vanished age and a special kind of life that vanished with it than all the other lines put together. The acting of, among others, Michael O'Sullivan and Gretchen Corbett was good, and so, as always, was Teiji Ito's music. —EDITH OLIVER

•

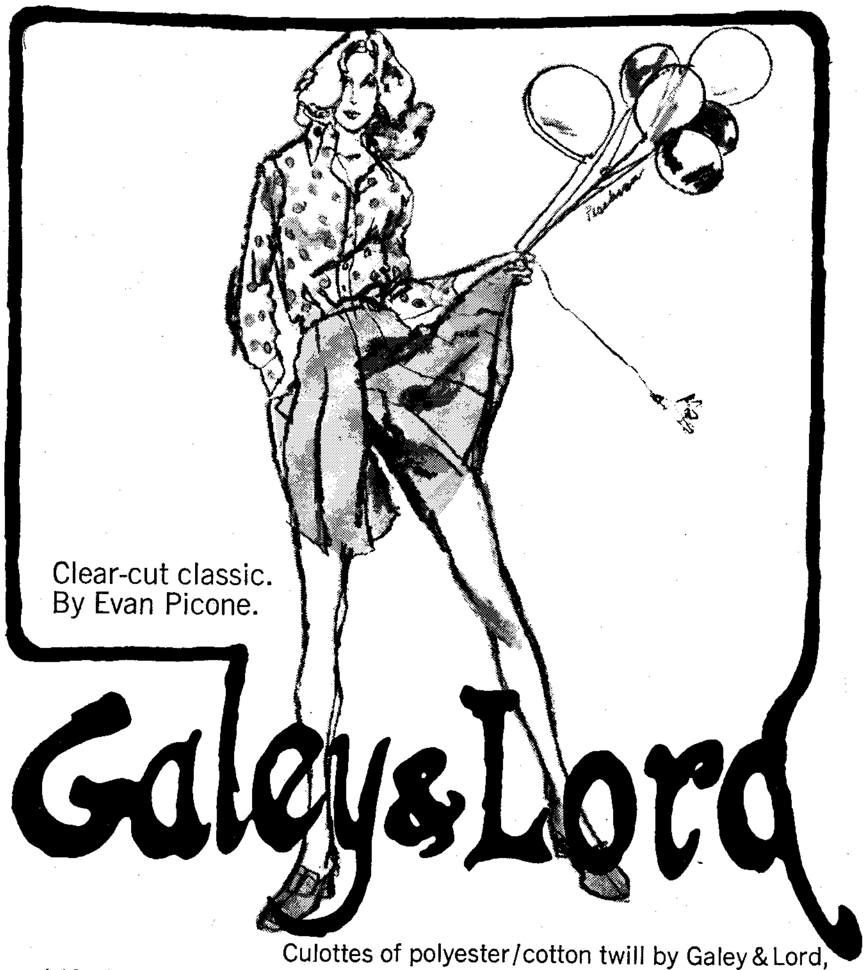
The new plan, under which "speed, convenience, and improved service" are promised, provides for expanded service between New York City and Albany from 8:30 A.M. until 10:30 P.M. and for service every four years, during the same period, between Albany and Buffalo.
—*The Journal of Commerce.*

Wait till the airlines hear *that!*

•

In another development, Ahmed Saeid, director of Cairo Radio's "Voice of the Arabs" was reported fried after 15 years as Nasser's No. 1 broadcasting advisor.
—*The Post.*

Not a bad record.



Clear-cut classic.
By Evan Picone.

Galey&Lord

Culottes of polyester/cotton twill by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

Ten-O-Six
1006
Lotion
Bonne Bell
CLEVELAND 7, OHIO

When Americans like something, they go for it in a big way.

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion sells by the gallon. And lots of people buy it that way. People who value a clean, clear complexion. People that want a lotion to work. The gallon costs $30. Pints and quarts are less. Volkswagens come pint-size. They work too.

© 1967 Bonne Bell, Detroit at Riverside, Cleveland, Ohio 44107

Deliciously flattering
long dirndl robe.
Delicate white cotton lace
over nylon tricot.
White/Clover, White/Peacock
and White/Lemon.
PSML. About $36

Bonwit Teller — New York
and all stores

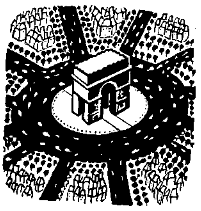
The House of Quaker

24 West 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

A division of Quaker Lace Company
Philadelphia

LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 6



THE strangest production of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" that mortal ever saw has been playing in French, with enormous success, in the old Cirque de Montmartre, half of which, including the ring, has been theatrically metamorphosed into an empty shell with a steep rim and a floor of gray-and-white goatskins, upon which the troupe of the Théâtre du Soleil plays barefooted, runs full tilt, amorously or hatefully brawls, fights and wrestles, or lies dreaming and recumbent. A year ago, this Theatre of the Sun was an obscure drama-student coöperative that played Wesker's "The Kitchen" in the provinces, a production that ranked as one of the best of the year. With this year's Montmartrean Shakespeare, according to certain leading Paris critics, it has taken its place, like a surprising prodigy, among the important, experienced European companies. It has no star actors; it has merely its creative *metteur en scène* and founder, Ariane Mnouchkine, aged twenty-nine, daughter of an English mother and a Russian father, who was studying for her degree in psychology at the Sorbonne before deserting it to found her theatre troupe. According to her statement that accompanied "Midsummer's" opening presentation, "It is the most savage, violent play you could dream of, a fabulous bestiary of the depths, whose subject is the god of fury that slumbers in men's hearts. No fairy-tale marvels but a fantasy made of poison, anguish, and terror, in which our dreams, uncensored, take physical shape." If a woman suddenly desires a man with an ass's head (like Bottom in the play), she added, one does not need a psychoanalyst to realize that her case is founded not on a fairy tale but on a desire for bestiality. (Mlle. Mnouchkine's authority for her interpretation of the play—or so it can be supposed—may have been taken from that famous speech of Oberon's in Act II that begins, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" but goes on to declare that with the juice of a flower "I'll streak her eyes,/And make her full of hateful fantasies.")

Certainly the four muddled lovers pursue one another in this Mnouchkine version with true, tragic love-hate fury rather than with farcical mock emotions. Furthermore, the costuming of all the males in the cast when they make their initial entry in single file—for their entrances and exits they use the entryway through which the circus's trained horses used to gallop into the ring—adds to the general confusion, for the men, including the Duke of Athens, are all dressed alike in handsome white Nehru coats and tight trousers, stepping to the rhythm of an enormous drum tapped by a real bearded Hindu. Puck and his friends appear half naked, with red spots on their bare skins, like hennaed leopards, and with Puck bawling his lines at the top of his athletic lungs, running full speed up the arena rim to make his exits, or somersaulting back down to grapple and roll around with his cohorts, who lie about on the goatskins, his sadistic performance being of such relentless muscular energy as to exhaust the seated audience, if only through its eyes. But the scene in itself is exquisite, with Mustardseed, Peaseblossom, and the others garbed in cerise-and-purple robes and carrying sticks and fans surely taken from drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, with Art Nouveau lace panels as the backdrops at the rim's top, and with the soft, hairy gray and white of the goatskins dappling and dressing the arena floor. The sole familiar and comic portion of the performance is the Pyramus-and-Thisbe playlet, enacted by Bottom and his artisan actors, the Wall and the Lion being especially well costumed and played. This is the only scene that Shakespeare might recognize.

Ariane Mnouchkine's stage directions show her indubitable intuitive, intelligent gift for theatrical action. Each isolated scene in the large circus arena maintains its entirety like a form of choreography, so that, as a compliment, she has been accused of Béjartism—of imitating Béjart's ballet groups, which originally were accused of imitating theatre action. Her troupe possesses an impeccable physical coherence. For the Shakespeare spectacle, it rehearsed for five months. Her "Midsummer Night's Dream" is coming to the close of its run, because someone else has taken over the circus arena. It has been the most talked-of event in the late-winter theatrical season and the only significant novelty.

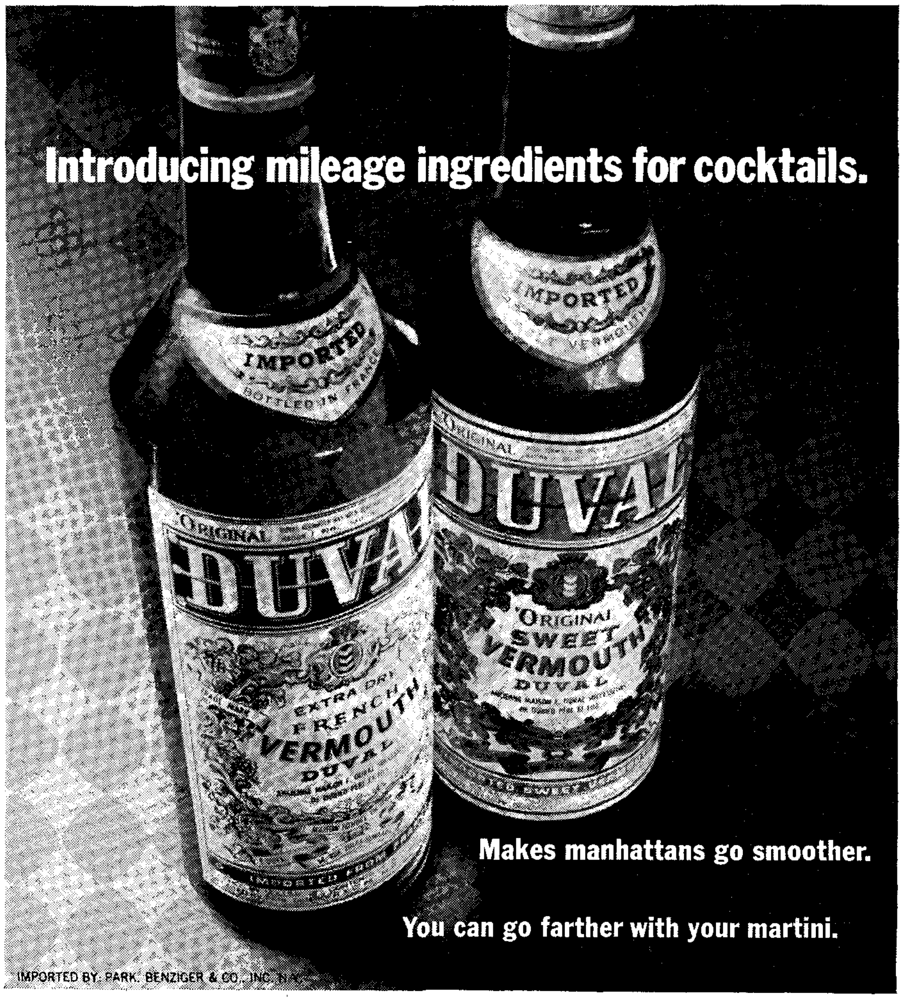
THE Grand Palais is showing a number of "Peintures Naïves Américaines," in large part selected from the twenty-five hundred such paintings in the collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. The exhibition, arranged by the American Federation of Arts, shows us pure, typical portraits of ourselves beginning early in the eighteenth century. The sitters are mostly from the Atlantic states—a canvas population of New England forebears—are mostly women, and mostly hold a pink rose in one hand for countrified elegance and in a nostalgia for added beauty. What sincerity, what simplicity in the plain, even unlovely visages, arrived at as the best that the artist could do with what he was looking at and with his limited talents, achieving an approximation of facial truth without the distortion of modern art or willful Picassoan anatomic ugliness. These are mostly portraits of small-town Christian women, with their motherhood written on their intact features, and the infant itself, in crimped cap, sitting on the maternal knee. The American painters were simple itinerant, uninspired craftsmen, liberated by ignorance from the laws of perspective but respectful of verisimilitude, if possible, which was what the husband surely desired in his wife's portrayed likeness, and what he paid for as an ingredient. One of the Hudson River child portraits is of the four-year-old Susanna Truax—though she looks far older, the minx—with the inevitable flower already in one hand and, in the other, a spoon containing a lump of sugar, the teapot being ready on the table. The painter Winthrop Chandler, born on Chandler Hill, in Woodstock, Connecticut, was favored by having as his handsome sitter his sister-in-law Mrs. Samuel Chandler, dressed in what looks like a 1780 Paris gown of brown organdie—a woman so elegant and haughty that you would not have dared ask her for a crust of cake. The painter was apparently the family ne'er-do-well, for he painted nobody but his friends and relatives, who seem never to have paid him, since he died in miserable poverty. There is a fine anonymous "Portrait of Dr. Philomen Tracy," with the lean head—identifiable over history—of the professional leech, here seen holding a hand that protrudes from the curtained bed of his modest female patient, obviously taking her pulse. One of the striking portraits, by Rufus Hathaway, who doubled as a doctor in Duxbury, is of the dashing, lantern-jawed Molly Wales Leonard and her pets—a black cat, a goldfinch on her chair back, and a gaudy parrot sitting in a ring beside

there she is again...
in a

Dalton

An impetuous swing of a dress . . .
two mobile parts animate with contrast.
Distinctively Dalton fashioning of Linen
and Arnel triacetate in white with
brown or black. Sizes 6 to 14, $96

J.W. ROBINSON
LOS ANGELES



Introducing mileage ingredients for cocktails.
IMPORTED
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
ORIGINAL
DUVAL
EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH
DUVAL
IMPORTED
ORIGINAL
DUVAL
ORIGINAL SWEET VERMOUTH
DUVAL
Makes manhattans go smoother.
You can go farther with your martini.
IMPORTED BY: PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. N.Y.

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?
ANSWER:__________

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed (with vibrator) — in every room?
ANSWER:__________

What hotel is the only one in the world with a BarcaLounger Chair in every room?
ANSWER:__________

IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio? ______
Bathroom extension phone? ______
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator? ______
Electric Shoe Polisher? ______
Air-Conditioning? ______
Irish Linen Towels? ______
Silent Valet? ______
"Catnap Throw"? ______
Electric Wall Clock? ______

ANSWER:

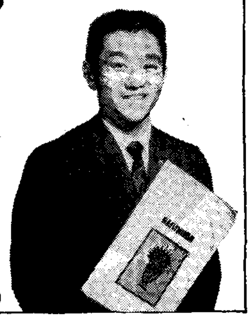
THE
Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) 686-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

May we send you a brochure?

ever heard of a fine restaurant without a kitchen?

more chefs than waitresses?

and a Japanese maitre d' named Rocky?

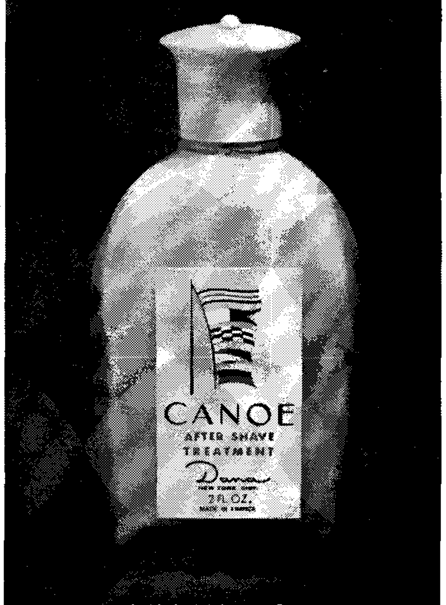


BENIHANA of TOKYO
EAST
120 E. 56th St.
WEST
61 W. 56th St.
in New York City
Reservations: LT 1-0930

her head. She is wearing an orange tight-busted gown, and is the kind of woman who surely rules the roost. There is an exquisite portrait, in a mobcap, of Mrs. Abraham White, of Maryland, by Joshua Johnston, one of the earliest Negro American painters. There is a pair of fine portraits of elderly Quakers, clearly husband and wife—she in her bonnet and each holding a pair of eyeglasses and a Bible. The exhibition also contains several very strange pictures, showing that even then artists were odd citizens. One is of an enormous head of a sinister black cat without any body, posed upright on the ground between two bird-filled trees, from which it has just snatched the bird in its jaws. An even stranger picture, being prophetic, is a Massachusetts vision of "A City of Fantasy," built exclusively of skyscrapers. There is one last, fierce native picture called "The Neigh of an Iron Horse"—the whistling of a railway train in a valley in a lonely countryside, where a great black stallion, forelegs and tail aloft, is posed in animal terror. With the invention of the daguerreotype, the importance of the naïve portraitists ceased. Daguerre's photographs showed a new American race, of a sudden facial refinement, especially in the males, emerging into the Civil War era. The pioneer naïve prototype was ended; the national American face had finally been set by time and history.

There is one additional art note, of considerable and more contemporary interest. It concerns Mme. Yahne Le Toumelin, who even as a very young artist figured in André Breton's Surrealist inventory. She is Brittany-born, is a mystic, was a follower of the Russian Gurdjiev, and has just held the most successful exhibition of her career, which has not been limelighted. She calls her paintings "lyric abstractions," which at least indicates that they are non-figurative (though they are not strictly abstract, either). They are paintings appealing to the emotions of the observer—are *les peintures effectives*, as the French say, meaning of extreme communicated sensibility. They are composed of sweeps of brushstrokes in which a kind of sublimation brings the various engaged elements and colors to an aesthetic conclusion. The coloring last year was of a certain sea green; this year it has moved onto land, with earth-colored elements in compositions that have a kind of classic restraint, as if the problem of perfect placing had been solved and the composition now lay in its permanent po-

CANOE



DANA introduces Canoe
After Shave Treatment. Created in
Europe, this unique lotion
refreshingly moisturizes,
smooths, and braces the skin
using the "slap-massage" method.
Soothes minor irritations
while it imparts
a feeling of well-being. $5

Sometime this week—take a quiet walk along our canal in Bucks County.

Mid-week is a wonderful time to stay with us at the 1740 House, an early American inn overlooking the Delaware River. When you get here, the 1740 House will be exactly as you had hoped it would be . . . quiet, charming and memorable.

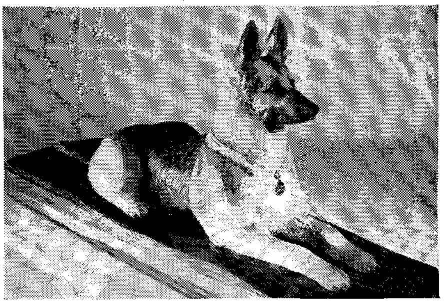
24 air-conditioned rooms, each with bath and terrace. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis.

Please write for our brochure and driving directions. Then make reservations for a refreshing, mid-week respite from crowds and cares.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel: 215-297-5661

"Lise von Alsace"

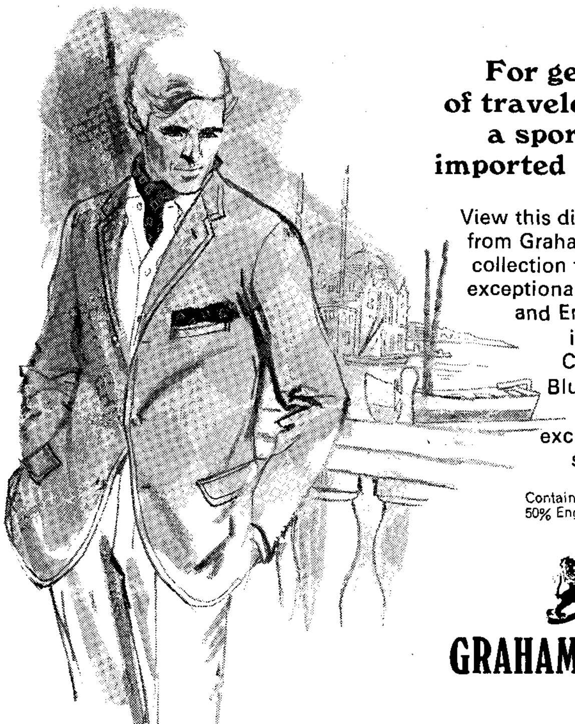


(Commissioned by Mrs. R. B. Johnson, Joliet, Ill.)
Walnut sculpture portrait of your dog from your photos or life. Natural wood finish or painted to show markings and color. Prices on basis of size, pose, subject.
32 page sculpture catalog of many subjects, $1.
M. E. BRASHER
Chickadee Valley, NY-3, Kent, Conn. 06757

sition. These are unusually fine contemporary paintings.

IN the purely material French world, things are not going smoothly. This is a census year, and March 1st was the last day to file the annual tax returns, so everybody's reflections are doubly sober—so many more French mouths to fill and brains to educate, so many more French taxes someone must pay. There are at present nearly half a million unemployed in the nation, an unusual, painful lapse in the normal French working rhythm. In Paris, where a quarter of the nation's out-of-work are concentrated in this worst unemployment dip since the war, January's new escalated prices—officially four per cent higher than in January of last year—have produced a bad psychological and domestic reaction, since the main rise has been in the cost of food. Bread, which is literally the French staff of life, with loaves as long as a yardstick, suddenly rose ten per cent. Prices have risen on meat for roasting and stewing, on delicatessen smoked meats, on tripe and fresh fish, on butter and cheese, and on table wine. Tickets on the Métro and the autobuses have gone up sixty per cent—a real burden to practically everyone who works in Paris. Hotels have raised their rates; apartment-house rents have gone up because repair prices have increased. Garage services, like having your car greased, have been automatically jumped twenty per cent. Clothes have gone up in price, but lingerie is down, and so are sewing machines, if anyone wants them. The price of novels has gone up, but the price of a seat at the corner movie house has gone down slightly. For a leg of lamb for the family Sunday-dinner table this weekend, the price was from forty to fifty francs, or eight to ten dollars. The high cost of living is now an international equation.

LAST Saturday, *Le Monde*, France's influential and independent newspaper, ran in its "Libres Opinions" column an appeal to French intellectuals by Vercors, who may be remembered as the wartime Resistance writer of the internationally famous short story "The Silence of the Sea." In his appeal he begged French intellectuals to take part, on Saturday, March 23rd, at the Parc des Expositions, in a vast *manifestation de solidarité* with the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. "If there were not a feeling of horror, the bad faith of the White House could be laughed at," Vercors wrote. "But there



For gentlemen of traveled tastes... a sportcoat in imported Irish fabric

View this distinguished example from Graham & Gunn's sportcoat collection for Spring. An exceptional blend of Irish linen and English Terylene in Sky Blue, Raspberry, Copper, Straw, Royal Blue, Canary, Bottle Green or Misty Olive. In the exclusive Glynford natural shoulder model. $90

Contains 50% Irish linen/
50% English Terylene polyester

GRAHAM & GUNN, LTD.

Graham & Gunn suits from $110 to $175, sport coats from $75 to $125 at these and other fine stores:

F. R. Tripler & Co., New York
Capper & Capper, Chicago and Detroit
Jack Henry, Inc., Kansas City
Hubert W. White, Minneapolis and St. Paul
Littler, Seattle
Norton Ditto, Houston
The Ascot Shop, La Jolla
Andrade Ltd., Honolulu
Milton's Ltd., Hattiesburg
Root's, Inc., Summit
Douglas Allen, Pensacola
Everett Holzapfel Inc., Nashville

New Merger

We've consolidated two great fashion ideas into one very businesslike shoe. The style assets of the monk strap combined with the blue-chip appeal of the wing tip produce a shoe that's perfect company for both modern and traditional clothing. It's the Francescan Wing, in Black or Golden Brown Smooth Calfskin. $42.50

FRANK BROTHERS

The most distinguished shoes in America

Singer's Casual Shop

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

The Monogrammed Tote

A fashionable mating of natural color straw with mahogany leather trim, highlighted with a stylized mahogany leather monogram to make this tote your very own. Generous 12″ x 15″ size, fully lined with zipper compartment. You'll want one for yourself, and others to give as gifts. Allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery. Price includes 3 initial monogram.

$15

State first, second and third initial for each tote ordered. Shipped postpaid.

Singer's Casual Shop
3699 Roswell Rd., N.W.
Atlanta, Ga. 30305

The Talbots

Flower Shoes

Our hand-crafted fine leather shoes have everlastingly pretty leather flowers on the toes, hard leather soles, half-inch heels, and bright striped linings. Perfect for gay spring shifts. Yellow, shamrock, white, morning glory blue, or azalea pink. Sizes 5½-9½. narrow and medium widths. $14.00 Postpaid. **Send for free catalog**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. KK, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043

is horror and carnage. Even when the National Liberation Front, despite the disproportion of forces and resources, inflicts stupefying reverses on the invader, that changes nothing in the odious character of the aggression. This bad faith exasperates the best friends of that America whose past generosities cannot be forgotten. . . . That is why public opinion in the world, and especially in France, begins to feel choked by its very indignation, by its outraged conscience." Vercors made the usual call on all the French intellectuals, like the one that Jean-Paul Sartre made during the hated Algerian War: "Architects, teachers, painters and writers, scientists, technicians, musicians, theatre people—everyone must join in, even those skeptics who do not believe in the efficacy of taking part in this way." French reaction to the horrors of the last fortnight of murderous killing by both sides at Hué and Khe Sanh has hardened against the United States and Americans generally, as if we had become different people. The slaughter of Vietnamese women and children has more than once been compared in the press to the Nazi genocide of European Jews in the German concentration camps. There is bitterness, especially among more-than-middle-aged French adults, because Washington is unwilling to learn from the humiliating French experience in their defeat at Dien Bien Phu—from their knowledge, there cruelly learned, that a modern, up-to-date army cannot win a guerrilla war against patriotic natives in their forests or villages or caves except by literally exterminating the national population. Pierre Mendès-France, France's most powerful Premier in the Fourth Republic, was the leader who brought the French war in Indo-China to a close in defeat, considered a disgrace to French pride. President de Gaulle (who had changed his mind about Algerian independence in midstream) brought the Algerian War to its end in conditions considered disgraceful to France's European standing. What the French see as stiff-necked provincial Texan pride has made the American President—or so many Parisians frankly state or write—the most unpopular American in power in the close to two hundred years of Franco-American relations. —GENÊT

•

Republic Corp. said it has signed an agreement to acquire Calif.—*New Rochelle Standard-Star.*

Should have been done long ago.

Join the nub club. $7.

Ship'n Shore®

A New Experience in Atlantic City!

The Inn of the Three Tuns

Olde English Vittles and Potables in the tradition of the 18th Century Steak Pub. Cocktails from Noon, Dinner from 6.

SHELBURNE HOTEL
One Ton (2000) Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
N.Y. PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450

Gracious Living Is Not Dead
It lives—in Los Angeles

At the Sheraton-West. In a walled garden, an enclave amid the bustle of Wilshire Boulevard's smartest stretch. You'll delight in the rooms, service, dining. Visit Gracious Living's new home.

Sheraton-West
HOTEL
Your TownHouse in Los Angeles
2961 Wilshire Blvd.

Our champagne.
We named it
for our women.
La Française by Taittinger
TAITTINGER
TAITTINGER
REIMS
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE

La Francaise.
The Frenchwoman.
She has inspired armies.
She has turned the heads of kings.
Taittinger has named an
exquisite champagne in her honor.
La Francaise.
The Frenchwoman.
A champagne made only
from the delicate first pressing
of the grapes.
La Francaise.
The Frenchwoman.
You will never forget her.

IMPORTED FROM REIMS, FRANCE, BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, N. Y., N. Y.

128
NORTH
NO. S
128 S

Chasemen Dave Andrews and Bob Higdon on their way to counsel with an electronics customer.

There's a banker/technical director team to bring you an added dimension in corporate banking from Chase Manhattan

the bank with the wide world reach

Your needs motivated us to offer you Chase team service. Here's how it works.

Your Chase banker is thoroughly knowledgeable in your industry. But in this day of increasingly complex business the need for expert technical counsel frequently arises.

When he sees the need, he can instantly call upon the skills of the Chase technical director experienced in your particular business.

At this point, you have a perfectly balanced team at work for you. One a banker who knows your *financial* needs. One a technical man who knows your *operational* needs.

Technical Director Bob Higdon, above, is typical.

With degrees from M.I.T. and years of industrial experience in both the engineering and marketing sides of electronics, he knows his business well.

So do our other technical directors, whether they specialize in mining, metals, energy, agriculture, chemicals, transportation, aerospace, textiles, or forest products.

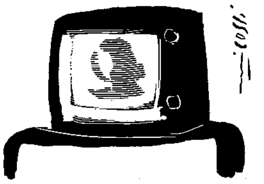
Why not talk to the people at Chase Manhattan and benefit from this added dimension in corporate banking.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
N.A./1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10015 • Member FDIC

THE AIR

Sunday

NIGHT. Saturday night. The curtains blowing. The curtains flapping. Sunlight through the curtains. Sunlight? No no no no. Saturday *night*. It *is* Saturday night. It is *still* Saturday night. Buses grunt and gargle beneath the windows. Some chapel bells. I keep my eyes tight closed and start up the dream again. The girl is wearing nothing at all, next to nothing. She runs down the beach. A great white beach. I run toward her. Nearer, nearer. An airplane appears a few feet above us, stops. (Damn the airplane.) My uncle leans out of it. (Damn, *damn* my uncle.) He is dressed in red and has grown a peculiar beard. He reaches down and hauls the girl up with him. "Sound common stocks," he says to me in a thoughtful manner, "are still an excellent investment for the long pull," and he flies away. The beach turns to stone. A garbage truck starts grinding next to the bed. A taxi horn sounds. A strange buzzing of voices is everywhere around. Eyes open. Eyes way open. I am standing in the middle of our living room. Sunlight is coming in through the windows. Clearly, it *is* Sunday morning. Objects inside the room are blurred, drift slowly toward me and recede. I try to move my feet. They seem stuck to the carpet, possibly webbed. I suddenly remember Harry Pollock's blank pink face. I am arguing with Harry Pollock. I said *that* to Harry Pollock late last night? The pain inside my head is very fierce. The buzzing sound continues, is localized, defined: a small gray screen. My children sit in front of the television screen in their pajamas. I am a grown man, after all. My head hurts. My feet *are* webbed. I argued half the night with Harry Pollock. I am standing in the middle of my living room early, early Sunday morning without knowing why—but *I am fully in control.* I speak to the children softly. I am their father, am I not? The great patriarch. "Why are you yelling at us?" a small voice asks.



"I am not yelling," I say. "What are you watching?"

"A movie," another child says. I look at the movie. It seems to be about a couple of men in prison. One of the men is beating the other with a chain.

"Here, now," I say. "Isn't there anything better than this?"

The first child looks at me sweetly. "No," she says.

"You . . . are . . . a . . . damned liar," I say with my lips, being careful not to sound the words. I flip through the stations. On Channel 2, some clergymen are talking earnestly about the Newark riots. On Channel 4, Eugene H. Nickerson, Nassau County Executive, is being interviewed about the Long Island Rail Road. Bugs Bunny is on Channel 7. Thank God for Channel 7. Bugs Bunny is somehow involved in the Second World War. Bugs Bunny is doing a humorous imitation of Mussolini. Mussolini?

"We've seen that," say several children impatiently.

"See it again," I say vaguely. "It will do you good." And stumble off hunting pathetically for coffee, understanding, the book section of the *Times*, wisdom, stray scraps of myself that I seem to have left somewhere in the course of the night.

My wife appears. Some coffee is made. "That was a nice party last night," I say with an attempt at affability that nearly splits my skull, "but we seem to have left rather late."

"You were arguing with Harry Pollock," my wife says.

"About what?" I ask casually.

"About optical scanning," she says.

"Oh," I say. I want to stand up right then and there and phone Harry Pollock and ask him to a nice lunch and send him tulips and tell him I don't know anything about optical scanning, and never did, and never will, but I sit there instead and drink coffee and listen to the sounds of children fighting. Children fighting? A small child in fact appears, tear-stained.

"What's the matter?" I ask in my best fatherly manner.

"Edward hit me," says the child.

"Why?" I ask. "What were you doing?"

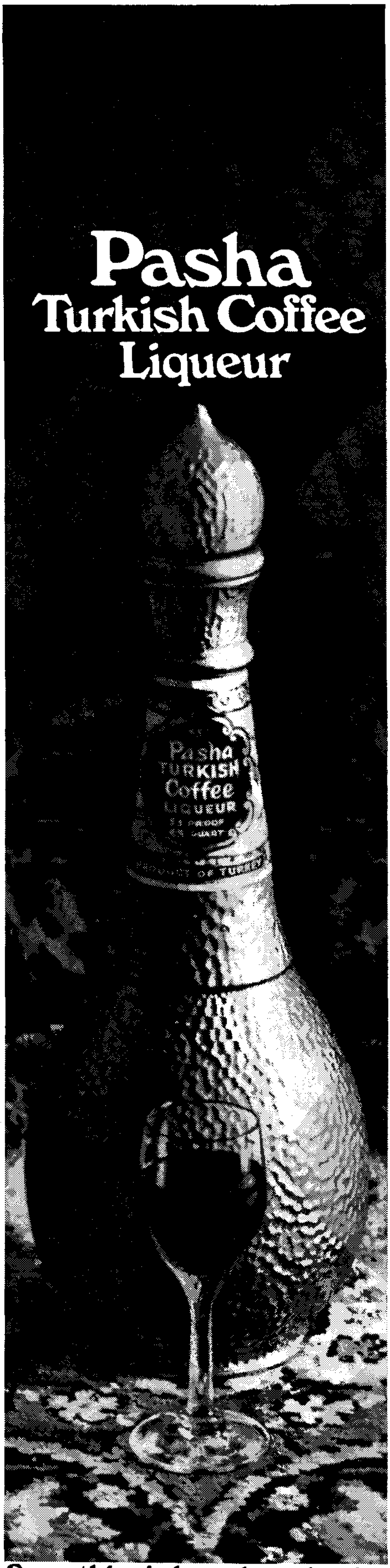
"Nothing," says the child.

"What happened?" my wife asks.

"Edward hit her," I say.

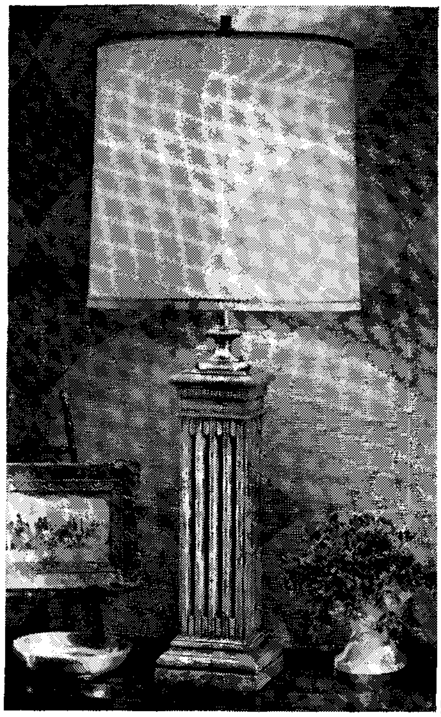
My wife looks at me. "There is no child called Edward in this house," she says.

Sounds of squabbling grow louder in the distance, draw closer to us. "What's on the TV?" my wife asks. I



Something's been brewing in Istanbul. It's Pasha Turkish Coffee Liqueur. Imported from a land famous for its after-dinner pleasures.

IMPORTED BY & BOTTLED IN UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. 53 PROOF.



Fluted column lamp of oak.
Weathered or dark finish. 39 inches.
Send for colorful brochure of
lamps and decorative accessories
with the obvious care of
hand craftsmanship. $1.00.

KNOB CREEK
Dept. NY 3-16, Box 995
Morganton, North Carolina 28655

"Geographically, topographically, climatically, North Carolina appears to have been designed by St. Andrew himself as a golfing state."

O. B. Keeler,
golf journalist

Just send us your name and address and we'll send you a booklet describing North Carolina's 266 beautiful golf courses.

Send to Dept. 56, Travel & Promotion Division, Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N.C. 27602

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip Code__________

North Carolina

NEVER WILL YOU RECEIVE SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE.

hunt up *TV Guide*, grope for the right page, and read aloud. " 'The Face of the Pharisee,' a story of a domineering woman and her emotionally and morally crippled son. Host is Ralph Bellamy. 'Inquiry': Dr. Ruth Fox discusses the emotional problems of alcoholism. 'Way to Go': Lois Anderson, of the National Council of Churches, and Charles Brackbill, Jr., of the United Presbyterian Church of the U.S., discuss promotional religious films. Host is Ormond Drake. 'Anima e Corpo,' an oratorio in the form of a morality play. The Soul asks wherein lies eternal joy, and the Body, Intellect, and Blessed Spirit offer replies. 'Youth in Revolt—Why?' is discussed by Camilla Ohdnoff, minister for—"

"They must be crazy," my wife says. The sound of a large piece of furniture being overturned is heard. She takes the magazine, glances through it. "Here," she says. " 'Unchained': At the Californian Institute for Men at Chino, California, hardened criminals are rehabilitated." She gets up, goes out, and turns it on.

A strange silence descends. Coffee is drunk. "We should do something," somebody says. It must have been me. "We should do something," I say again.

My wife looks at me. "*Late Sunday mornings*," she declaims in a peculiar dreamlike voice, "*Charles and I betimes would breakfast in the solarium before sallying over to Lady Hesketh's for an amusing lunch. . . .* Do you suppose," she says to me in a thoughtful way, "that there was *never* such a thing as *late* Sunday morning? Do you suppose—"

"Well," I say. "Times change, of course. The family-formation period, and so forth, which we are so fortunate to be participating in at present instant."

"Do you suppose it was all a lie?" she says. "I mean, the *concept* of a late Sunday morning, of amusing lunches?"

"Not at all," I say. I feel we are both very close to tears. "One of these days, we, too, will have a late Sunday morning and amusing lunches. I promise you." It is a tender moment. There is the sound of several bodies hitting a wall at once, and crying.

"We should take them out," my wife says. "We have to take them out."

"Why *out*?" I say. "Why do people always take their children *out*? If God had wanted children to be taken *out*, he would have made them—"

Some children come racing by.

"I'd go to the moon for a silk shirt dress like that, if it only came in my size." Bugs one, doesn't it? Everything great seems to stop at size 8. Come to Abercrombie's. It's closer. And there's this lovely exception. A buttons-to-below-the-waist classic with beautifully detailed yoke back and roll sleeves in sizes 12 to 20. In nubbed imported silk, clear blue, beige or sunrise coral. Designer Chana Baker says wear it unbelted, if you prefer. $75. In Short Hills, too.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., 10017
Chicago and San Francisco Stores

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

BEST MUSICAL 1967 N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS 8 TONY AWARDS
CABARET
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12, $10; Front Mezz. $7.90; Rear Mezz. $6.90, 5.90, 4.80, 3.60, 2. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $12, $10; Front Mezz. $8.90; Rear Mezz. $7.90, 6.90, 5.90, 4.80, 3.60, 2. Mat. Wed. at 2: Orch. $6; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5, 4, 3, 2. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.90; Front Mezz. $6; Rear Mezz. $5, 4, 3, 2.
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45th St., N.Y.C.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Mar. 18-Apr. 13 - National Thea., Wash., D.C.

WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

"We're all going to the Park," my wife says.

"The Park?" the children say. "We've been to the Park. Why can't we watch TV?"

"You've watched enough already," I say. "When I was your age, I didn't watch TV all day long."

"Why not?" one of the children asks.

"*Because*," I say. Wretched children. "Because when I was your age we learned how to live without this constant need for artificial stimulus."

"You did?" say the children, as if I were some kind of freak. I look to my wife for support.

"Your father, I want you to know," my wife says benignly, "saw 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' as a first-run feature."

"Nobody," I say, "will watch any more television in this house for the time being. There are other things to do in life besides watch television. We will now all go out to the Park and have a wonderful time."

"We will now all go out to the Park and have our bicycles stolen," says a child.

"We will now all go out to the Park and catch emphysema," says another child. Boring children.

An interval of several hours or days elapses during which everybody gets dressed.

"Governor Romney is on television," a child runs in to tell me.

"What do I care for Governor Romney?" I say.

The child looks hurt. "You said he is going to be the next President," the child says.

"I did *not*," I say. I look in the living room. The children are sitting around the set with the sound turned off, looking at Governor Romney. "Last *Christmas* you said," the child persists. "I *heard* you say."

"Everybody ready?" my wife calls. A March wind is now bowling down the avenue outside. The children are all rolling around on the floor pulling off each other's socks.

"You know," I say as she comes in, "this seems to be a rather interesting program about Romney."

"With the sound off?" she says.

"Well, I mean, it looks like a rather interesting program. I thought maybe I might just—"

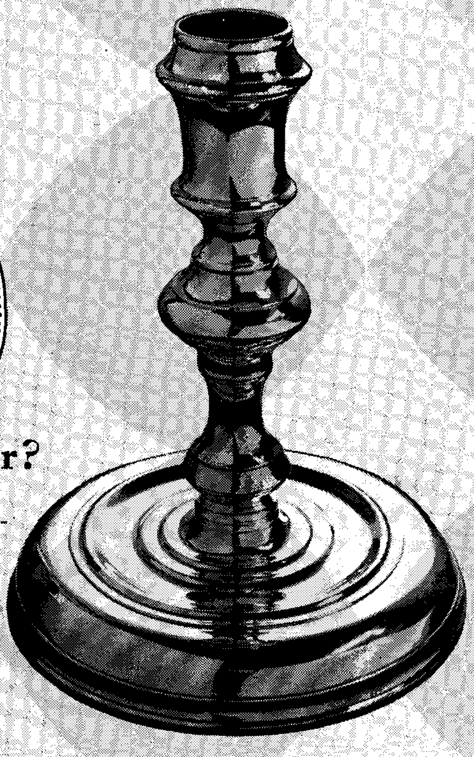
"Stay in and have a little peek?" she says. "Not on your damned life."

New York. A Sunday in March. Observers of the Central Park social scene were not surprised to find the Park deserted this particular day, owing

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.

GILBEY'S VODKA

Gilbey's Vodka
VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.



WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION CW ®

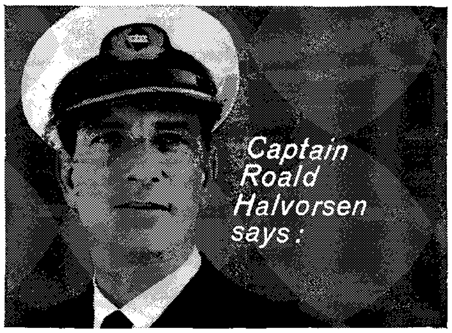
Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

It would still be solid brass, hand-poured — and specially formulated to reproduce the mellow patina of old brass. It would still be fashioned from the original, now in the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg. With the Hallmark, though, you know it's so. Without it, you don't.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-1, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® *Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*



"Cruise With Us Next Fall *Norwegian Style*"

You'll be pampered by the seafaringest people on earth aboard our flagship *Sagafjord* or luxurious *Bergensfjord*. Cheerfully efficient stewardesses take care of your big air-conditioned cabin where you have ship-to-shore telephone and private facilities. Gallant stewards look after you on deck and serve our international cuisine. All cruise members dine at a single sitting, with the easygoing formality of a country club. Entertainments are lively, landings are dockside at most ports, and shore trips are arranged by experts. See your travel agent.

Sept. Cruise to Europe

M.S. BERGENSFJORD Sep. 11 from New York
26 Days • 9 Ports • From $575*

Clifftop castles, lively capitals, inspiring cathedrals . . . a combination of Grand Tour "greats" and offbeat delights. Your ports are Glengarriff (for Blarney and Killarney); Plymouth and Southampton (for London and Devonshire); Le Havre (for Paris or Normandy); Brest (for Brittany); La Coruna, Spain (for Santiago de Compostela); Lisbon; Cadiz, Spain (for Seville); and Ponta Delgada, Azores Islands.

Around So. America & Easter Island Flagship M.S. SAGAFJORD

Oct. 28 from N. Y. • Oct. 31 from Port Everglades
52 Days • 14 Ports • From $1,400*

Rediscover springtime in the Caribbean this fall, go through the Panama Canal to Peru, meet the stone giants of Easter Island face to face. See Chile, sail through the scenic Strait of Magellan and then turn north to South America's most cosmopolitan cities, plus Caribbean bargain ports. From New York to: Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.

OTHER CAREFREE CRUISES 1968

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
Apr. 16	Caribbean Grand	B	22	13	$ 450
Jul. 2	North Cape-Northern Europe	S	44	21	$1,450
Aug. 16	European Vacation	S	31	12	$ 950
Oct. 11	Columbus Day West Indies	S	15	7	$ 375
Nov. 22	Thanksgiving West Indies	B	17	9	$ 425
Dec. 20	Christmas W. Indies	S	17	9	$ 525

S signifies Sagafjord; B signifies Bergensfjord
*MINIMUM, SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

SAFETY INFORMATION: *M.S. Sagafjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960. *M.S. Bergensfjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948. Both ships are registered in Norway.

N·A·L Norwegian America Line
29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006
Tel: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND • SEATTLE • MONTREAL

to the extraordinary cold, the rotten wind, the gray skies, and the promise of rain, hail, snow, or worse—except, as it turned out, for the presence of an unnaturally aged thirty-seven-year-old man, who was seen leaping and jogging about in the middle of a field, surrounded by several small children, and uttering cries that only from a distance could have been taken for merriment.

"I'm very cold," I say. "I want to go home. I'm very cold. I am thirty-seven years old. I am jaded with parks, park-weary. I have been to all the parks. I have experienced all the park experiences. There is nothing I can learn further from parks. I am going home."

We go home. Deftly, with apparent casualness, I turn on the hockey game. The children come in.

"Who's ahead?" one of them asks.

"The Black Hawks," I say. Hull takes a pass from center and is about to shoot.

"Where are the Yankees?" a small voice asks.

"The Yankees play baseball," I say. "This is hockey. Please be quiet."

Chicago moves down the ice.

"What's hocking?" another small voice asks.

I glower at the child. Goals are streaming into the net.

"Hocking," my wife says, "is one of those artificial stimuli your father can simply take or leave alone."

The children bring out a pad of paper and some crayons and proceed to rip the pad of paper into little bits. Somebody cries. Somebody scores another goal. Wild cheering. The hockey game is over.

"Can we watch one of our shows now?" one of the children asks.

"No," I say.

"Please," they say. "A nature show. Miss Bookmaster says it's very good to watch shows about nature and animals."

I flip casually through the stations. A golf match. Some basketball. Ah, yes, a fish. A marlin, it looks like. There is a marlin leaping in and out of the water, and there is a man in a large powerboat holding a fishing rod that he is reeling and unreeling. The marlin dives. "When a marlin goes deep," an announcer intones, "the moments of waiting are extremely agonizing." The marlin comes up again. Wonderful pictures of the poor damned marlin. The marlin is hauled into the boat. "I never realized these babies were this strong," says one of the men in the boat to his friend. "It's the end of a great day," says the other. We are watching, apparently, a program called "American Sportsman," on A.B.C.

"I don't think I like this," says one of the children. "I don't like people who kill animals."

"You like eating well enough," I say.

"I like eating ice cream," the child says. "You don't have to shoot ice cream in order to eat it. That's why I like it."

"Can we have some ice cream?" says another child.

"American Sportsman" continues. We are in Alaska now. We are in Alaska with Cornel Wilde. "Come here!" I call to my wife. "Cornel Wilde. You loved him in 'The Bandit of Sherwood Forest.' You thrilled to him in 'Forever Amber.'" Cornel Wilde is panting up a slight incline, carrying a rifle at the ready. He is hunting bear. "Ooh, boy, this is mighty spectacular country," says Cornel Wilde. "It sure is," says his companion. Cornel and his companion do a lot of walking around, holding their rifles up, and finally they spot a big bear way way way way in the distance. But our TV camera has a zoom lens that brings him in close, and Cornel's rifle has a telescopic sight, and so he plugs him one. "Good shot," says his companion. "Hit him again." Cornel takes aim and plugs the bear again. "Oh, beautiful, Cornel!" calls his companion. "Beautiful." They both run pantingly toward the dead bear. "That's a nice bear," says Cornel's friend. "Boy, oh boy, oh boy," says Cornel. "Wow," says his companion.

"You mean they killed that bear?" one of my children asks.

"That's right," I say. "The law of the jungle. The bear was probably stealing their ice cream."

"That's not true," the child says.

Meanwhile, Cornel and his pal are peering over the dead bear. "We did it," says Cornel. The friend says, "Give me your hand, Cornel." The two men shake hands over the dead bear. "That's a beautiful fur," Cornel says. The camera shows the fur of the dead bear. "Look at those claws," says the friend. The camera shows the claws of the dead bear. "Look at

If you think Wide-Tracking is just a slogan, you've never been behind the wheel of The Great One.

Slogans don't straighten curves. Or conquer hills with the ease of an Alpine tram. But then, not many cars do, either. Which is why our GTO is so reverently referred to as The Great One.

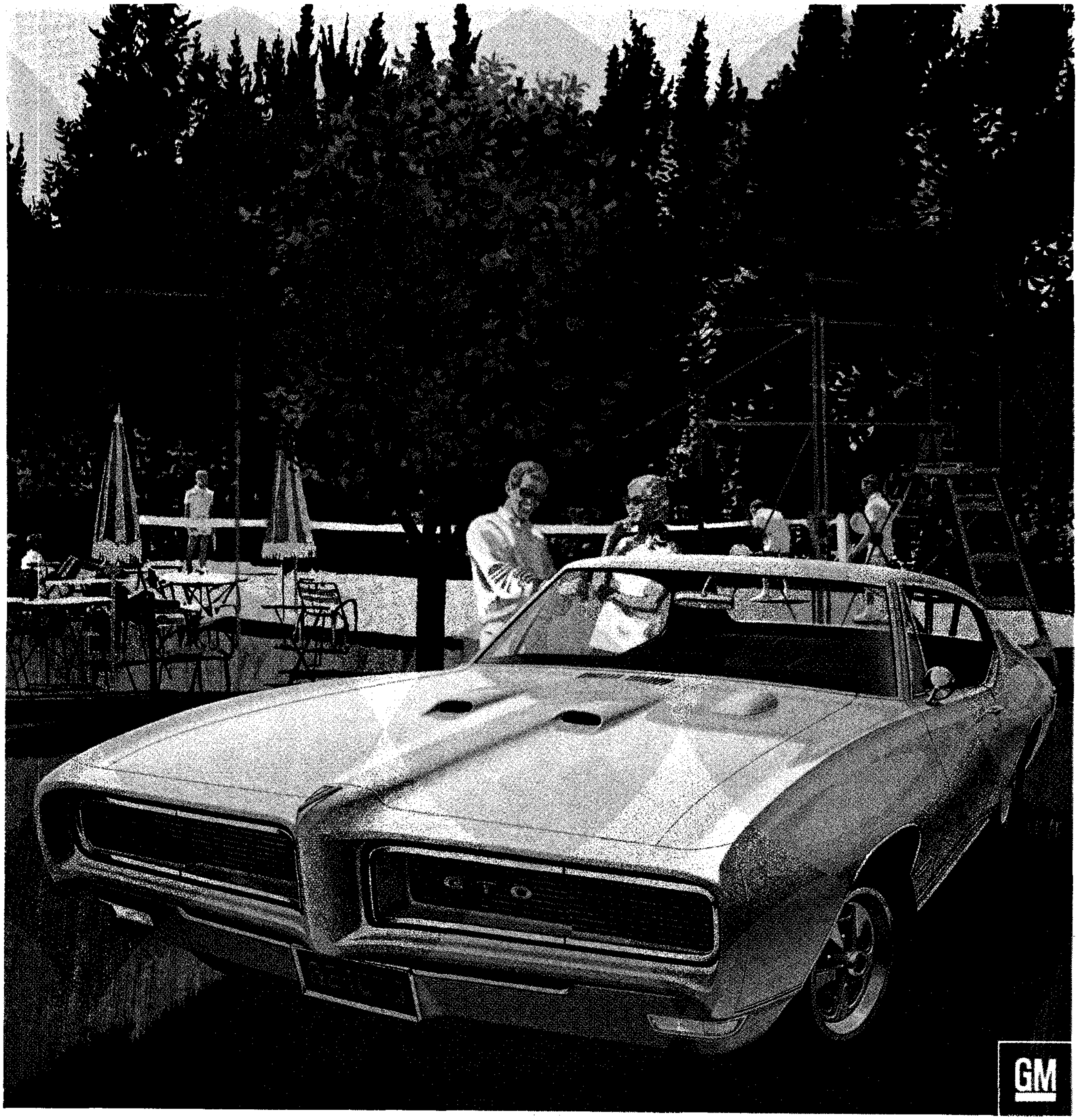
The GTO's ability in the aforementioned situations can be traced partly to its standard 400-cubic-inch, 4-barrel V-8. A 3-speed with Hurst shifter. And Fastrak, redline tires that adhere to the road like glue clings to your fingers.

However, The Great One didn't merit *Motor Trend* magazine's "Car of the Year" accolade merely for its driving prowess. Its polished sheet metal is molded into the shape of tomorrow. And up front, the world's most fantastic bumper. So fantastic, you have to kick it to believe it.

So when you next read that Wide-Tracking in a GTO is great, don't shrug and turn the page. See your Pontiac dealer. Where test drives speak louder than words.

Great American sports also dig Le Mans, Firebird, Catalina, Bonneville and Grand Prix.

Pontiac Motor Division.



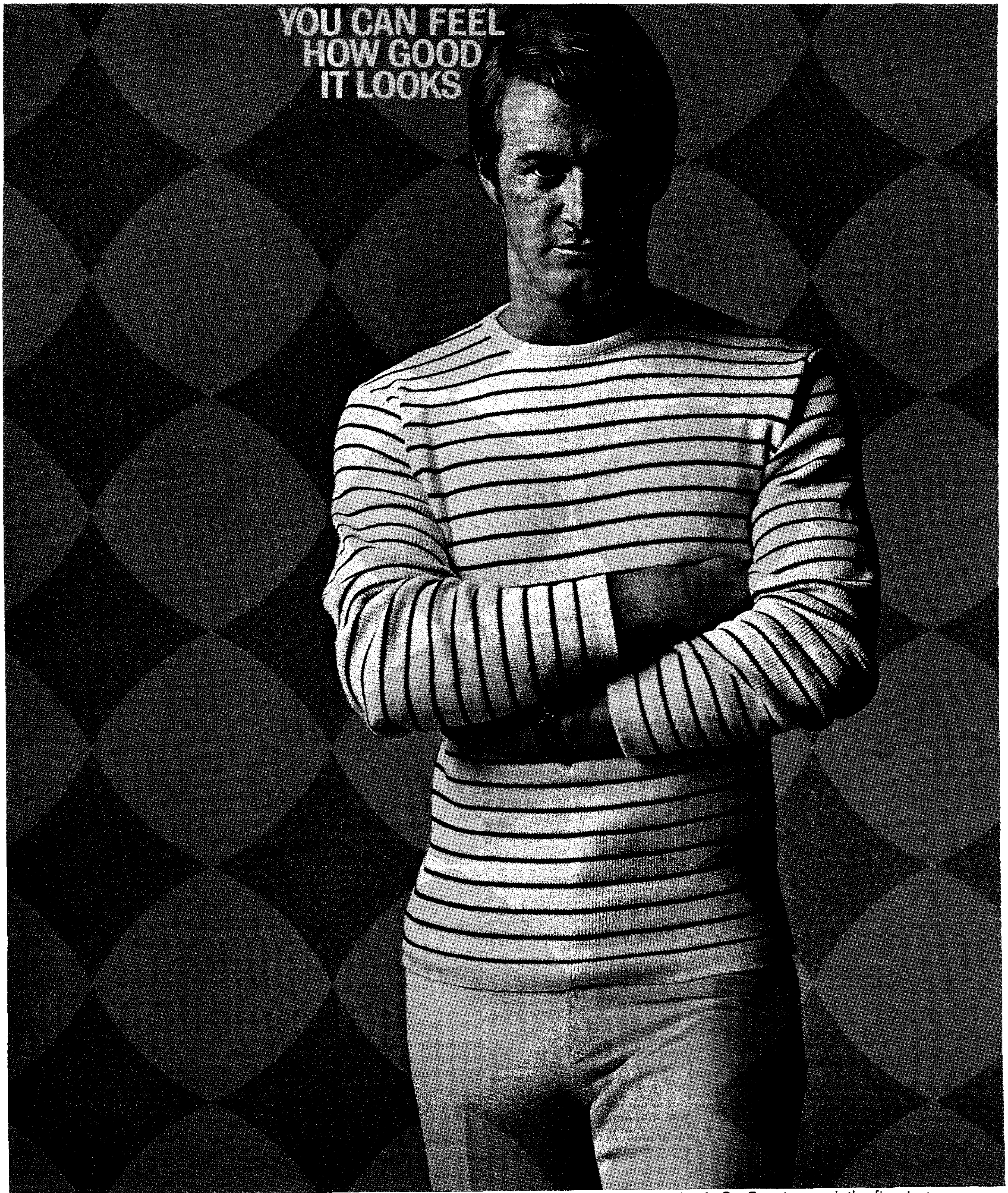
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

MR. WITT launches a new pullover with a stripe that goes around and around but comes straight to the fashion point. Inspired by the French sailor's shirt, it offers all the freedom, all the lightness needed on land or sea. Its fabric—cotton double-knit—keeps it in good shape, makes it cool, makes it comfortable. As shown only; in sizes small, medium, large, extra large. About $10.00 at the fine stores listed below

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



Macy's, New York; M. L. Rothschild, Chicago; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; J. L. Brandeis, Omaha; Macy's, San Francisco, and other fine stores.

the eyes," says Cornel. "Small eyes," says the friend. "Excellent hearing, though," says Cornel.

"Everybody take baths," my wife says.

The children wander off in silence.

"What's going on here?" my wife asks.

"The Bandit of Sherwood Forest shot hisself a bear," I say.

"For God's sake," my wife says. "You made them watch that?"

"When are they going to have dinner?" I ask.

"I don't know," she says. "They told me you said they only needed to have ice cream."

"I didn't say that," I say. "I said the reason Cornel Wilde shot the bear was because the bear had been stealing all his ice cream."

"You said that?" she says.

"It was a joke," I say.

My wife looks at me. "Well, if *that's* your story," she says, "you go right ahead and stick to it."

I go out and make a drink, and sit trying to read *Harper's* with my left eye and watch the end of the golf game with my right. Dinner. Kids eat dinner. Cutlery is dropped from incredible heights onto plates. Plates leap up and collide with mugs. More drinks.

"What are we going to do today?" one of the children asks.

"That's a ridiculous question," my wife says. "You've been up for nearly twelve hours."

The child looks puzzled. "How could we be up for twelve hours if we didn't do *anything*?"

Dinner over. "Do we watch 'Lassie'?" one of the children asks.

"No," I say. "You've watched enough television. Why don't you read a story?"

"I don't know how to read," the child says. "*You* read us a story."

A strange feeling of unbelievable tiredness suddenly sweeps over me. "Well, I don't know," I say. "It seems to me I've read you all the stories."

"That's pathetic," my wife murmurs.

"Read 'Charlotte's Web'!" the children call.

"Well," I say slowly. "Yes. Well. Maybe later. Right now, why don't you watch TV for a bit?"

The children leave. I make another drink, and make my wife one. The house is quiet. The living room is quiet. Suddenly, the sounds of gunfire, bombs, airplanes. I go in. The Japanese are bombing Wake Island, or somewhere. "For God's sake," I say, "what kind of a thing is that to be watching?" I

PRODUCT OF MEXICO
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

Tequila for gringos.

Maybe you think of tequila as being ornery. Forget it.

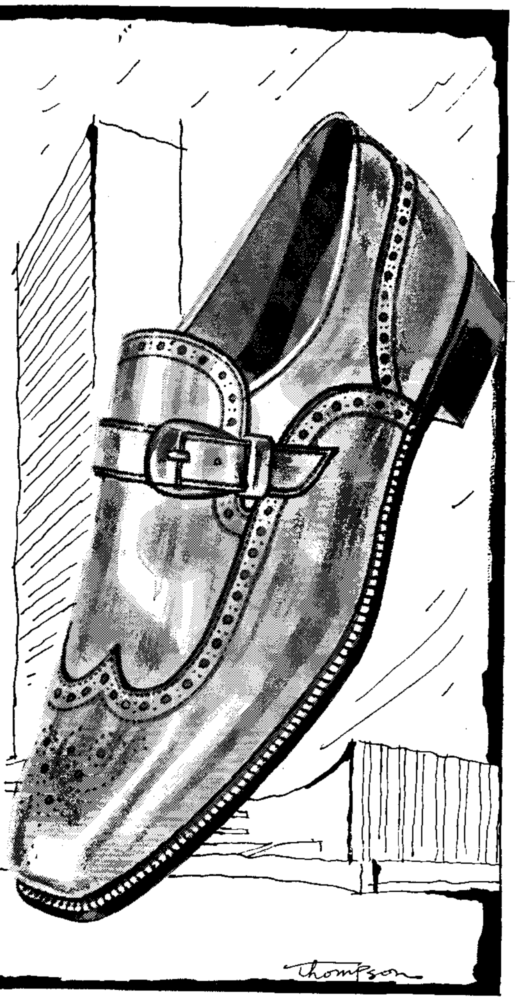
Mariachi is tequila with a Latin spirit. But a calm disposition.

To bring out this sunny side of tequila, we combined several strains. Some a little rambunctious. Some pretty quiet. Until Mariachi matched nicely with north-of-the-border tastes.

Try it in a Margarita or a Sunrise. Or the original way: a taste of lime, a dip of salt, and down the hatch. Neat.

Who knows, they might stop calling you gringo.

Imported Tequila · 80 Proof · Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.



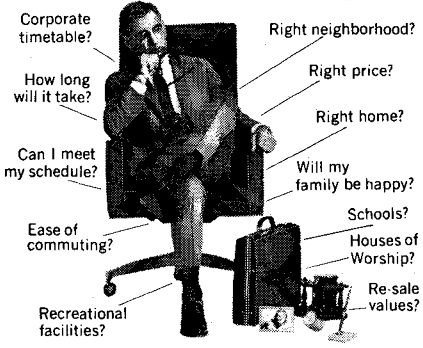
"Primo," our pace-setter for the individualist

Reflecting fashion élan, the "Primo" is a complement to any wardrobe. Made expressly for us by Bally of Switzerland of richly burnished, hand-antiqued tan Chelsea calf, $45. Men's Store, Street Floor, New York only. Third Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
EL 5-5900

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

EXECUTIVES...

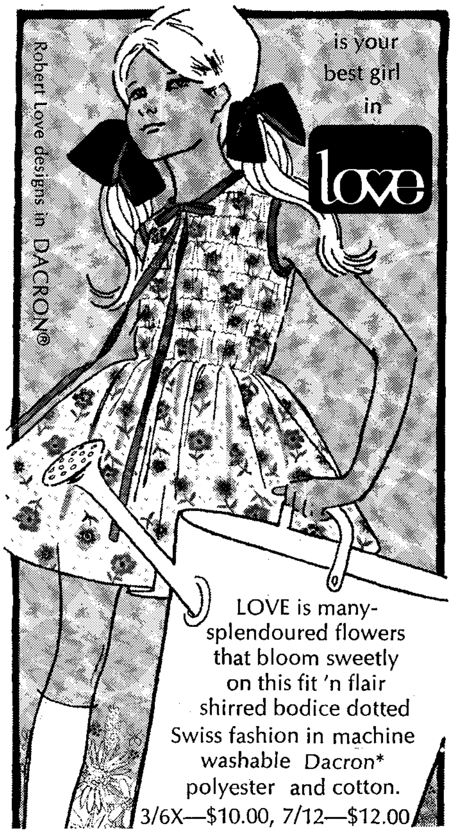
Relocating?


Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

Previews Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems quickly... easily...efficiently—and without charge to you!

Our seven branch offices and network of member brokers offer the fastest individualized personal attention to your homefinding problems. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem. NEVER A FEE! . . . backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Literature on request. Write or call. (212) PL 8-2630.

PREVIEWS EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
A MEMBER OF THE REEVES BROADCASTING GROUP
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D.C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco


is your best girl in love
Robert Love designs in DACRON®

LOVE is many-splendoured flowers that bloom sweetly on this fit 'n flair shirred bodice dotted Swiss fashion in machine washable Dacron* polyester and cotton.
3/6X—$10.00, 7/12—$12.00

B. ALTMAN & CO., N.Y.C. & branches; Parisian, Birmingham; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; City of Paris, San Francisco; Nordstrom-Best, Seattle; Julius Garfinckle, Washington, D.C.
JOSEPH LOVE, INC., N.Y. 10018 *DuPont reg. TM

flip to another channel, find something that looks likely—"Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea."

"What are they looking at?" my wife asks when I return.

"Some kids' show," I say. "About a submarine."

"That's nice," she says.

More strange sounds. The oldest kid brings the youngest kid in looking distraught.

"What's wrong?" I say.

"That show you made us watch," the oldest kid says. "The captain of the submarine turns into an ape."

The youngest kid starts to cry again. We go in to where the TV set is. It's the damned truth. The captain of the U.S.S. Seaview is indeed turning slowly into an ape. He crashes about in the submarine and shoots at a few people. Then he turns back into a captain. "Have you got the hypodermic handy?" asks somebody who is referred to as "the admiral." "Close collision screens," says somebody else. "Magnification factor of four," says the admiral. The captain reappears looking pretty and well-shaved. "Maintain your trend," he says into a tube. A commercial comes on.

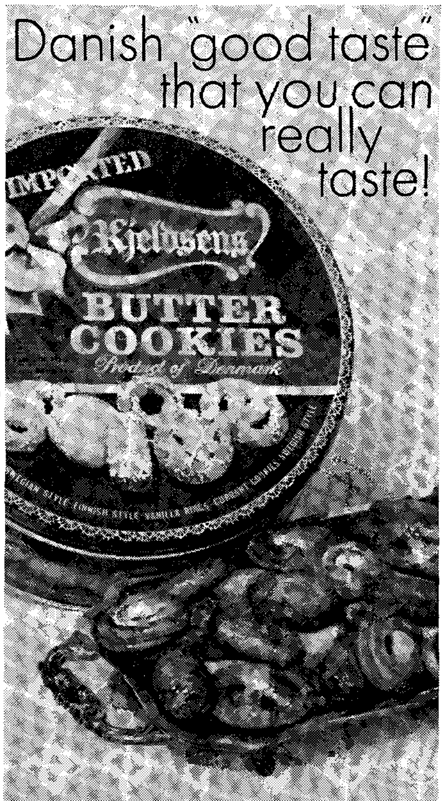
"Is that a true story?" one of the children asks.

The children are directed to bed. The children are redirected to bed. Threats. Whines. Mutterings. The children are re-redirected to bed.

The children are in bed. Spasmodic heavy drinking takes place in the kitchen. Fragrant smell of food. Fragrant smell of food is from nearby apartment. Casserole is served in time for regularly scheduled, just-in-time-to-catch-them-at-dinner, emotional phone call from sister in California, who is active in the peace movement and concerned about contraception, or vice versa. Hard to tell. Good night to sister. Good night to casserole. The children asleep. The house is quiet. Some brandy in the living room amid the scraps of paper from the drawing pad, some toys, a bright-pink woolly tortoise. *After supper betimes, Lady Cynthia and I would often take a small liqueur with friends in the Green Room.* Sir Edward P. Morgan swims into view on P.B.L. Sir Edward Morgan looks smooth and vague, and seems to be surrounded on all sides by eminent Negroes who are all talking at once about civil rights.

"I thought we saw this last week," my wife murmurs.

"It's a *continuing* crisis," I say. I flip, anyway, to the Smothers Brothers. A big, ungainly Negro woman is stump-



KJELDSENS
IMPORTED DANISH BUTTER COOKIES
Importer: RINGERS' DUTCHOCS,
90 West Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10007

Cafe Pierre

New York's intimate rendezvous
for cocktails, dinner, supper and dancing
5TH AVENUE AND 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

NOBODY HAS TWO LEFT FEET AT ROSELAND! If you've taken a couple of lessons and want to practice; if you want to polish up on long-unused steps; If you've got rhythm and want to learn... watch the dancers at Roseland, then get out on that spacious floor and move to that flawless beat of great dance bands. You'll be in the tempo in no time at all.

World's Most Famous Ballroom Cafe • Bar • Restaurant
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
NIGHTLY exc. Mon. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

ing about onstage. A colored woman? Negress? Black woman? I feel a brief seizure of liberal-fatigue, and go out to see if there is any more brandy. There is. I come back in. The sky is dark outside the windows. The rooms of the apartment building opposite us, across the avenue, glow eerily where the television sets are on. We are back with P.B.L. A sociologist is speaking. He is talking about "structures."

"It's very good," my wife says. "Jimmy Baldwin was just on."

I sit down beside her and look into the set. The sociologist speaks on. The screen is gray. The beach is very white. The girl wears nothing, next to nothing, runs down beside the water, nearer, nearer . . . I blink, look out the window. There are almost no lights opposite us across the avenue. Monday hovers somewhere out there behind the buildings, waiting for us. Monday? Then this was Sunday.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

"GET A MESSAGE THROUGH"

In the article by that title in the January issue these additions and corrections should be made:

Page 18: Col. 3—Par. 3, change pages 20-23 to 22-23.

Page 19: Col. 3—Practice sentence 9, change BICEPTS to BICEPS. Group 6, change End of Message symbol to di-dah-di-dah-dit. Group 7, change Correction symbol to (Series of 8 E's).

Page 20: Col. 1—Par. 12, symbol for error is Interval-N-Interval.

Page 21: Col. 1—Practice sentence 4, change GRABBED to GABBED.

Page 22: Col. 1—Practice sentence 4, change FRYNG to FRYING. Col. 2—Numerals, omit "(all letters Morse or semaphore)". Col. 3—Numerals and punctuation, change End of message symbol to di-dah-di-dah-dit. Change Attention symbol to di-dah-di-dah-di-dah-di-dah. Error, change to (Series of 8 E's) di-di-di-di-di-di-di-dit.

Page 23: Practice sentence 18, delete apostrophe in VENEZUELANS. Practice sentence 23, change MOUTAIN to MOUNTAIN. First Class Signaling, 2nd par., change signaler to receiver.

Page 24: Col. 1—Semaphore code, 2nd par., change signaler should by to signaler should be. Col. 2—Message 3, insert comma after WHAM. Col. 3—Message 2, insert / after STRIPED. Message 3, insert / after MIDNIGHT. Message 4, change S/LEDS to SLE/DS.—*Scouting Magazine.*

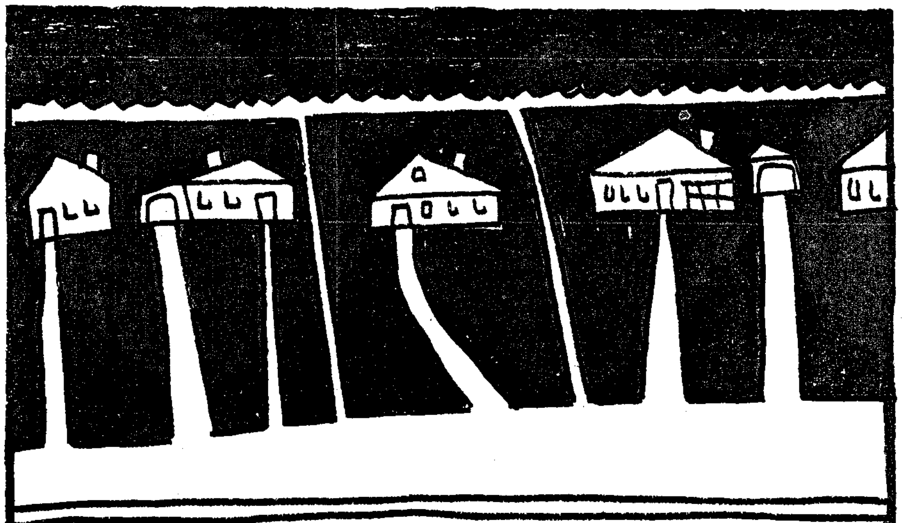
Better just wait—you can tell us when you see us.

•

DEAR SIR:

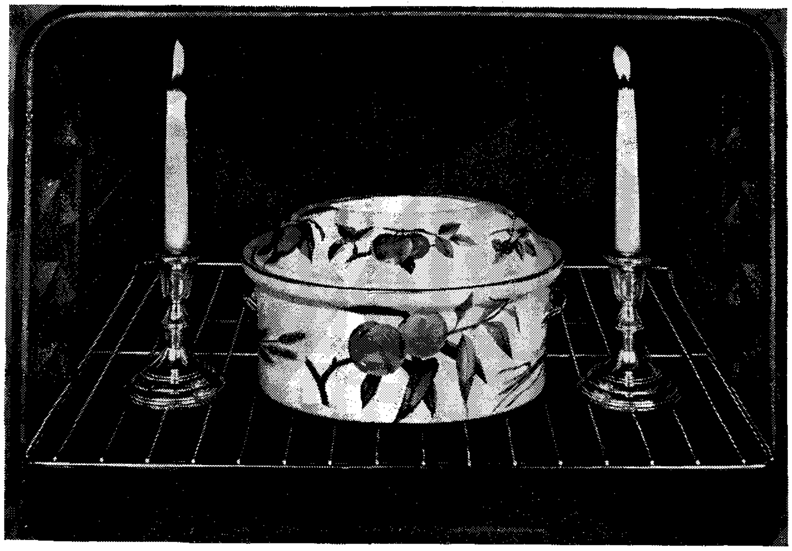
If you do not read the balance of this letter you are AVERAGE. . . .—*Letter from a firm in Beverly Hills.*

And it's taken us all these years to find out!



This is our outdoor advertising

SCOTTS, the grass people, makers of TURF BUILDER.



Royal Worcester Flameproof Porcelain looks so lovely by candlelight it's hard to believe it slaved in a hot stove all day

Cook in it. Serve in it. But please don't eat those luscious fruits that grow all over it. They're for decoration. Not dessert. The Royal Worcester collection of Flameproof Porcelain consists of casseroles, ramekins, baking dishes, and soufflés in all sizes and shapes. All in white. The better to show off the sun-ripened colors, individually fired in the great English tradition. From $2.00 to $45.00 at stores that serve only the best. Casserole shown, 2¼ qt., $25.00. Also available in Canada. Write to Royal Worcester, Dept.NY3,11East 26th Street, New York 10010 for a free Flameproof folder.

NEW SLANT ON KNITS . . . Diagonal patterned knit sheath takes its cue from a spring day to shower you with compliments. Arnel® triacetate/linen/wool knit with crochet trim on collar and sleeves, by Margot Barry. Beige, blue, gold. 10-18. **$32.**

all mail orders postage free

Raleighs
1310 F St., Washington, D. C. 20004

NOW... enjoy every modern luxury on the ancient Aegean!

the all new mts **JASON**

7-DAY CRUISES TO GREEK ISLANDS & TURKEY

A Greek Island cruise could be the most fascinating part of your European vacation. But why settle for an ordinary ship when the widely-acclaimed new JASON offers luxury, cuisine and service comparable to anything on huge transatlantic liners! All cabins with private facilities, over 90% outside. On April 24, and regularly from May 15, she sails every Wednesday from Piraeus to Crete, Santorini, Rhodes, Ephesus, Istanbul, Delos, Myconos. Air conditioned and stabilized. **From $190. SAFETY INFORMATION:** mts Jason, registered in Greece, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
EPIROTIKI LINES
608 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020 • Tel. 265-4575
Or any Greek Line office in other cities

PLUSH WEST Big. Brassy. Red velvet plush. In the heart of theatre country.
Cattle Baron STEAK HOUSE
221 West 46 Street • Phone 265-0310

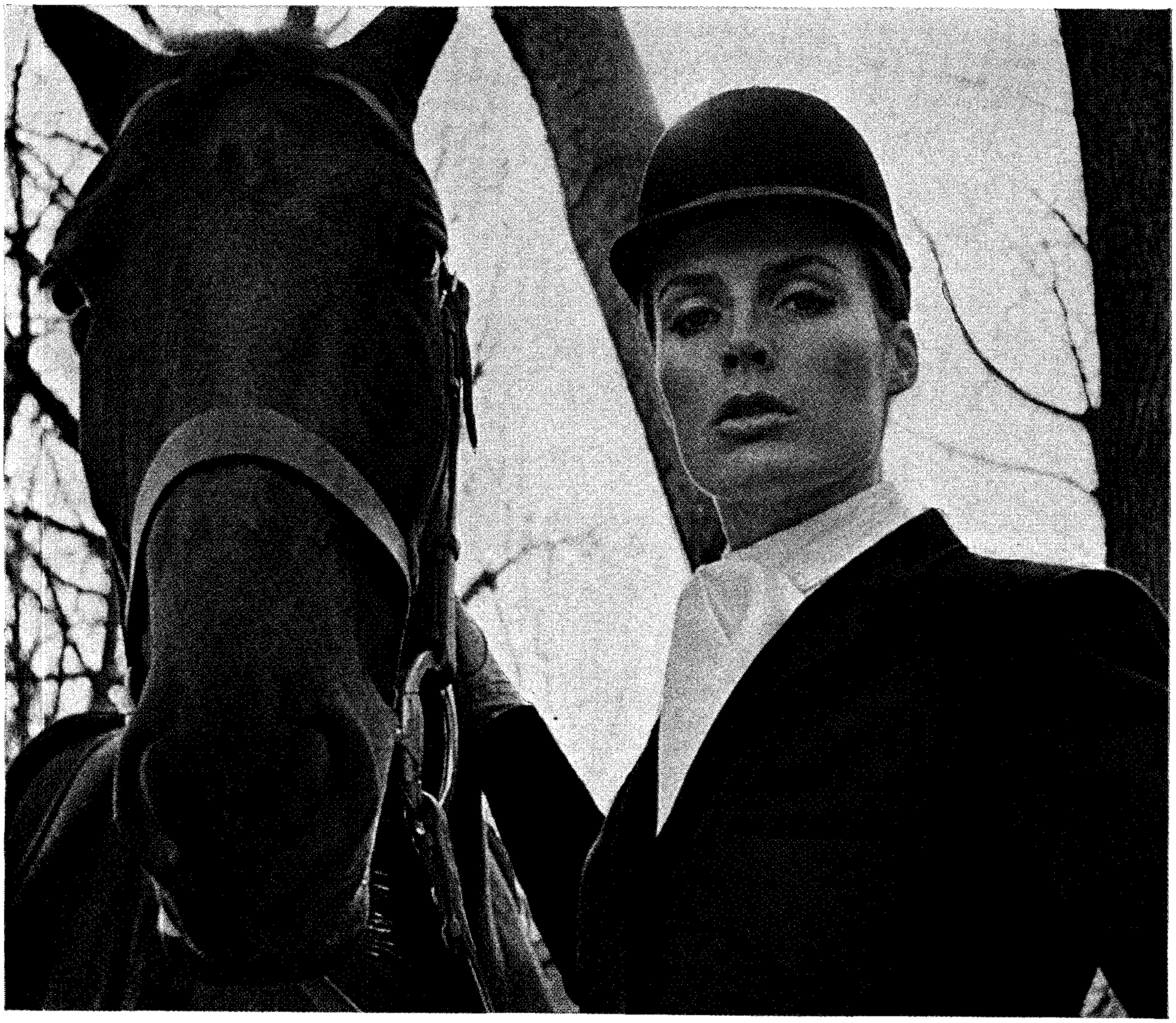
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Freedom to Make Product

"I MAKE films the way I make love," says Claude Lelouch. "I think it is a mistake for a director to trust someone else with the camerawork. It's as though van Gogh might have given his brush to someone else." And then, just in case we thought, Ah, yes, the fervor of youth, filmmakers often don't know what they're saying, he polishes himself off with "My films are for a world in which the concept of 'alienation' has all but replaced that of 'love.' If the audience can experience joy—though vicarious—in response to them, then I will feel that I have been a success." When a man has made the greatest curtain speech since Jean Hagen's in "Singin' in the Rain," it seems almost gratuitously analytical to point out that if his films were good we could experience joy and it wouldn't have to be vicarious. I don't trust the American directors who talk about the new creative freedom, either. A director who has had a box-office hit regards his success as proof that Hollywood now offers artists freedom. Most of the new "free" filmmakers want only to be successful at "moving" us anyway; that's their definition of art. There's a little specially equipped movie theatre in Los Angeles with each seat wired to test audience responses to a film. Maybe we can't help responding the way the film companies want us to—with excitement and fear and laughter—but we sure ought to think about it afterward.

Try analyzing the appeal of a film in the presence of a person who was moved by it and you'll find that no matter how knowledgeable he is about the techniques of emotional manipulation developed in the mass media, he considers a film that moves him to be a good film and, if he was *deeply* moved by it, a work of art. He may be appalled by the propaganda power of the films he disapproves of and he may be disgusted by the way that films he considers vulgar or stupid affect others, but if *he* is moved he somehow considers this the final word on the subject. Yet a competent, cunning hack director can almost always touch our soft spots by certain scenes of deprivation or loss, or by developing audience identification with a good, sensitive hero and then showing him being beaten. The tears of the kids sitting near me in "Cool Hand Luke" were as shrewdly forced out of them as the moisture squeezed out at each showing of "The Sound of Music." The techniques of excitation are much the same, though the content is shaped differently to manipulate a different audience; "Cool Hand Luke" is a tearjerker for hip high-school students, the other a tearjerker for all squares everywhere, even the vestigial square in most of us. This has as little to do with art as the sales appeal of a television commercial or what makes a wisecracking Broadway show click (and, of course, many of us resist or remain unmoved). A lot of skills are involved in all these, however, and there are so many practitioners in these fields who are inept that a smart practitioner is soon acclaimed a genius, though his method may resemble cattle prods.

What is the difference between being moved by an artist in ways that are aesthetically valid and being moved by a shrewd operator? Not only do movies combine many of the tricks of the other media but there are many genres in which the operators' tricks seem perfectly legitimate. In a Hitchcock thriller, it's fun to be in the position of the mouse nibbling at the cheese, to experience danger—yes, in this case, vicariously. We know we're being teased and played with, and that's just what we wanted. And there are great melodramatic films, like "The Birth of a Nation" and "Citizen Kane," in which the directors use both ways of moving us, and it's almost impossible to sort them out. But, in general, perhaps we can make the distinction by comparing the films of an artist—say, those of Jean Renoir, who opens up a subject for us, or the Antonioni of "L'Avventura," or Godard, who holds his cards face up to the audience, or even a movie that is an artistic failure, like Irvin Kershner's "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," but nevertheless is an artistic attempt—with, say, the films of Edward ("The Carpetbaggers") Dmytryk or Stanley Kramer (the latest, "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner") or Robert Aldrich (the latest, "The Dirty Dozen") or Mark Robson (the latest, "Valley of the Dolls"), who, even though we may enjoy some



"I'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

V.S.O.P. RESERVE
HENNESSY
V.S.O.P. RESERVE COGNAC

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve—
Grande Fine Champagne Cognac...
selected from the largest stocks
of aged cognac brandies in the world.
Compelling reasons why true cognac
connoisseurs look down their noses
at anything but Hennessy.

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac · 80 Proof · Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

HOW TO
SAVE FACE FROM
9 TO 5
AND
AFTER
Liquid
REVENESCENCE
Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

A long look in the mirror. Then on goes the make-up. Suddenly your skin looks dewy-fresh, with a brisk walk-in-the-country air. But will it last? Only if Revenescence® went on first. Revenescence moisturizes your skin. Helps protect it from steam heat, sun, wind, air-pollution. The vandalism of time. You can't see Revenescence. It goes on unnoticed. Stays on. To do good deeds all day long. Result: You look as fresh at dinner as you did at breakfast. People will tell you to your face.

© Charles of the Ritz 1968

Charles of the Ritz

of their movies, depend for their effects on touching a place where we're already vulnerable, rousing us or shocking us or making us chortle. They hit us as if we were "prepared" pianos—they hit and we twang. What makes it so easy for them is that they don't even have to do the preparation. An artist has to win our consent to his vision so that we can see as he does. But the piano player just strikes the keys that circumstances, current attitudes and conventions, and various forms of ignorance and fear prepare. In wartime, he hits the patriotic notes, in a period of apathy the violent ones, and he knows which are the constants—titillation, or the eyes welling with tears that will make our eyes well with tears, and so on. The new acclaimed artist may succeed because he is a more up-to-date piano player, who grasps that audiences are already prepared for a different tune. When audiences tire of his tune, they complain, as of Frank Capra, or, more recently, Elia Kazan, that he's lost his touch.

Once the question of how we are moved and the quality of the emotions we feel is raised, another question comes up: If audiences like being worked over—if they enjoy the exhausting emotional workout they get from a picture like "The Dirty Dozen," and they seem to—will many (or any) of them still care for the subtler, not so immediate or so easy, less violent pleasures of movie art? The emotional shorthand of television—climaxes with a minimum of preparation—has been developed so that the audience won't get away. Like the flip-page sex that authors of pulps now put in, so that the man in the drugstore can open the book anywhere and reach within a few pages a passage that makes him want to buy, the television director learns to keep socking the viewers so they won't get bored, so he won't lose them. They may have just tuned in, and he's got to hold them for the commercial. Similarly, the man who directs the commercial has to hook them fast with the speeded-up visual accoutrements of romance or a fast bit of comedy to keep them for the sell, which, in this new form of theatre, is the revelation. The men who have learned these lessons graduate to movies, where they try to keep up the same mechanical pace irrespective of subject or meaning, and where, increasingly, they're working with the flip-page-sex authors, who have mastered the knack of turning out a book in ten days and can produce a

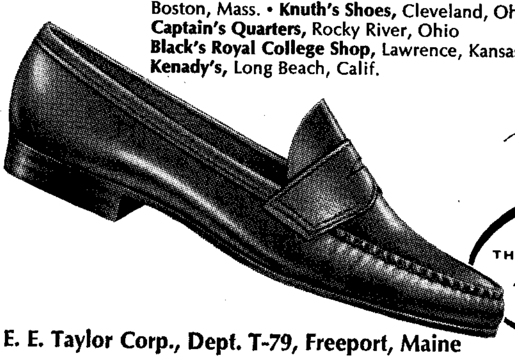
**BONWIT SAYS:
SILK IS
FOR
PEASANTS!**
The peasant look
goes to your head with
our exclusive silk twill square
in light blue, mocha, hot pink,
mimosa, tomato, turquoise,
royal blue, poison green
or white. By Burmel,
24-inches square, 5.00
FASHION ACCESSORIES
.50 handling charge on mail
and phone orders outside
regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset Westchester
Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

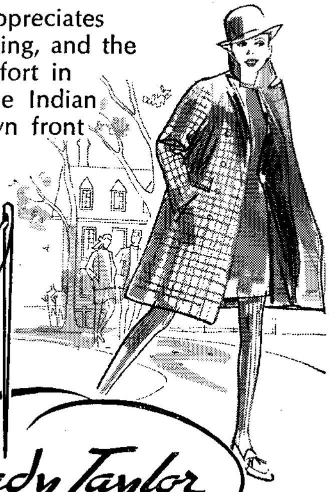
BONWIT TELLER

fine as master shoemakers can make them

Lady Taylors are designed for the woman who sets her standards high . . . who appreciates sumptuous leathers, precise shoe-making, and the heel-hugging fit so necessary to comfort in campus and country casuals. Genuine Indian moccasin construction with hand-sewn front detailing. Most styles from $14.

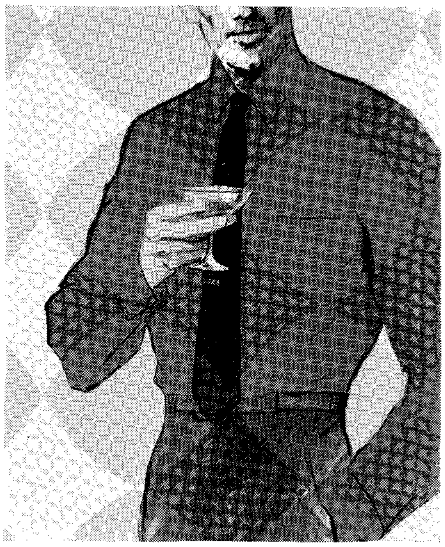
at these and other fine stores
Guild House, New Haven, Conn. • **Charles Sumner,** Boston, Mass. • **Knuth's Shoes,** Cleveland, Ohio
Captain's Quarters, Rocky River, Ohio
Black's Royal College Shop, Lawrence, Kansas
Kenady's, Long Beach, Calif.





THE Lady Taylor SHOE

E. E. Taylor Corp., Dept. T-79, Freeport, Maine



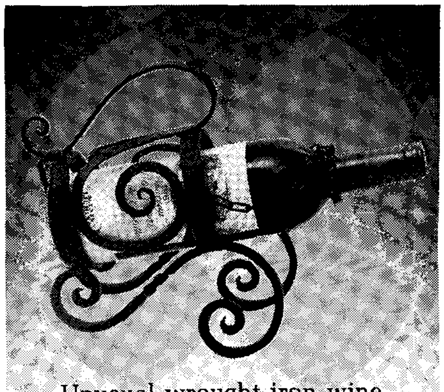
Dress Tan

A new, deeper shade that blends handsomely with this Spring's clothing colors. Longer collar points, wider spread to complement today's fuller ties. French cuffs. Lustrous cotton broadcloth. Sizes 14½-16½. Sleeves 32-36. Also in deep blue. $11.50. White $10.50.

The Tie: silk grenadine in solid shades of brown, navy, maize or maroon. $6.50.

PLEASE ADD 75C FOR PARCEL POST.

at
Paul Stuart
18 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017



Unusual wrought iron wine basket from Spain $9.75. Postage 75c.

Also perfume, gloves, jewelry, watches.

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C. & M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

FOREMOST
STEAK HOUSE
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
FREE PARKING
STEAK CASINO
33 University Place, N.Y.C.
9th ST. 1 Block E. of 5th AVE.
AL 4-7499

TV script or a movie script with the practiced indifference to quality of a short-order cook. And as this kind of material floods the market and gives audiences immediate sensations (audiences that may very possibly be interested only in excitation and be indifferent to theme anyway), the very notion of movie art, or even craftsmanship, begins to seem old-fashioned, "classical"—too slow in development perhaps, or too painstaking, or too "personal." There's no doubt that the craftsmanship of the early John Ford ("The Whole Town's Talking," "Stagecoach") or of William Wyler ("The Letter") doesn't look as smart as Lelouch's. And I think it's doubtful that audiences who enjoyed a Western like "The Professionals"—and it is, in some basically mechanical but astute way, enjoyable—would react as much to the qualities of a fine, quiet example of the genre like "Ride the High Country." It's possible that audiences in general care much less even for the visual qualities of motion pictures than has been supposed. It's possible, for example, that most movies could abandon the whole concept of matching shots (with the expense that it entails of arranging lights and waiting for the weather conditions to be right to match the rest of the sequence) and audiences (by now familiar with a TV show like "The Monkees" that doesn't bother about matching shots) would hardly notice or could even be persuaded that this was a modern advance. And the product would flow faster.

A NUMBER of the new movies are full of the less familiar forms of theatre, with a frosting of "visuals." Columbia's "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" was made in London and Dublin, and the whole damned thing looks like a television commercial. Dudley Moore, one of the "Beyond the Fringe" group, had seemed to be a funny man—at least, he was talented at musical parody—and in "Bedazzled," with the dry delivery of Peter Cook as counterpoint, and with Stanley Donen's direction to keep the timing right, he *was* funny. Now he has become one of those awful "multiple talents"—a ghastly, puckish, dear little fellow going through skit after skit, cavorting like crazy, with lots of wig changes and jokey dreams. Not only does he star (and he really eats up the camera, which holds him in closeup for unconscionably long periods) but he helped write the script and he did the score. Joseph McGrath's direction leaves almost every actor in the movie

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884

Ivy Guild Choice

Our classic wing tip model in hand-stained vegetable calf or imported black calf. Available at finest shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.

Where you win the wonder of the West — reasonably, comfortably

For information, write:
Dr. and Mrs. Durwin H. Brownell
P.O. Box 1275, Moab, Utah
Phone: (801) 253-6801

Pack Creek
GUEST RANCH

THE MAYAN ROOM

Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and Mayan dishes served in a gracious Continental manner. ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

TOM'S
Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street

CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

stranded on the screen, exposed in the desperate, failed attempt to be hilarious; still, even a better director would have needed a better script to pull this movie together. Some of the jokes aren't bad, but they don't further the plot, which has to keep chugging along trying to carry all this comic freight.

“Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush” comes from England via a United Artists subsidiary; it's an odd little movie to open at an art house, because it's a variation on the American International beach-party movies. The A.I. movies for teen-age audiences are loaded with morality; they're exploitation films disguised as cautionary films—a traditional movie-business masquerade. In the A.I. “Riot on Sunset Strip,” the teen-age good girl (poor and virtuous) is drugged and raped by a pack of kids led by a movie star's no-good son who skulks around like a villain in a deMille epic; she then gets up from her hospital bed and lectures her police-officer father on how it's all his fault because the home was a broken home and he didn't give her the love and guidance she needed, and he promises to mend his ways. “Mulberry Bush,” which sends the A.I. ingredients spinning, is like an extended orgy based on the two little teen-agers rattling around on the lavender paper with the hero of “Blow-Up.” There seem to be infinite numbers of little girls popping in and out of intercourse with little boys. It's all quite impersonal; they lie down on roads, they stand in closets, they climb on top of wardrobes for variety, they change partners at a party in a bed store—with maybe more beds with something presumably going on in them than have ever been on the screen before. The teen-age hero and his girl friend have a rather lengthy nude bathing scene, of the kind that once made Swedish films famous. But the sex has no more character than the mating of penguins or titmice—less, because that might have a certain authenticity. One hardly notices the absence of moral considerations, because the parents are as giddy as the rest. The absence of human qualities makes it all tedious, though. So now Andy Hardy fornicates, but he still isn't a person. When you come out, you want to go to see a movie with somebody in it. Is the dehumanization deliberate? Did the director, Clive Donner, and the writers want to make free youthful sex seem antiseptic, or was that an unforeseen result of trying to come on with so much cute sex? Banal when it's tender and straight and focusses on

HAIG & HAIG PINCH. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD.

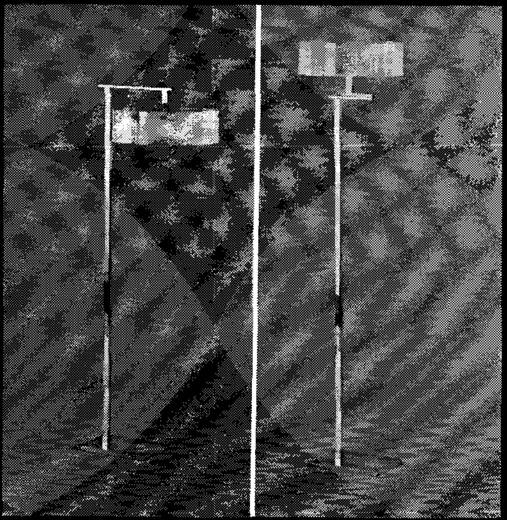
HIRSCHFELD

Benny believes in Pinch. The best Scotch made by the oldest distillers in the world—340 years old. Try Pinch. Mr. B is a Goodman to follow.

“an inch of Pinch, please.”

FLIP-FLOP-FLOOR-LAMP.

Flip. Up goes the 16" white Plexiglas shade for indirect light. Flop. It's down for direct reading light. The base and stem are highly polished chrome. Flipped up the lamp is 63½" tall. Flopped down it's 55½". It takes 3-100 watt bulbs. If this ad flips you, flop into our store for the lamp. It's $125.



SEND 25c FOR OUR 1968 CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-88, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open Thurs. till 8.

One of the few remaining
Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway. For reservations:

N.Y., MU 8-4344 • Wash., D.C., 737-6447
Chicago, 782-5835 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, EX 7-1464 • Seattle, MU 2-6161
or any Western International Hotel.

THE BENSON
228-9611 Portland, Oregon
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

PRIME
FILET MIGNON

not for sale
(in any market, that is)

These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

**Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick.** #30405 $35
Shipped Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing more than 100 gift items

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YC-8 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

"Serving Chinese Food
as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

the hero (a smiley, supposedly "winning" young actor named Barry Evans), who is looking for an emotional attachment, the movie is rather charming when it's absurd and farcical, and there are several amusing little girls, especially a blank-eyed kewpie named Adrienne Posta. Donner directed this musical-comedy fantasy in a tricky, pseudo-lyrical, choreographic style. My hunch is that many adults will take it almost straight, as the way teen-agers really are now, and that some teen-agers will be rather depressed—feeling they're out of it because they aren't living in a state of permanent carefree orgy. Still, there's one remnant of the older morality: the girl who spends a weekend with the hero and refuses to date him for the next, because she prefers variety, flunks a course and can't get into college.

"P.J." is barely tolerable if you're not looking for anything good and if you don't mind another private-eye melodrama with that same hero who's hungry enough to take on dirty jobs and always winds up with nothing but some fresh lumps. It's another "Tony Rome," but not even quite up to that, though George Peppard works hard and isn't bad. The script is poor—stale flip-page-sex-and-beatings pulp. John Guillermin is a proficient director, and he might have made the movie look better if it weren't in that blurry Universal Techniscope. Soft focus for a brutal, sexy detective story—one can guess how little control over the production the director and cameraman had.

"THE QUEENS" is posh, but it's a load of fodder just the same—four man-raping sex goddesses (Monica Vitti, Claudia Cardinale, Raquel Welch, Capucine) sliding out of their flimsies in four short stories that aspire to irony. This Italo-French co-production via a Columbia Pictures subsidiary was directed by four reputable Italians, who are probably calling themselves much worse names than I could. But American financing now dominates film production in Italy, as it does in England, and this international whoring may be the only work there is, except for some small-time whoring for the local market. Alberto Sordi manages to score despite a trite role, and Ingrid Bergman's daughter Pia Lindstrom turns up as Jean Sorel's wife. The words all come out in Italian. As the actors have no language in common, it will probably sound not much more false in English in the neighborhoods in a few weeks.

—PAULINE KAEL

Have a good RUM
for your money...have
LEMON HART

JAMAICA RUM | DEMERARA RUM

IMPORTED
LEMON HART

IMPORTED
Lemon Hart & Sons
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM

dark or golden, both 8 years old. Ideal for Planters Punch, 86 Proof.

smooth, not pungent. Great for Polynesian drinks. 86 and 151 Proof.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

Is Your Alligator Tired?

Dull, worn and soiled Alligator Handbags cleaned, redyed, reglazed, relined . . . MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN! Leather Handbags expertly repaired . . . Free water repellent finish. MAIL ORDER SERVICE! FREE ESTIMATES!

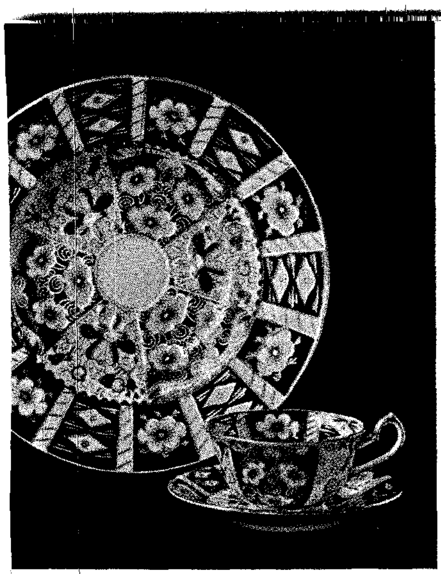
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

Read What A Famous Authority Says About
America's Most Distinguished
Steak House Restaurant

"Beef, beautiful beef—served by Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant, where steak is the greatest."
— *Clementine Paddleford*
New York Herald Tribune

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Veal Lemonata Doré
• Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY



RADITIONAL IMARI, 5 PC. SET $120.00

DERBY BORDER, 5 PC. SET $42.50

BRITTANY, 5 PC. SET $38.50

REGENCY, 5 PC. SET $29.50

GOLD AVES, 5 PC. SET $72.50

BALI, 5 PC. SET $38.50

ROYAL CROWN DERBY BONE CHINA DINNERWARE IS SO "DAMNABLY EXPENSIVE" NOW THAT WE SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT IT WILL COST IN TWENTY YEARS!

ROYAL CROWN DERBY

Brochures illustrating Royal Crown Derby dinnerware and giftware, together with an illustrated history of the factory since 1750, are available for $1.00. However, if you should like to see for yourself the superior qualities of Royal Crown Derby, a Red Aves ashtray (albeit small), in a giftbox, together with the aforementioned brochures, may be had for $5.00. Please address all inquiries to Royal Crown Derby, 280 Summer St., Boston, Massachusetts 02210.

We Indians do not like strangers. That is why we have so many friends.

You are in a silk shop in Madras. The proprietor, after showing your wife a few saris, expresses a desire to talk with you about America. "Stay for tea. I have a thousand questions. Stay. It may be years before you are back in Madras again."

On the way to Agra, your driver speaks of his mother-in-law. "Ah, there is a gifted woman. She has a voice that can shatter glass. And frequently does." You laugh and talk the trip away and when you arrive in Agra he says: "How long will you be in India? Stay another week and come to my nephew's wedding. The poor chap is getting married Saturday."

Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

Such happenings are not uncommon in our country. A foreigner is not destined to remain a foreigner for long. Why this is so we are hard pressed to explain. But the reason does not matter. You will be welcome, that is what matters.

If you would like to know more about India, complete the lines below and mail them to us. We will send you a colorful, 50-page booklet filled with useful travel information. There is no charge, dear friends.

Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________

State________Zip Code____

India

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mountain Music

ALFREDO CATALANI'S opera "La Wally," which dates from 1892, is ostensibly about an Alpine maiden named Wally, but most of what happens in it happens to somebody happily named Giuseppe Hagenbach. To begin with, Hagenbach is loved by Wally, a situation that turns out badly for him. Second, Hagenbach steals a chaste kiss from Wally during a village dance, and this is bad, too, because Wally has never been kissed and resents the modest assault on her chastity. Third, Hagenbach is pushed into a crevasse by his chief rival, a man named Gellner, who has been urged on to the deed by Wally herself. Fourth, Hagenbach is fished out of the crevasse by Wally. Fifth, Hagenbach is united with Wally in a fine operatic duet but is immediately swept to his doom by an avalanche while Wally jumps off a cliff. This improbable and highly melodramatic story, plus Catalani's music, has kept the opera in the repertory of a few Italian opera companies. The Metropolitan produced it about sixty years ago, without much success, and, as far as I can find out, that was its last appearance hereabouts until the American Opera Society revived it on Wednesday night of last week in Carnegie Hall. The cast chosen by the Society was excellent in every respect, but "La Wally" did not stand out as a very strong opera. Only during its concluding fifteen minutes does Catalani rise to any expression of passion on the part of the two principals. Elsewhere, he seems to be concerned not so much with his dramatis personae as with the Alpine landscape, which he paints with no end of descriptive music. Some of this music is pretty and some of it is intricate in an almost Impressionist manner; the orchestra is handled sensitively, and you perceive all those peaks and glaciers. By itself, the music might attract moderate attention—the sort of attention we accord to Respighi's tone poems, for example—but it has the fatal flaw of providing scarcely anything in the way of characterization and scarcely anything in the way of a long line of melody that can be attacked fruitfully by singers. It was interesting to hear it, as a curiosity, and I am glad that the performance took place. But I have no desire to hear "La Wally" again.

As usual, the Society provided some very good singers. New York débuts were made by Andrzej Saciuk, a competent Polish bass-baritone, and by Isabel Penagos, a small, slender, and attractive Spanish soprano, who sang the role of Wally's friend and confidante, and had a couple of set numbers she delivered with good intonation and with a light, agreeably reedy voice. The Wally was Renata Tebaldi, and she sang the role about the way she is singing everything nowadays—that is to say, without the luscious quality of voice she had ten years ago, with a certain degree of caution, with a good deal of dry tone, and with a few lapses from pitch. Miss Tebaldi, as all vocal buffs know, has been plagued with difficulties of vocal production for some time, and one hopes that she will eventually conquer them. Visually, she was regal, and somewhat slimmer than when I last heard her. The role of Gellner was sung by Peter Glossop, a British baritone who is capable of superb artistry. (I shall never forget his Falstaff last year with the American National Opera Company.) This time, however, he had very little to sing. He acquitted himself well with what he did have, revealing a hint of the immense power that he is capable of producing, but hardly getting even a chance to warm up. Carlo Bergonzi sang the role of the ill-fated Hagenbach with his usual beautiful tone and authority of style. Minor roles were done quite well by Deborah Kieffer and Fernando Corena. Fausto Cleva had been borrowed from the Metropolitan to conduct the work. He showed his customary rocklike dependability where the singers were concerned, but the subtler passages of Catalani's score completely eluded him, and many a pastel-shaded orchestral passage went by without being fully realized. The chorus, trained by Richard Vogt, sang especially well, and had some of the most interesting music in the score. "La Wally" is neither a particularly good opera nor a particularly Italian one. Its nature Romanticism derives from Weber more than from the Italian tradition, and there are, here and there, echoes of Wagner—echoes that are very faint.

IT is a curious fact that while the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are being ransacked for orchestral repertory and are being carefully studied by musicologists, a large portion of the

THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese spread lights up any manhattan with golden goodness. Toasted, served on crackers, or sharpening up the hors d'oeuvres, it refreshes any palate.

WISPRIDE

SWISS KNIGHT® A nut-like flavor makes this fine imported Gruyère a warming companion for a chilled martini. In wedges or slices, a great Knight for a party.

SWISS KNIGHT

HUM® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam to be sliced or scooped as a tangy complement for any drink.

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

THIS CHARMING REPRODUCTION OF 19TH CENTURY ENGLISH CHERUB HOLDING BASKET makes a lovely fountain for your terrace or garden • Made entirely of enduring lead and complete with recirculating pump. Available in oxidized lead patina or Pompeian Green finish. 44" high. 14" wide basket. $375.00 F.O.B. New York City • Send 25¢ in stamps or coin for our 40 page catalogue illustrating many other complete fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world — Precious Leathers, soft and supple — made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors — for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

ART and the SHELL
Stix
daily 1–5:30
closed
sun. & mon.
13 VANDAM ST. N.Y. 13

music of the nineteenth—some of it, to be sure, by lesser composers, but much of it worth hearing—is being ignored. The situation is all the more bizarre because of the great show being made of scraping the bottom of the symphonic barrel. It is often forgotten that symphonic music is largely nineteenth-century music, and that the survival of our highly regarded symphony orchestras depends on the continuance of a high regard for this music. What about the symphonies of Raff, Spohr, and Rubinstein? They have been forgotten for so long that they are now an unknown quantity to concertgoers. Some older people perhaps remember the orchestral works of Max Reger, who, despite his reputation for tediousness, did write some lovely things, including the Böcklin Suite and the Mozart and Hiller Variations. Even the symphonic works of Hugo Wolf and Saint-Saëns are seldom heard nowadays. At Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, in Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein made a gesture in the right direction by reviving Karl Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, a delightful little composition that has been neglected recently along with the works of many other lesser German and Austrian Romantics. It is unpretentious and charming (how long has it been since a contemporary composer wrote anything that was unpretentious and charming?), and it was well worth the revival. The style of the "Rustic Wedding" Symphony is a mixture of Brahms and Mendelssohn with some original Goldmark. (Composers of his time were not striving for originality.) Its performance was one of the more refreshing things that have taken place lately, and Mr. Bernstein conducted it with obvious affection. It was preceded by a "ricercare" by Walter Piston that I found deeply boring, and it was succeeded by Debussy's "Images pour Orchestre." There are very few born Debussy conductors, and Mr. Bernstein is not one of them. He conducted the "Images" dutifully, with most things in their proper places, but he was not able to produce the elasticity, the sensuousness, or the orchestral sheen that this piece has in the hands of a master Debussyist.

WHEN Robert Ward's opera "The Crucible" was first performed, some seven years ago, I had a good many enthusiastic things to say about it, and I approached its revival by the New York City Opera at the New York State Theatre on Friday

If a menu to read
Your glasses you need,
You're liable to be in a spot
On the day you sit down
On your way into town
On the only one pair
That you've got!

MORAL

Next time your optician
fills your prescription, order
an extra pair.

For that matter — why wait?

LUGENE
Opticians
38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 3-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486
217 Worth Ave., Palm Beach / (305) 655-3605

GAIL MARTIN
is making memories of this
from March 6-March 26
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN
ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

KNIFE & FORK INN...

ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W. 46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

night just a little apprehensively. Would it turn out to be really as good as I said it was? The answer proved to be "Every bit." In fact, to me, it is one of the two or three best American operas so far written—which, to be sure, is not an overwhelming statement. It has a strong plot drawn from the Arthur Miller play and well tailored for operatic purposes by Bernard Stambler. Its music is masculine, dignified, and capable of arousing emotion, and adds greatly to the stage spectacle instead of being a mere ornament to it. One gets deeply involved in the problems of its hero, John Proctor, and his Puritan neighbors, and a great deal of this involvement is evoked by Mr. Ward's robust score. There was one difficulty the other night. The scenery of the original production at the New York City Center was used, and it looked somewhat swamped in the middle of the State Theatre's much larger stage. Moreover, the larger size of the auditorium and the use of hangings at the sides of the stage to cut down the width of the proscenium had a bad effect on the acoustics, rendering a good deal of what was sung unintelligible. The cast was not quite the same as the original one, though Chester Ludgin and Frances Bible again performed ably as Proctor and his wife. The part of the evil, rabble-rousing Abigail, originally sung by Patricia Brooks, was taken by Anne Elgar, and this gave it a slightly different character—less demented and more openly vicious. Miss Elgar sang beautifully, however, and so did many others, including, particularly, Malcolm Smith as the Reverend John Hale, Kellis Miller as Ezekiel Cheever, Joan Summers as Mary Warren, and Jacqueline Norwood, who was making a début as Tituba. Samuel Krachmalnik conducted. Sometimes he was just a bit too loud for the singers, but he managed things with authority.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

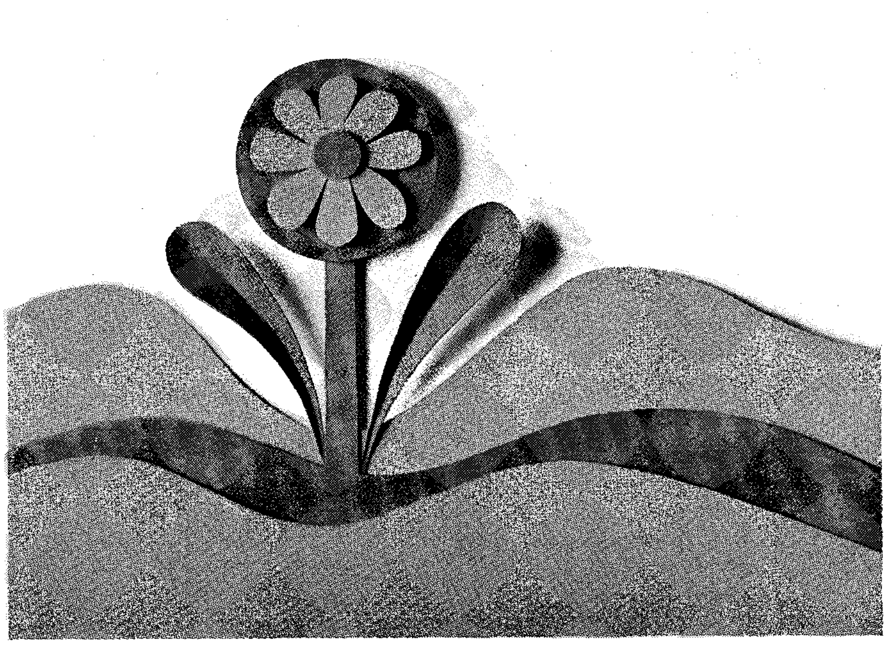
The frank and open debate of the first phase of the study, by highly qualified and independent rapporteurs, was bound to reveal differences of opinion. In the concluding stage of the two-tier operation a much more cautious approach may be required. It must not be assumed the preliminary reports and debates were unprofitable. On the contrary they clarified issues and provided Governments with a wealth of considerations useful toward reaching substantive convulsions.—*Daily radio bulletin, United States Information Service, Brussels.*

It usually doesn't take much.

Fertile minds at Mead have come up with new economical Terra. A smooth-running offset paper in white plus twelve modern earth-colors. Try it and you'll prove that from small acorns great oaks grow. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD papers

Plant your ideas on Mead Terra.



Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

OSMIROID
Italic
MEDIUM
ENGLAND

You can learn to write in the Italic hand, if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid. H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, New York 11238.

The Ultimate in French Cuisine
Café Chauveron
Your host ROGER CHAUVERON
FOR RESERVATIONS PLaza 1-6480 139 East 53 St., N.Y.C.

COOPERATE
WITH THE ZIP CODE PROGRAM.
USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS
IN ALL ADDRESSES.
THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

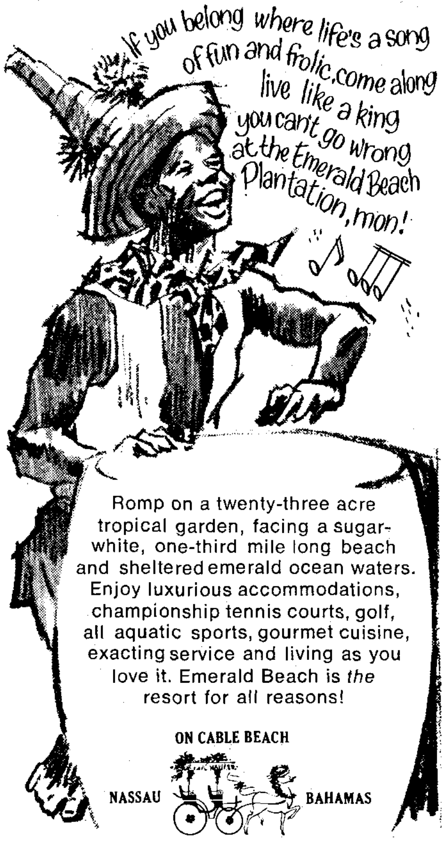
☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)*

NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP Code*)



Romp on a twenty-three acre tropical garden, facing a sugar-white, one-third mile long beach and sheltered emerald ocean waters. Enjoy luxurious accommodations, championship tennis courts, golf, all aquatic sports, gourmet cuisine, exacting service and living as you love it. Emerald Beach is *the* resort for all reasons!

ON CABLE BEACH

NASSAU BAHAMAS

Emerald Beach Plantation
AND HOTEL
Charles A. Bremicker, General Manager

Get the details—See your Travel Agent or: In the East—
•Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, JU 6-4500
Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto/Miami • In the West—
•Glen W. Fawcett, Inc. Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Dallas.

New Dodd, Mead Mystery

"Chalk up a star for VELDA JOHNSTON whose

HOUSE ABOVE HOLLYWOOD

is brighter, fresher and altogether more satisfying than her debut last year [with *Along a Dark Path*]."
—ANTHONY BOUCHER, *N. Y. Times*

At all bookstores • $3.95 • DODD, MEAD

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOMB

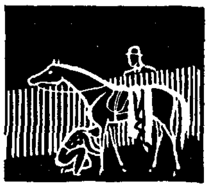
How would the Victorians have handled the Bomb? An exciting, astonishing novel that transforms fiction into near-reality. "Brilliant."
—*The Spectator*

By RONALD CLARK
$4.95

WILLIAM MORROW

THE RACE TRACK

Mr. Right Is Right There



CALIFORNIA, I'm told, delights in nothing so much as matching Florida at anything—especially surprises. Several weeks ago, Sette Bello brought off a 49–1 chance in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah. Well, last Saturday California had its own big surprise, when Mr. Right won the Santa Anita Handicap at almost 20–1, upsetting the applecart for all the favorites. According to the chart, he finished two lengths ahead of Jungle Road, who took the place by a neck from Ala Ram. Quicken Tree was fourth. Most Host and Tobin Bronze were down the course. Though the sun shone, the track was sodden from recent rain, and the time, which was 2:04⅗ for the mile and a quarter, was very nearly the slowest ever for the event. At the start, the lightly weighted Ala Ram popped into the lead, and he held it until Mr. Right, who saved ground along the rail, took command on the turn for home and then stood off the challenge of Jungle Road in the stretch. If memory serves, Mr. Right is the first horse ever bred in New York to win a race of such value. A five-year-old bay by Auditing out of La Grecque, he was foaled at Tom Waller's farm in Westchester County, and was given as a wedding present by George Zauderer to his daughter Mrs. Peter Duchin. Offhand, I'd say he's the first four-footed wedding present that ever returned an even $100,000—his share of the Santa Anita purse—to its recipient. Mrs. Duchin was not at Santa Anita last weekend; curiously, for one reason or another, she has never seen him win a stakes race. Luck is like that.

SPEAKING of the Widener Handicap, as we were, have you looked at the chart of the Donn Handicap at Gulfstream Park last Saturday? Favorable Turn, who ran a dead heat with Bold Hour for second place in the Widener, won it; Rixdal, who was fourth in the Widener, was second; Ring Twice, who was tenth in the Widener, was third; and Sette Bello was sixth. How's that for form?

RACING at Bowie was shown on TV last weekend and will be shown every Saturday of the meeting, which closes on April 20th. Horseplayers are going to love the broadcasts if they continue to show the first two races on the card—the daily double, with the payoff. The main event last Saturday was the Bowie Handicap, which was won by King's Palace from Light the Fuse, Sub Call, and eight others. With the temperature around seventy, the track entertained 19,943 customers, many of whom had been out of action all week because of the mutuel clerks' strike, which closed Yonkers Raceway. It's an ill wind . . .

STAY-AT-HOMES who for years have watched the races at Aqueduct on television Saturday afternoons won't see the running of the Paumonok Handicap there this weekend. Whether the broadcasts will be resumed is something the racecourse management, a couple of networks, and the princes of advertising are now discussing. Colonel Martingale reports, "There is great excitement, can learn nothing."

WHETHER you're interested in French paintings of thoroughbreds or not, this department recommends that you see "Degas' Racing World," a remarkable loan show assembled from some of this country's great private collections and museums for the benefit of the National Museum of Racing, at Saratoga Springs. It will be exhibited at the Wildenstein Gallery from March 21st through April 27th. Though oils, pastels, drawings, and bronzes of racecourse subjects by Degas make up the bulk of the show, there also are canvases by Géricault, Dreux, Toulouse-Lautrec, Princeteau, Forain, Bonnard, and Béraud. One that caught my eye was "Bookmakers at Longchamp," by Béraud. As you may or may not know, British bookmakers dominated that side of racing in France for years, and the French didn't like it—probably one reason that M. Oller thought up the pari-mutuel system, which superseded them, in 1865. *Vive la France!*

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"It's a healthy revolution. Maybe it will break up everyone's hang-ups. Once audiences get accustomed to nudity and sex on screen we can go on from there to something bigger and better."—*Joanna Pettet quoted in the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Go on, we're listening.

A handful of people like Mary Carnwath are trying to keep our promise to the Indians. But they won't make it without you.

The Hopi Indians' village of Shipaulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is providing a remarkable number of things for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. And with the money left over, together with funds from other sponsors, the village has been able to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children —who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with him and his family.

Mary Carnwath knows that she can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough Mary Carnwaths. How about you?

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

Save The Children Federation—
Founded in 1932
National Sponsors (partial list):
Andy Griffith, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly,
Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney,
Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren

Save The Children Federation
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO SPONSOR AN AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD.
ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT OF:

☐ $15 MONTHLY ☐ $45 QUARTERLY
☐ $90 SEMI-ANNUALLY ☐ $180 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD, BUT I'D LIKE TO HELP.
ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $__________
☐ SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE________ ZIP________

NY 3/16/8

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE

BOOKS

The Most Deadly Sin

IN November of 1967, the Mayor's Advisory Panel on Decentralization of New York City Schools issued a startling set of recommendations, now usually called the Bundy Report, after the panel's chairman, McGeorge Bundy. Unprecedented powers—including appointment of school personnel and determination of curriculum policy—were to be given to community school boards, on which parents would be the majority. But, said Joseph J. Brennan, Jr., president of the Council of Supervisory Associations, which represents most of the city's school administrators, "The report fails to attack the problem of the disadvantaged child; instead it attacks the public-school system." And William O'Connor, a former chairman of the Boston School Committee, speaking of that city's rigidly centralized educational system, is quoted in Jonathan Kozol's "Death at an Early Age" (Houghton Mifflin) as saying, "We have no inferior education in our schools. What we have been getting is an inferior type of student." Whether they are called disadvantaged or, more abruptly, inferior, the ghetto children—black, Puerto Rican, Mexican, or just plain lower-class—are indeed considered to be the problem. The conventional wisdom is that they need a head start to make up for the cultural deprivation at home—special services, special techniques to persuade them to learn. And when all this fails, as it does in our big-city school systems throughout the country, the administrators and most of the teachers answer that the schools have been asked to do too much; the schools alone cannot be expected to overcome the effects of poverty, fatherless families, and the rest of the blighted heritage of the underclass. More and more, however, the schools are being attacked as failures themselves. Nearly a million children a year drop out of school because of what happens to them in class—not at home or in the streets. Not only do the schools not educate, they are the greatest source of harm to the children of the poor—harm as it is meant by Erik Erikson, in the epigraph Kozol has chosen for his book: "Someday, maybe, there will exist a well-informed, well-considered, and yet fervent public conviction that the most deadly of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit."

Kozol subtitles his book "The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools." In appalling detail—even for anyone who thinks he can no longer be shocked by instances of the slow killing of ghetto children in orderly classrooms—he describes the systematic harm inflicted on children in a "compensatory program" at a predominantly Negro school in the Roxbury area of Boston, where Kozol taught for most of the 1964-65 academic year. By "systematic" I mean a system that hires and retains public-school teachers who regard their students as inferior in capacity as well as in background—teachers like the one who told Kozol, "The ones I can't stand are the goddamn *little* buggers. The First Graders. And the Second Graders. There's nothing you can do to them—you can't even lift up your goddamn hand." In Boston, Kozol says, the system also prescribes books that not only have no relevance to the children's lives but distort (when they do not ignore) the history of black people in this country and in the world. And when Kozol read his fourth-grade class Langston Hughes' "Ballad of the Landlord," he was dismissed because he had once again failed to "restrict his reading and reference materials to the list of approved publications." The children were so taken by this poem of protest against powerlessness that almost every one of them asked to recite it and several memorized it on their own, but the rule was that "no poem . . . by any Negro author can be considered permissible if it involves suffering."

The public-school system, and not only in Boston, does its most basic damage by convincing many of the children of the poor that *they* are the problem:

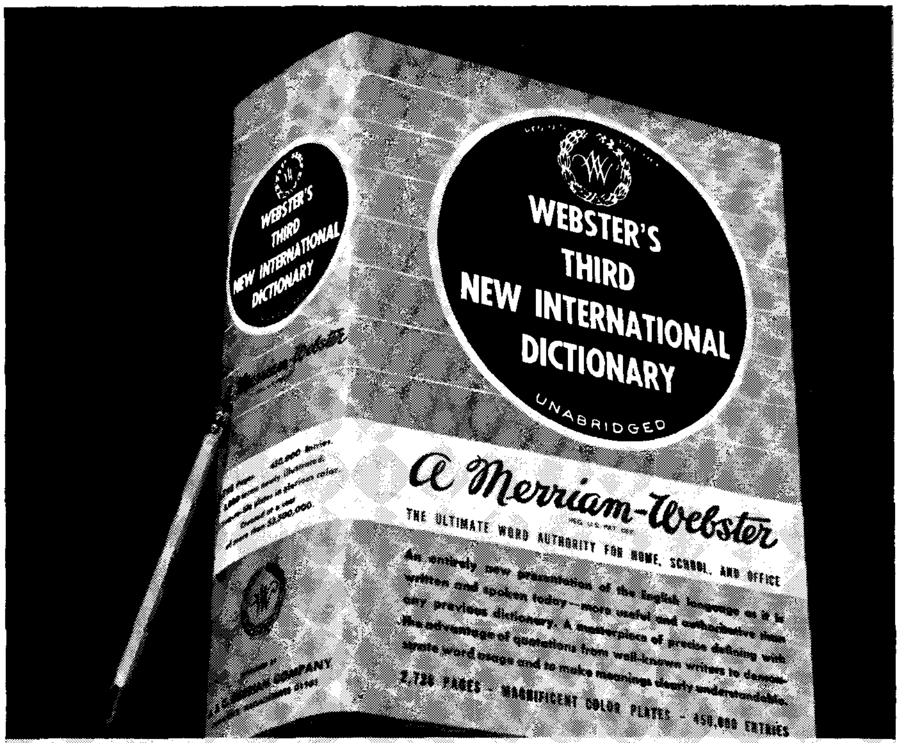
> The place was ugly, noisy, rotten. Yet the children before me found it natural and automatic to accept as normal the school's structural inadequacies and to incorporate them, as it were, right into themselves: as if perhaps the rotting timbers might be not objective calamities but self-condemning configurations of their own making and as if the frenzied noise and overcrowding were a condition and an indictment not of the school building itself but rather of their own inadequate mentalities or of their own incapacitated souls. . . . The result of this atmosphere was that too many children became believers in their own responsibility for being ruined and they themselves, like the teachers, began somehow to believe that some human material is just biologically better and some of it worse.

Kozol's intention was to write an angry, shocking polemic, and he has succeeded: "The books are junk, the paint peels, the cellar stinks, the teachers call you nigger, and the windows fall in on your heads. 'Thank God that you don't live in Russia or Africa!' " Whatever its effects on the Boston public-school system (so far they appear to be nonexistent), I expect that "Death at an Early Age" will be read in the future, as "Nicholas Nickleby" is now, by those whose habit it is to look back in wonder at the barbarisms of past civilizations.

HERBERT KOHL'S "36 Children" (New American Library) is even more of a menace to the preservation of the present record of failure in the schools than is Kozol's book, for Kohl shows how a sixth-grade class of wary Negro children in East Harlem learned to trust him as a teacher and trust themselves and thereby beat the system. Temporarily. After their one year with Kohl, most of them, too, were mutilated, but they demonstrated in that one year what they could have become—poor as they were, black as they were, and without a head start. In this book, they are trenchant proof that their defeat is the fault not of themselves or their families but of the system.

Although it is directed at the general reader, "36 Children" is by far the best guide for teachers and administrators in—as the new euphemism puts it—inner-city schools. It is not a guide to methodology or to understanding the particular problems of the "disadvantaged" but a revelation of what should be so obvious yet seems as arcane as the philosophers' stone—education is what you learn because you really want to know it. And, in a school, that can happen only when what you want to know is important to teachers who believe you have the capacity to learn it. This book could have been subtitled "How Teachers Learn." In Kohl's class, only two children had I.Q. scores of more than 100. The majority were in the 80-to-90 range. And with few exceptions their reading scores were considerably below grade level. The difference between their experience in the sixth grade and in the years before and after was the teacher. He had to educate himself first to "respond to what the children had to teach me of myself, of themselves and the world they lived in and which we shared as human beings." What Kohl learned is by no means complex, but it is not known to most teachers and principals, and that is why the schools fail. He learned to be honest with the children, and that meant not using books that betrayed him into hypocrisy. "No hypocrite can win the respect of children, and without respect one cannot teach." It also meant realizing that the teacher "must be able to say that he is wrong or sorry, that he hadn't anticipated the results of his remarks and regretted them, or hadn't understood what a child meant. It is the teacher's struggle to be moral that excites his pupils; it is honesty, not rightness, that moves children." Kohl discovered, too, that if he allowed enough free time and activity in the class, he could find out who the children were, and their "human preferences." The customary "tightness with time that exists in the elementary school has nothing to do with the quantity that must be learned or the children's needs. It represents the teacher's fear of loss of control and is nothing but a weapon used to weaken the solidarity and opposition of the children that too many teachers unconsciously dread."

At first, the children were remote, and some of them were exacerbatingly resistant. But in time Kohl recognized that "the children did not want to be defiant, insulting, idle; nor were they any less afraid of chaos than I was. They wanted more than anything to feel they were facing it with me and not against me. These discoveries were my greatest strength when I began to explore new things to teach the children. They were as impatient to learn something exciting as I was to find something that would excite them." By being honest and by learning to be observant and flexible, Kohl won the children's trust and gained confidence in them and in himself. He brought his library to class and let the children find and pursue what particularly interested them. Because it turned out that they wanted to know nothing less than the history of man, he did a great deal of research, "tracing Greek myths to earlier African and Asiatic sources, discovering the wonders of Sumer and Akkad, of the early Indian kingdoms and the Egyptian dynasties. As this whole new world opened for me I shared it with the children in the class." The children became fascinated with words—how their meanings change, how new ways of expression have to be created for new ways of feeling. "We talked about the nuclear age, the smallness of the modern world, the jargon of democracy and Communism, integration and segregation. The children looked in awe at 'Finnegans Wake'


WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
UNABRIDGED
A Merriam-Webster
THE ULTIMATE WORD AUTHORITY FOR HOME, SCHOOL, AND OFFICE
2,726 PAGES · MAGNIFICENT COLOR PLATES · 450,000 ENTRIES

Why you find this new library of the English language in the homes of so many professors, judges and publishers.

Merriam-Webster Unabridged Dictionaries have been accepted as the ultimate word authority by libraries, universities, courts of law, and the U. S. Government Printing Office for generations. And it makes sense that the experts who use this dictionary at work would accept nothing less at home.

Webster's Third New International is not just a revised edition of the original unabridged, but an entirely new presentation of the English language (the first in 30 years). It includes 100,000 new words and meanings, rules for spelling and punctuation, magnificent color plates, thousands of helpful quotations, 1,000 synonym articles, foreign alphabets, with nearly half a million entries in all. A complete library of the English language.

Here is the only up-to-date dictionary presenting the entire working vocabulary of the English-speaking world. The ultimate in dictionary ownership. You can buy it at department, book, and stationery stores. Discover why this is the greatest value in the whole world of books.

Shouldn't it be in your home?

FREE BOOKLET
G. & C. Merriam Co.
Dept. C-11 Springfield, Mass. 01101
Gentlemen: Please send me your free 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands" describing the new Merriam-Webster unabridged.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

Scandia's tennis skimmer designed for freedom and flattery. Pleated panel—Kodel®/cotton—drip dry—matching pants & headband. 8-16 $23. *Catalogue on request.*

FIFE & DRUM INC.
MARBLEHEAD MASSACHUSETTS

THE DOG HOROSCOPE BOOK

Written and illustrated by
LIZ TRESILIAN

A delightfully irreverent guide to the heavenly (and hellish) influences of the stars on the world of dogs.

$3.50

DUTTON

HARPSICHORD

Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

and Joyce's monumental attempt to forge a new language; they listened to Bob Dylan, recorded the words of soul songs and classical blues, read poetry. We started out talking about words and ended up with life itself. The children opened up and began to display a fearless curiosity about the world." They began to write. Kohl told them that he'd be glad to help them or to read their work just for pleasure if they wanted him to, but that they didn't have to show it to him. For the first time in a classroom, they were able to explore by themselves, following their real interests without worrying about grades or what the teacher wanted to see. And they created poems, fables, stories, novels, an illustrated newspaper. Large sections of "36 Children" are their work, and much of it is vivid, inventive, affecting.

It was a liberating year for the class and for Kohl. He managed to protect them and himself from the system in a secret room: "I learned to keep quiet, keep the door of my classroom shut, and make believe that the class and I functioned in a vacuum, that the school around us didn't exist. . . . No one checked on what I was doing, and no one really cared as long as my class wasn't disruptive." But, as one of the children later said to him, "Mr. Kohl, one good year isn't enough." They went on to teachers like those they had had before and who again made school a place where joy in learning is not part of the curriculum. Kohl follows some of these children—through letters and conversations—as they go under. It is a terribly sad conclusion to the book, for this destruction is needless and yet pervasive. These thirty-six children are not special cases; "there are too many hundreds of thousands like them."

What can be done? Since his departure from the city school system, Kohl has been involved with parent groups in East Harlem who are working for community participation in education. They feel, and the Bundy Report agrees, that if the schools can be made accountable to the community, these deaths at such early ages will no longer be permitted. A Herbert Kohl would not have to function in a secret room; the support that Jonathan Kozol received from Negro parents in Roxbury would insure his remaining in his elementary school.

THERE are hazards in making decentralization real, and there will be failures. But it is to be hoped that the failures will not be allowed to perpetuate themselves as public schools do become truly public. Can the people be trusted, especially those who are poor and "culturally deprived"? The Bundy Report quotes a school principal, a rare one, who says that though the parents may not be sophisticated in language, "they have the virtue of asking 'simplistic' questions that cut through the underbrush and require us, as professionals, to explain why the schools are not delivering to their children." A few schools and a few teachers are delivering, but they are so very few. Mrs. Gloria Channon, who teaches in New York, has written in the *Urban Review*, a publication of the Center for Urban Education:

> The children come to us in the upper grades firmly fixed in their negative self-images, that is, they think they are dumb. When you talk to them about this feeling, you find a deep chasm exists between their experiences of success and this confirmed faith in their own stupidity. Lucy, having made the leap from nonreader to fourth-grade level in one feverish, compulsive, splendid year, was trying to explain why she had not been able to do so in the seven years of school before this one: "I'm dumb." Lucy had no other negative self-images that one could see. She was warm and loving, she could fight boys on the street, she could assume leadership in petitioning for a sixth-grade field day, she could dance at parties and laugh—oh, how she could laugh at the world and at herself! But the schools had given her seven years in which to learn that she was "dumb." She had accepted that terrible self-knowledge with grace and resignation. She had learned what math she could without reading. She had listened and looked, learning with her eyes and ears what books could not tell her. When finally she met, in this school, teachers who could give her what *she* needed to make the leap into reading—and that included faith and patience—then she could do it: she could, in this protected place, take a chance on being dumb, and take a chance on not being dumb after all. But no one had told her that it was the schools that had failed her. Always she had assumed the total responsibility for her failure.

The fundamental question now for teachers of ghetto children, Mrs. Channon concludes, as do Jonathan Kozol and Herbert Kohl, is not "What's wrong with them?" but "What's wrong with us?" —NAT HENTOFF

•

4:00 (7) TELCONE
Robert R. Feagin discusses management's role in making employes proud to work for their company.
(Fiction.)

—*Television program in the Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

Just give the listing, please.

When Gina Donato's sister called Naples they both were so happy they cried.

Gina's sister lives in Chicago. Sometimes she gets homesick. So she calls back home to the folks in Naples.

Today you can telephone Naples . . . or anywhere in the world. For business or pleasure. And the cost is low.

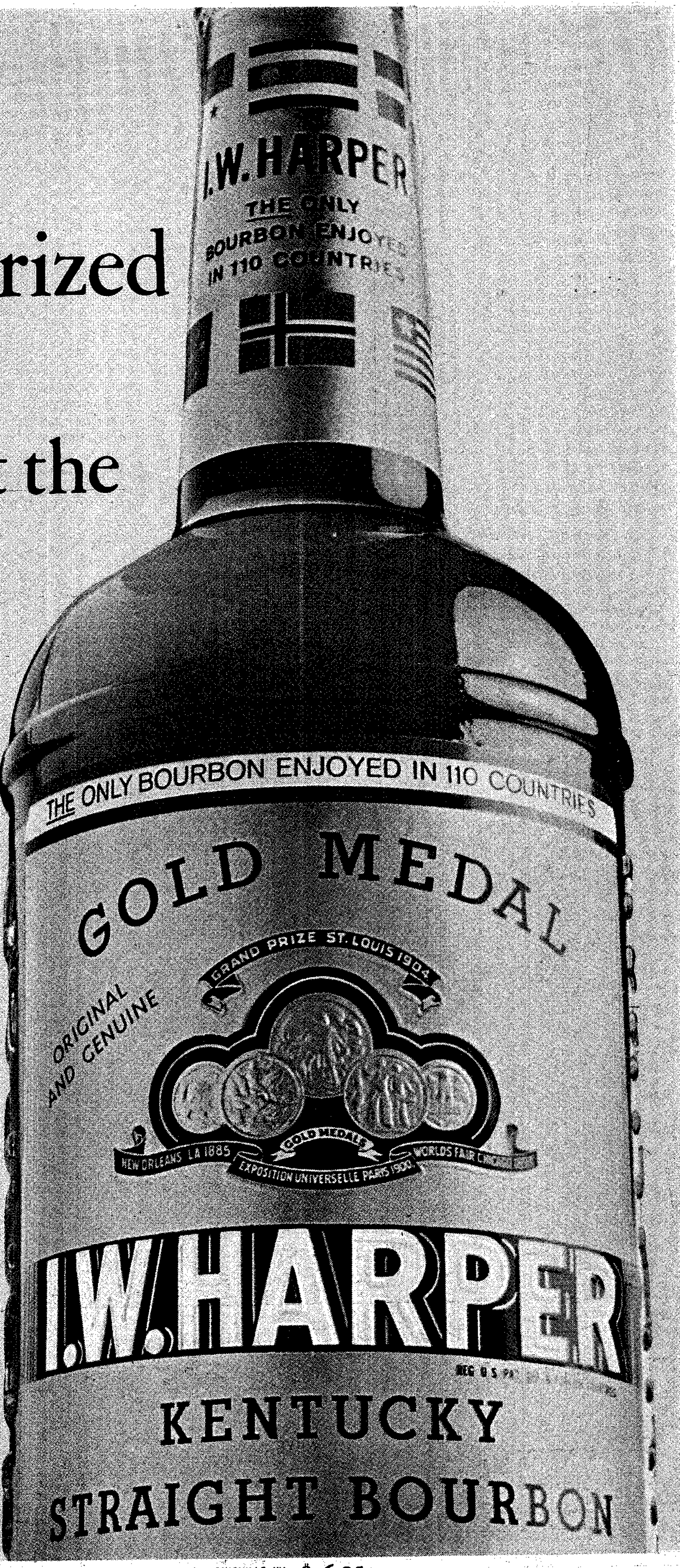
Since the last overseas rate reduction, in 1966, you can make a three-minute, station-to-station daytime call (5 a.m.-5 p.m.) to most of Europe for only $9, plus tax. ($7.50 to United Kingdom and Ireland.) And even lower night and Sunday rates are in effect to many countries.

Whenever you want to reach anyone, anywhere in the world, you can call Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.

BELL SYSTEM
AT&T
and Associated Companies

The most prized Bourbon... and we've got the Gold Medals to prove it!

(That's why we put them right on the label)


I.W. HARPER
THE ONLY BOURBON ENJOYED IN 110 COUNTRIES
THE ONLY BOURBON ENJOYED IN 110 COUNTRIES
GOLD MEDAL
ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
GRAND PRIZE ST. LOUIS 1904
NEW ORLEANS LA 1885
GOLD MEDALS
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE PARIS 1900
WORLDS FAIR CHICAGO
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON

it's always a pleasure

86 AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BOTH STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY • © I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. $6.25 4/5 Qt. Price may vary according to state and local taxes.